Collier's
NOVEMBER 7, 1942
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TEN CENTS

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VERNON GRANT

THE FEARLESS WOMEN OF RUSSIA

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Nov. 7, '42

That *Extra* Something!

. . . You can spot it every time

Skilled workers have "know how". So have the makers of Coca-Cola. That's why you find that extra something in ice-cold Coca-Cola. Almost anybody can make a soft drink, but nobody else can make Coca-Cola.

You sense a finished art in its making which gives Coca-Cola a special quality. Its unique taste comes from a blend of pure, wholesome essences — refreshment that can't be duplicated.

What other drink of any kind could give you this special plus . . . this unique taste and after-sense of refreshment? When you realize that nothing takes the place of ice-cold Coca-Cola, you have millions of other folks for company. It's the best-liked soft drink on Earth — because contentment comes when you connect with a Coke.

Wartime limits the supply of Coca-Cola. Those times when you cannot get it, remember: Coca-Cola, being first choice, sells out first. Ask for it each time. No matter how short the supply, the quality of Coca-Cola will not be changed in any respect.

Simple pleasures build up morale and peace of mind. That's one reason why the enjoyment of ice-cold Coca-Cola has new meaning in wartime.

Your job at home is to relax and keep fit for tomorrow's job. Ice-cold Coca-Cola will add refreshment to your relaxation. Now that the amount of Coca-Cola is less in wartime, see that your home has a supply on hand, whenever possible. You'll be glad you did.

Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK
5¢

Long, hard-working hours tire you out,— slow up production. You need a brief rest-pause. So, when the schedule calls for time-out for a "breather", a moment for ice-cold, energy-giving Coca-Cola leads to better work.

The best is always the better buy!

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I am with that tired soldier
As, hot and thirsty,
He trudges back to camp
From his first long march.
I help refresh him.

I am in the humming factory
With that man in overalls
Who, since early morning
Has been steadily working . . .
I help rest and refresh him.

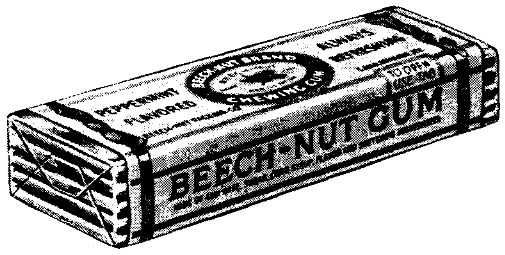
I am with that mother
Who steals a few minutes
Before she starts the evening meal
To re-read her son's letter.
I add a little more pleasure
To her happiness.

In the camps with the men in service
You'll find me
In your homes, offices, factories, schools . . .
I'm just around the corner from you
Waiting to rest, refresh
And offer you the pleasure
Of a fine, distinctive flavor.
I'm the famous yellow package
With the red oval.

The biggest job of all is his.

Her battle is on the home front.

On the job full time these days.



HALF THE METAL IN EVERY SHIP, TANK AND GUN IS SCRAP. THROW *YOUR* SCRAP INTO THE FIGHT.

Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

AMERICA STAYS AT HOME AND LIKES IT WITH

VICTOR RECORDS

IT'S EASY to make staying at home glamorous when you choose the perfect music, on Victor Records, for every occasion. To make a festive event of the most informal gathering, there's nothing like the irresistible dance records by Victor's famous popular bands. Or you can enjoy relaxing, companionable evenings with your family, listening to your favorite recordings by the world's greatest artists, brilliantly performed on Victor Records.

A NEW SCHEHERAZADE

Take the magic carpet of music to the land of Arabian nights! Here are the wondrous tales of the Sultana Scheherazade, retold in the vibrantly beautiful Oriental music of Rimsky-Korsakov. Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra perform it for you with rare perception of its wit and charm and with all the melodic sweep and dramatic suspense that have made *Scheherazade* one of the world's best loved masterpieces. Victor Musical Masterpiece DM-920 . . . . $5.50*

GLADYS SWARTHOUT, possessor of one of the world's best loved voices, sings selected arias from famous French Operas. Accompanied by the Victor Symphony Orchestra, Wilfred Pelletier, conductor. Victor Musical Masterpiece M-925 . . . . $2.50*

ALEXANDER KIPNIS, famous Russian-born basso, sings with great understanding, ten colorful Russian folk songs accompanied by Balalaika Orchestra conducted by Gleb Yellin. Victor Album M-917 . . . . . . $4.25*

THE GAY AND ROLLICKING ESTUDIANTINA WALTZ, splendidly performed by the Boston "Pops" Orch., Arthur Fiedler, conductor. A favorite of all music lovers. 10-inch Victor Record No. 10-1024 . . . 75c*

"FAVORITE SONGS FROM FAMOUS MUSICALS"—a nostalgic bouquet of the best loved songs from twenty-five years of musical comedy. Beautifully sung by Dorothy Kirsten and Felix Knight with Victor "First Nighter" Orchestra and Chorus. Victor Smart Set Album P-133 . . . . $2.50*

Let the world's greatest artists, on Victor Records, help you keep going with music.

**Prices shown are suggested list prices, exclusive of excise tax.*

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR RECORDS

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HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers
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CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
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FRANK GERVASI	Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
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IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier'

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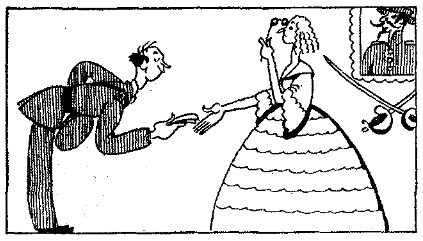
CHARLES COLEBAUGH	Managing Edito

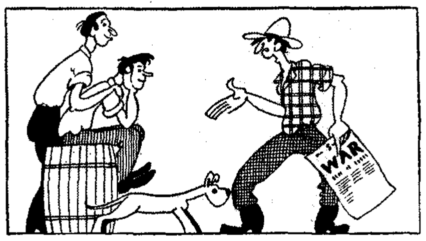
ANY WEEK

OUR correspondents have not done very well by us this week. Our mail is large and abusive as usual, but the letters lack snap. We've given the matter some thought, poking around for the reason. Perhaps you've all gone to Washington to be Army majors and are too baffled by the task of getting yourselves housed in a city which was overcrowded even before Pearl Harbor. We know something about the difficulty majors have in getting and keeping a roof over their heads in Washington, one of them having gone into the subject with us at some length. He's a bachelor, and his experience, although arduous, was relatively simple compared to what a familied major must expect. He lives in an upper-brackets boardinghouse presided over by a decayed gentlewoman of superior lineage, one of her immediate ancestors having been one of General Robert E. Lee's vast number of aides and staff officers. Secretly, we've always believed that General Lee, military genius that he was, would have been fighting yet, had his staff been smaller. This major told us that *he* found a room still warm from its late occupant, paid a month's rent in advance, assured the decayed gentlewoman that he was proud to be under her roof and stifled the urge to remark that her rates were somewhat piratical.

Moreover, he always pays the forthcoming month's rent two days in advance. He told us that he knows of several Army officers housed as he is who returned to their quarters only to find a more generous and desperate newcomer occupying their rooms because they were one whole morning in rental arrears. We asked him why he did not protest the high rental *he* has to pay, saying that we understood that such things had been frozen in Washington. "Remember, please," said our major, who until last March was an insurance adjuster, "that I am now an officer and a gentleman. The Army does not approve of its officers suing landladies, especially decayed gentlewomen whose grandfathers were on Lee's staff. Understand, too, that if I did protest I might continue to be an officer but I'd cease to be a gentleman. And you just can't do that in Washington, where this war is being conducted along courteous and chivalrous lines."



AS WE'VE said with our usual shrewdness, this is a modern war. Several stories and incidents familiar enough in 1917 and 1918 have been lacking. But that's being taken care of. For example, we've just received notification from Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, that an ancient citizen from the Ouachita backlands wandered into town recently (his first venture outside the forest in twenty-five years) and learned without enthusiasm that the world was at war from pole to pole. "Good gracious!" sighed he, or in words to that effect. "Ain't nobody told them the Kaiser quit? Or have they just forgot what they were fighting about?" If this story came from anybody but the colonel we'd be inclined to question it.



AND now we have a letter from Mr. William M. Harris, Chairman of the Office Machinery and Equipment Procurement Committee of the War Production Board—you know, the OMEPCWPB. Mr. Harris takes to task a recent contributor to this column who is convinced that there are too many typewriters in the war effort and hopes that the government is unsuccessful in its quest for 600,000 used machines, the typewriter factories being busy making machine guns, or Chicago typewriters. Mr. Harris would like this correspondent to know that prewar quotas of typewriters per battleship have been cut in half and that there is now only one typewriter "for every 127 men on a battleship, which is veritably a complete floating city." This intolerable situation is due to the conversion of typewriter factories into war production plants. Failure of the drive for 600,000 typewriters, writes Mr. Harris, "can mean only two things: (1) Production of fewer guns and bomb sights, thus striking a foul blow at our fighting efficiency or (2) Requisitioning or drafting of typewriters, which is an awful commentary on the patriotism of Americans."

IN THIS clearly desperate situation, we suggest that Mr. Harris start requisitioning typewriters in Bismarck, North Dakota, and specifically in the office or home of a gentleman who signs himself Billy B. Damm. For a long time we've been getting a typewritten (single-spaced) weekly letter

(Continued on page 39)

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THIS WEE

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COVER VERNON GRA

TUBELESS TIRE INVENTED BY B.F.Goodrich

Sensational rubber-saving development promises big after-war savings for commercial users

A ~~*typical*~~ Great *example of B. F. Goodrich development in truck tires*

CLIMAXING a 50-year dream of tire engineers, The B. F. Goodrich Company announces an invention which eliminates the use of inner tubes in heavy vehicle tires.

Tested and Proved

The new B. F. Goodrich tubeless tire has been tested and proved both in the laboratory and on the highway and is now undergoing further impartial tests. While the amount of rubber saved by this new invention varies depending upon the size of the tire, the saving is approximately 7% to 17% of the rubber content of the casing, tube and flap combined.

The Silvertown that doesn't need a tube has been made possible by a simple change in truck tire design plus a mechanical device the details of which are being kept secret in the interest of national defense. The tire is inflated just like any ordinary tire and tube—but instead of the air going into a tube, it goes directly into the tire and *stays there.*

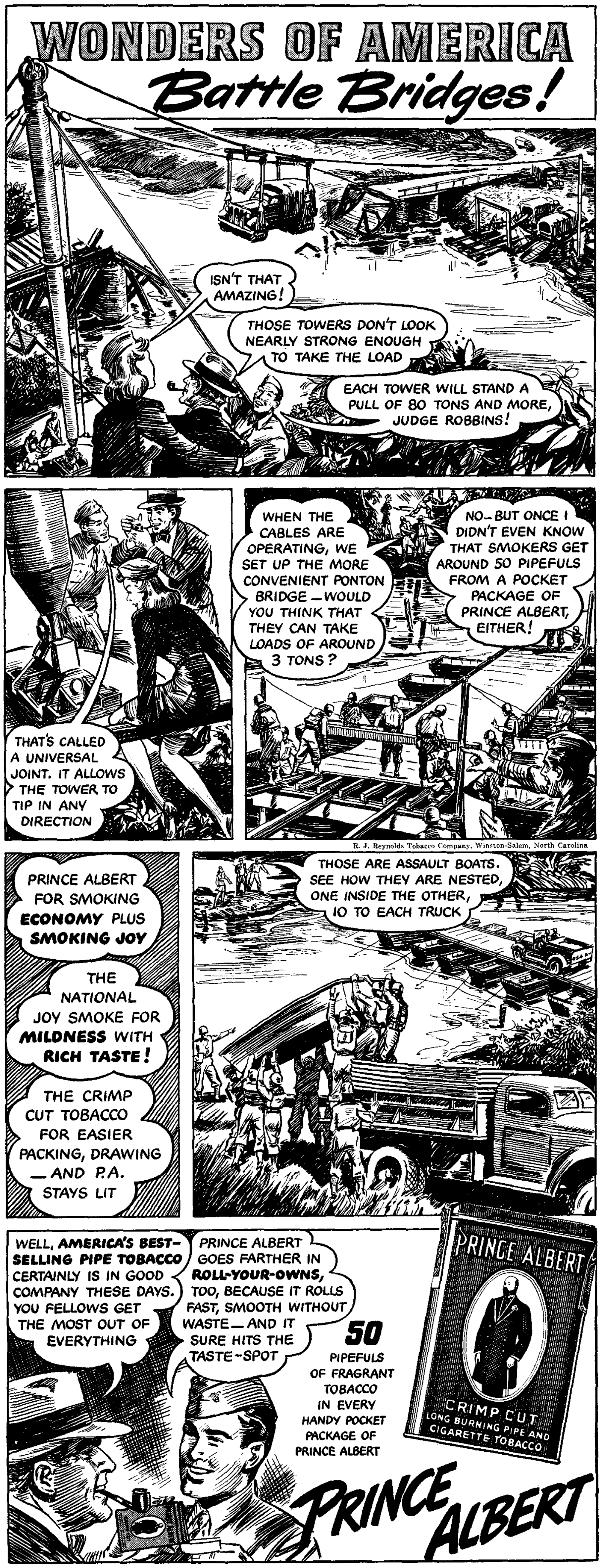
If put into use during the war, the tubeless tire will be a major step in the conservation of America's precious rubber stockpile. That's good news to all of us. And it's good news to every truck and bus operator to know that after the war inner tubes may become a thing of the past!

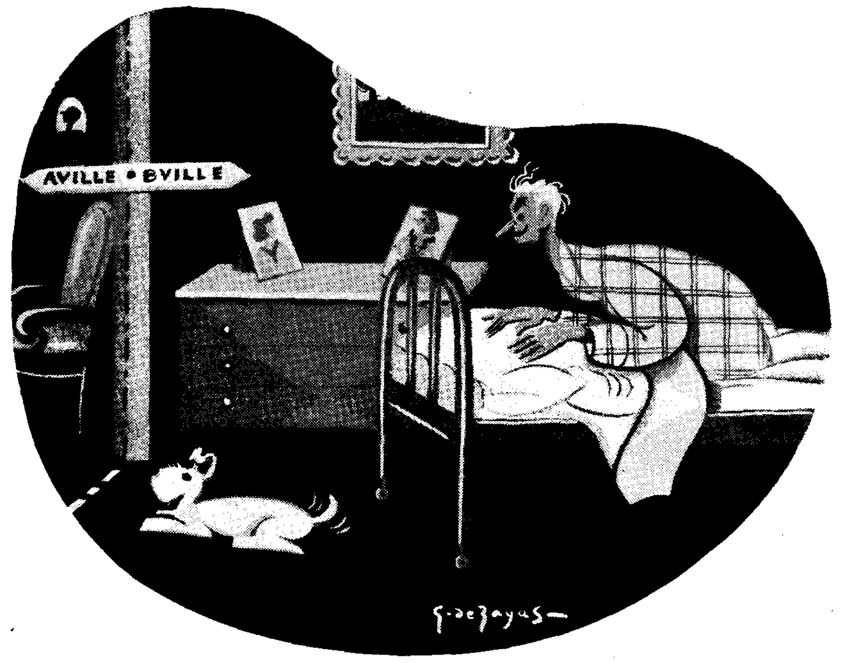
Remember, the inner tube is the source of much tire trouble. Do away with the tube and you have eliminated the cause of many, many failures! And repairs can be made quickly because there is no tube to consider. Just think what this would mean in terms of lower costs, fewer delays, and simplified repairs! It's too early to make promises—but here is a hint of more good news to come later. In War or Peace, you can always look to B. F. Goodrich for leadership.

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER


WONDERS OF AMERICA
Battle Bridges!
ISN'T THAT AMAZING!
THOSE TOWERS DON'T LOOK NEARLY STRONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THE LOAD
EACH TOWER WILL STAND A PULL OF 80 TONS AND MORE, JUDGE ROBBINS!
THAT'S CALLED A UNIVERSAL JOINT. IT ALLOWS THE TOWER TO TIP IN ANY DIRECTION
WHEN THE CABLES ARE OPERATING, WE SET UP THE MORE CONVENIENT PONTON BRIDGE—WOULD YOU THINK THAT THEY CAN TAKE LOADS OF AROUND 3 TONS?
NO—BUT ONCE I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT SMOKERS GET AROUND 50 PIPEFULS FROM A POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT, EITHER!
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
PRINCE ALBERT FOR SMOKING ECONOMY PLUS SMOKING JOY
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE FOR MILDNESS WITH RICH TASTE!
THE CRIMP CUT TOBACCO FOR EASIER PACKING, DRAWING—AND P.A. STAYS LIT
THOSE ARE ASSAULT BOATS. SEE HOW THEY ARE NESTED, ONE INSIDE THE OTHER, 10 TO EACH TRUCK
WELL, AMERICA'S BEST-SELLING PIPE TOBACCO CERTAINLY IS IN GOOD COMPANY THESE DAYS. YOU FELLOWS GET THE MOST OUT OF EVERYTHING
PRINCE ALBERT GOES FARTHER IN ROLL-YOUR-OWNS, TOO, BECAUSE IT ROLLS FAST, SMOOTH WITHOUT WASTE—AND IT SURE HITS THE TASTE-SPOT
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT


AVILLE • BVILLE
G. de Zayas

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When a man lives in a house that is located on the boundary line separating two towns, he is usually considered, for purposes of taxation, to be a resident of the town in which his bedroom is situated.—*By W. H. Lumpkin, Center, Alabama.*

The first church for Negroes in the United States was established in 1787 in an old blacksmith shop at the corner of Sixth and Lombard streets in Philadelphia. Its founder was Richard Allen, a former slave, who in 1799 was ordained in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church and became America's first colored clergyman.

When large European vineyards have a particularly fine crop, they sometimes produce one small cask of very special wine, made from individually selected grapes, which is sold at auction. One such wine is the famous German "Trockenbeeren Auslese," which has brought as much as $3,000 for the cask, which will fill only 400 bottles.

A recent study of women's figures revealed that, out of every thousand, 339 are average, meaning that they range proportionately from 110 to 144 pounds in weight and from five feet one inch to five feet four inches in height.

A lease for 20,881 years, held on a farm in the parish of Kirkhill, Scotland, covers a longer period than any similar contract in history. Drawn up in the early part of the 18th century, it was declared to be legal and valid by the highest Scottish court when the government attempted to confiscate the land after the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745.

In early paintings, the nimbus or halo, encircling the heads of sacred and illustrious personages, was a symbol of power and authority, not sanctity, and certain colors were reserved for certain characters. For instance, gold was used for Jesus, red or white for angels, apostles and the Virgin Mary, purple for saints and sovereigns and black for Judas and Satan.

Mauna Kea, an extinct volcano in the Hawaiian Islands, starts from a great plain 18,000 feet below sea level and is built up from that as a single mountain, rising to almost 14,000 feet above the surface of the ocean. Hence it is frequently called the highest mountain in the world because it surpasses all others in distance between the true base and summit.

While most beds of scallops are usually found in water from 30 to 120 feet deep, one species, *Pseudoamussium neoceanicus,* living in the Pacific, was once brought up from a depth of 12,504 feet.—*By Montgomery Schuyler, Brooklyn, New York.*

Sonorama, a new public exhibition in New York City, devoted exclusively to sound and hearing, has a unique feature in keeping with its general scheme. The hidden voice that describes each display cannot be heard by the visitor until he stands directly in front of it and listens through a small "magic trumpet" which is given to him at the door.

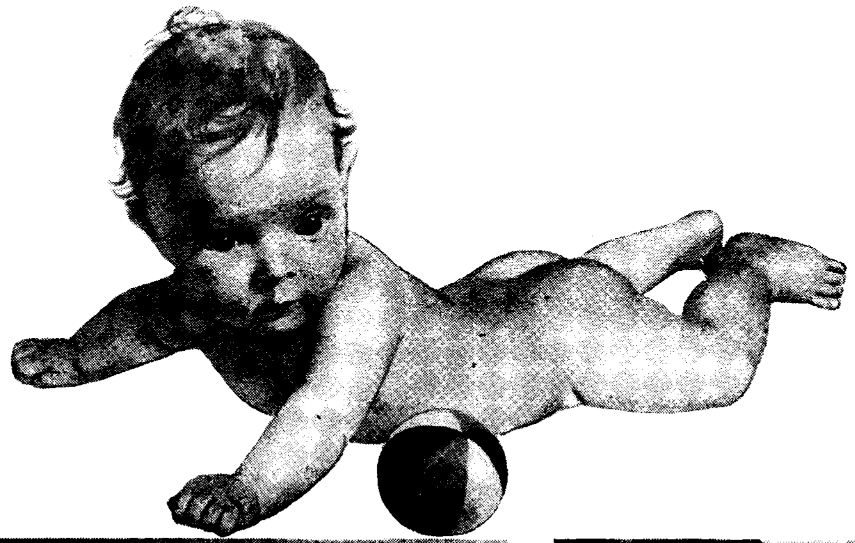
On the average, each American uses or causes to be used annually about 30 pounds of textiles, 250 pounds of paper, 600 pounds of steel, 2,000 pounds of food, 2,500 pounds of oil products and 7,500 pounds of coal.—*By Elvira Walton, New York, New York.*

In 1927 Leon Daudet, a French politician and man of letters, escaped from the Santé Prison in Paris by the simplest kind of ruse. A friend telephoned the governor of the prison that Daudet had been pardoned. Without thinking to confirm the statement, the governor immediately released Daudet, who then fled to Belgium.—*By Lottice Howell, Moundville, Alabama.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. *Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof.* Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

>>> WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE <<<

Life Insurance for the Family Man



MANY A MAN with a wife and children has asked:

How Can I Use Life Insurance Most Effectively for the Protection of My Family?

As your life insurance agent will tell you, most every family man should arrange his life insurance to provide *two-way* protection:
1. Insurance protection payable to his wife no matter when he dies.
2. *Extra insurance* protection for the first 15 or 20 years—until each child becomes self-supporting.

How family men in different circumstances can accomplish this *double* job is outlined below . . .

1. IF YOU ALREADY HAVE adequate whole life insurance for your wife, then a term policy for 15 or 20 years is an excellent method for providing *extra* protection you may need during that period when your children are growing and unable to support themselves. In that way you get temporary protection at a low premium rate.

If you wish, you can arrange to have all or part of this extra insurance made payable to your wife in one sum, or it can be paid as a monthly income during the period when the children are growing.

2. FOR FAMILY MEN WITHOUT ENOUGH whole life insurance, The Prudential has two policies that may fit your needs. The first is the "Family Income" policy. It combines whole life insurance with extra payments in the form of monthly income.

Suppose you take a "Family Income" policy with a permanent benefit of $5,000. If you die during the first 20 years, your wife will receive $50 a month until the end of the 20-year period . . . and then $5,000. If you die *after* 20 years, she will receive just the $5,000 permanent benefit.

3. THE SECOND POLICY is called the "Modified Life 3-20." It combines permanent life insurance with an equal amount of temporary protection that runs for the first 20 years.

Suppose you take out a "Modified 3-20" policy with a permanent benefit of $5,000. If you die during the first 20 years, your wife will receive the $5,000 permanent benefit *plus* $5,000 temporary protection. This money can be paid either in cash or in the form of monthly income. If you die *after* 20 years, she will receive just $5,000.

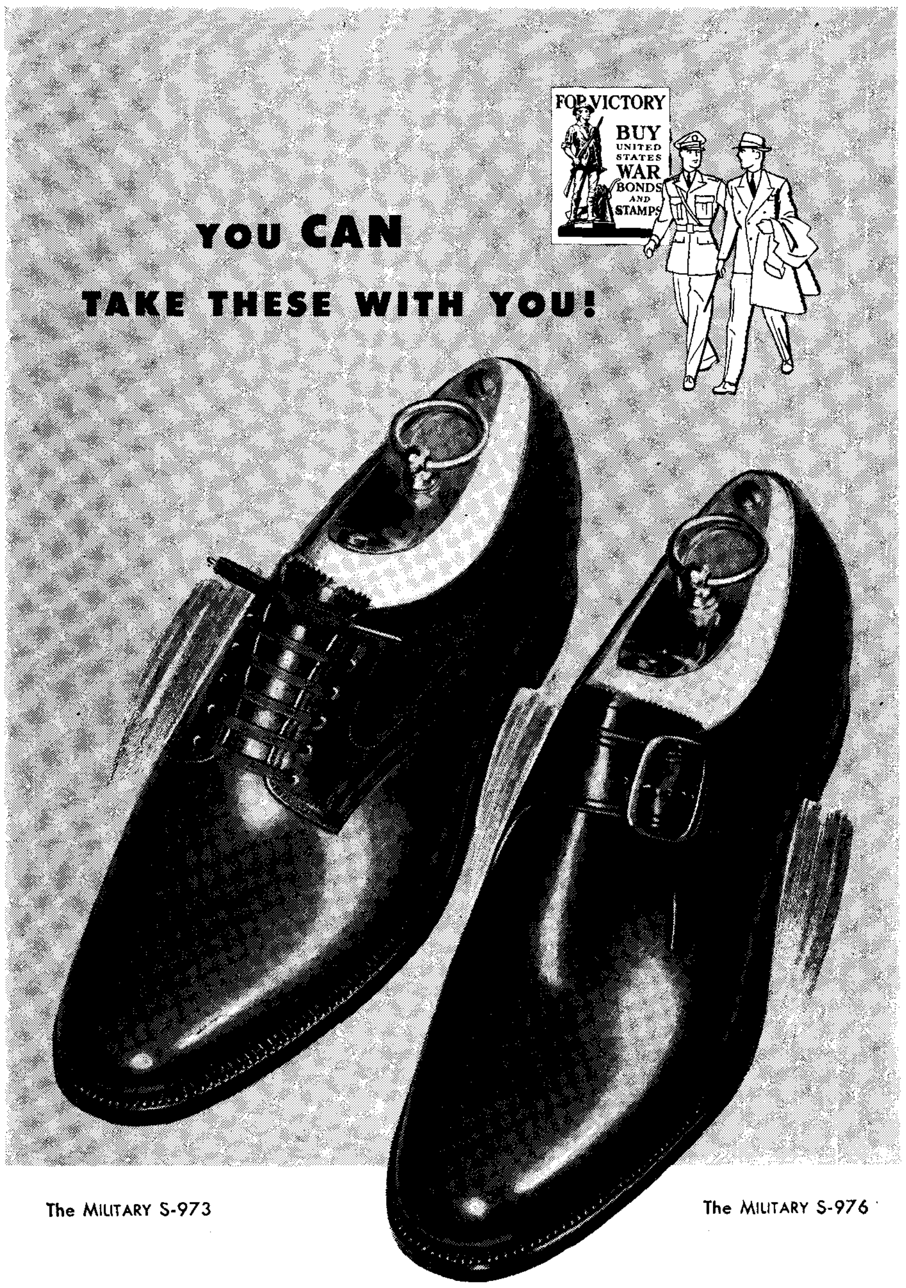
The PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

ARE WE HELPING YOU?

This is another in our series of advertisements—"What Every Man Should Know About Life Insurance." This series is intended to give you the kind of *practical* information on life insurance that will be of real benefit to you and your family.

We hope these advertisements will help you understand life insurance better and give you a deeper appreciation of your agent's services. Your comments will be warmly welcomed.



The MILITARY S-973

The MILITARY S-976

FLORSHEIM
SHOES... *Designed for Military Wear*

To our fighting men Florsheim quality means the best; to civilians it's the answer to our urgent need for conservation. From experience men know Florsheim Shoes last longer, save leather; they know they can wear them today—fight in them tomorrow. That's why we say, you *can* take them with you.

Most Styles $10⁵⁰ *and* $11

Florsheim *The Florsheim Shoe* Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. NAVY

WING TALK

High on the honor roll of our fighting fliers is Lt. Noel Gayler (above) holder of three Navy Crosses for his daring exploits against Jap planes and destroyers

AS THE day of high-altitude fighting dawns for America's air warriors, Army Air Forces engineers disclose that they have licked one problem which has handicapped pilots and crewmen operating bombers and fighters "upstairs." That is the maintenance of a proper amount of oxygen when flying above 20,000 feet. The old type of "constant flow" oxygen equipment now in use has proved unsatisfactory, particularly in combat.

Not only is it wasteful but—far more important—it requires manual regulation. This can be very dangerous during a dogfight, when pilot and gunners are so busy they may forget to increase the amount of oxygen as the plane goes to higher altitudes. It is not only hazardous to bombing planes, but it can be fatal to single-place fighters, where the pilot, during an air battle, is busier than the proverbial one-armed paperhanger.

An automatic oxygen regulator has been perfected and is in production, which keeps a proper supply of the vital gas pouring out of the nosepieces and into the lungs of the airmen at all times. It is called the "demand" type and veritably supplies oxygen at the human body's demands.

The new development not only shuts off when not needed, it automatically increases the flow of oxygen as the plane rises. The fighter pilot or bomber crewman thus not only is relieved of one important worry during high-altitude fighting, but is freed of manual operation of his oxygen tank and can use his hands for other more vital purposes.

FROM an Air Forces officer just back from Panama comes the story of a fighter pilot forced down in the Central American jungles. He put his Airacobra down in an open spot in the wilderness one night and started to hoof it toward civilization.

As he struggled through the heavy undergrowth, all the tales of snakes and boa constrictors he had ever heard came to mind. After several miles it seemed that every sound must be the approach of a scaly, slithering monster.

Suddenly something squeezed him around the chest and tightened. A boa constrictor, he thought in panic, that would crush him to death. Fearfully, he reached up to touch it—and sighed with relief.

A branch had tripped the lever on the inflation cartridge of his Mae West life preserver and as the rubber vest filled with air it had tightened across his chest. Incidentally, R.A.F. fliers first named the inflatable life-preserver vest the Mae West because it "stuck out in the right places." Mae recently wrote the British Air Ministry an open letter, thanking them for "putting her in the dictionary."

MAYBE this will clear up any doubts you may have of what the designation Zero means with respect to Japanese warplanes. Zero is an abbreviation of 00, which simply represents the year in the Japanese calendar in which the plane was designed. The present crop of Jap fighters—as well as bombers and other craft—were designed in the 2600th year of the Nipponese dynasty, which was 1940.

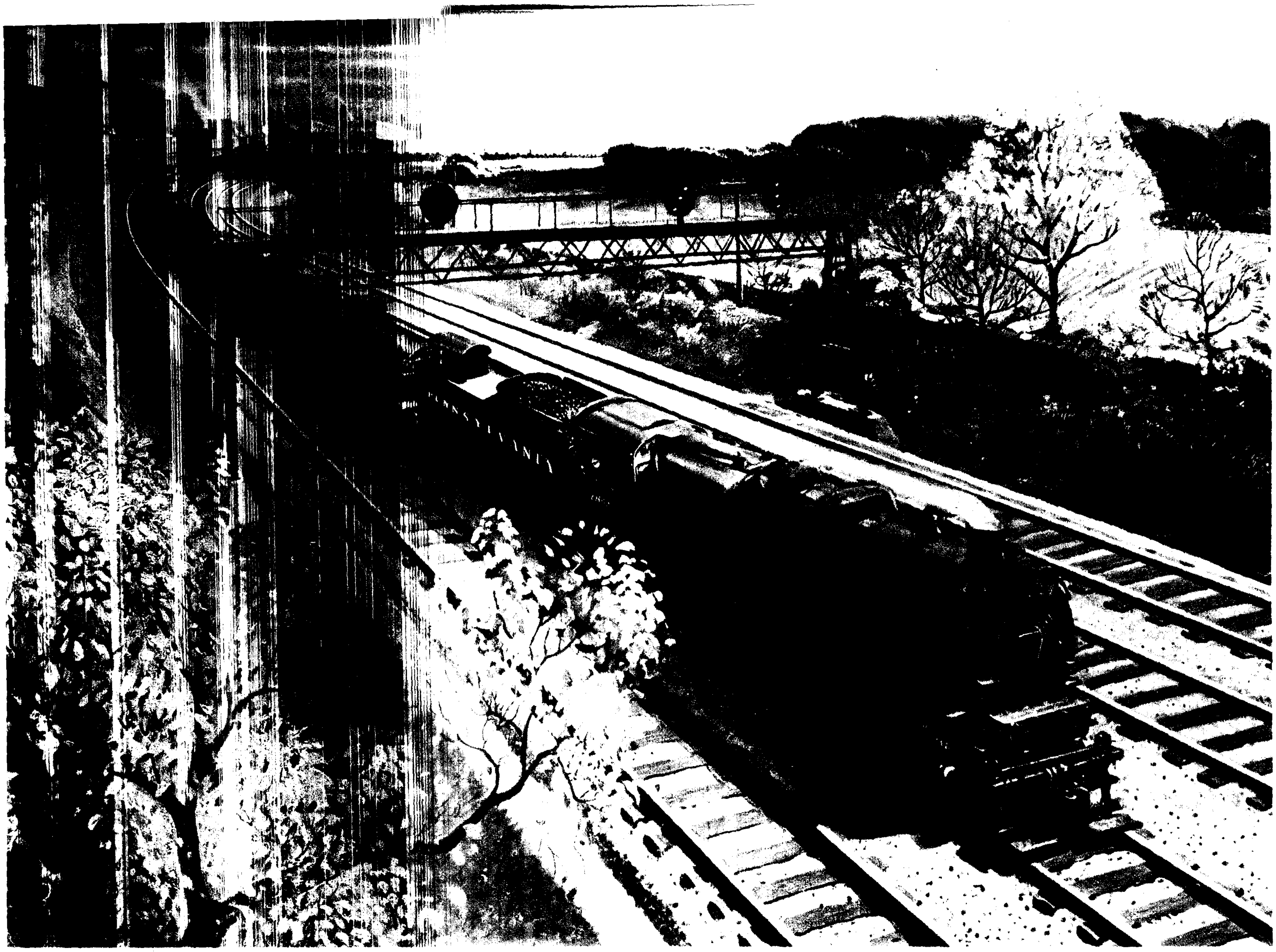
All modern Nip planes, in fact, are Zeros, or rather Zero-Zeros, except a few 01s—designed in 2601—or 98s or 99s—designed in 2598 or 2599.

Besides the Zero bombers of various types, Zero observation and scout craft, there are actually several versions of Zero fighters. When American aviation engineers hear of some performance of the Zero fighters, they always want to know which one of the 2600-year fighting craft it is.

Was it a Mitsubishi navy fighter or an army type? Most of the Zeros are designed to land on a carrier, but there are variances. "Was it perhaps a Nakajima or Kawasaki fighter?" they ask.

Moreover, today, they want to know if the Zero in question is a new Zero.

(Continued on page 39)



A solid trainload of oil speeding East over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"Pinch hitting" for Tankers

to provide the East with Gas and Oil!

What the Railroads are doing to keep motor cars and oil-burners going

Before submarines struck, railroads hauled *less than 1 per cent* of the 1,500,000 barrels of oil and gasoline used daily by home owners and motorists of the East.

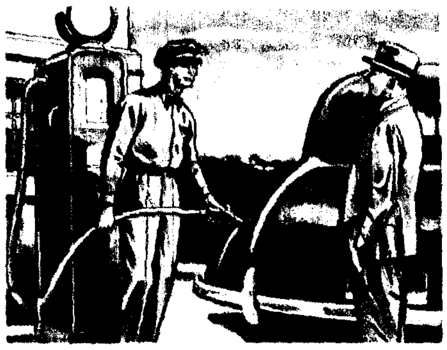
It was a tanker's job pure and simple. Petroleum came by water. But the war stopped that. So a call for help went out to the railroads.

Although carrying a tremendous war load, the railroads rallied promptly to the call. Soon solid trainloads of tank cars began to roll to the East.

In January 100,000 barrels a day went through . . . now it's over 800,000 a day . . . and soaring higher and higher. On the Pennsylvania Railroad alone, movement of petroleum products now represents one-sixth of its total freight car miles.

For the railroads, this is strictly a "pinch hitting" job. With Victory, Eastern oil will come by sea again. But meanwhile the railroads, to the limit of tank cars available, are keeping oil flowing, swiftly, economically.

". . . A truly amazing result, the accomplishment of which would not have been possible if it had not been for the whole hearted enterprise of both the oil companies and the railroads." HAROLD L. ICKES, *Secretary of the Interior and Petroleum Co-ordinator*



How many gallons in a tank car? Over 8,000 gallons—or, at 15 miles to the gallon, about 120,000 miles of driving. A barrel contains 42 gallons. More than 65,000 of the nation's 112,000 tank cars are now wholly in service for Eastern states.

Enough oil for heat this winter? The Government estimates the daily petroleum supply for the East this winter will average about 1,050,000 barrels. About 80% will come by rail. Demand is estimated at 1,450,000 barrels. That's why strict economy to avoid "heatless" days is urged.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

INVEST IN UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

…"better let us do the fixin' Mr. Potts!"

To a young man about to marry, the classic advice from *Punch* was the one word: "*DON'T*"!

We urge that same advice on all handy men around the house—or the office—whose trusty screwdrivers itch to open up a typewriter. Remember first that the modern typewriter, standard or portable, is a precision mechanism, beautifully adjusted. Remember second that if your well-meant efforts *do* wreck a typewriter today, you can't replace it for love or money! And third—our skilful specialists can repair your machines cheaper, better, faster.

Why take chances? Let *us* do the fixin', Mr. Potts—or Mr. Office Manager or Mrs. Citizen.

SEND YOUR TYPEWRITERS TO WAR!

Uncle Sam needs 600,000 more standard typewriters, made since Jan. 1, 1935. Sell all the L C Smiths you can possibly spare — to any L C Smith branch office—and help the war effort!

Smith - Corona

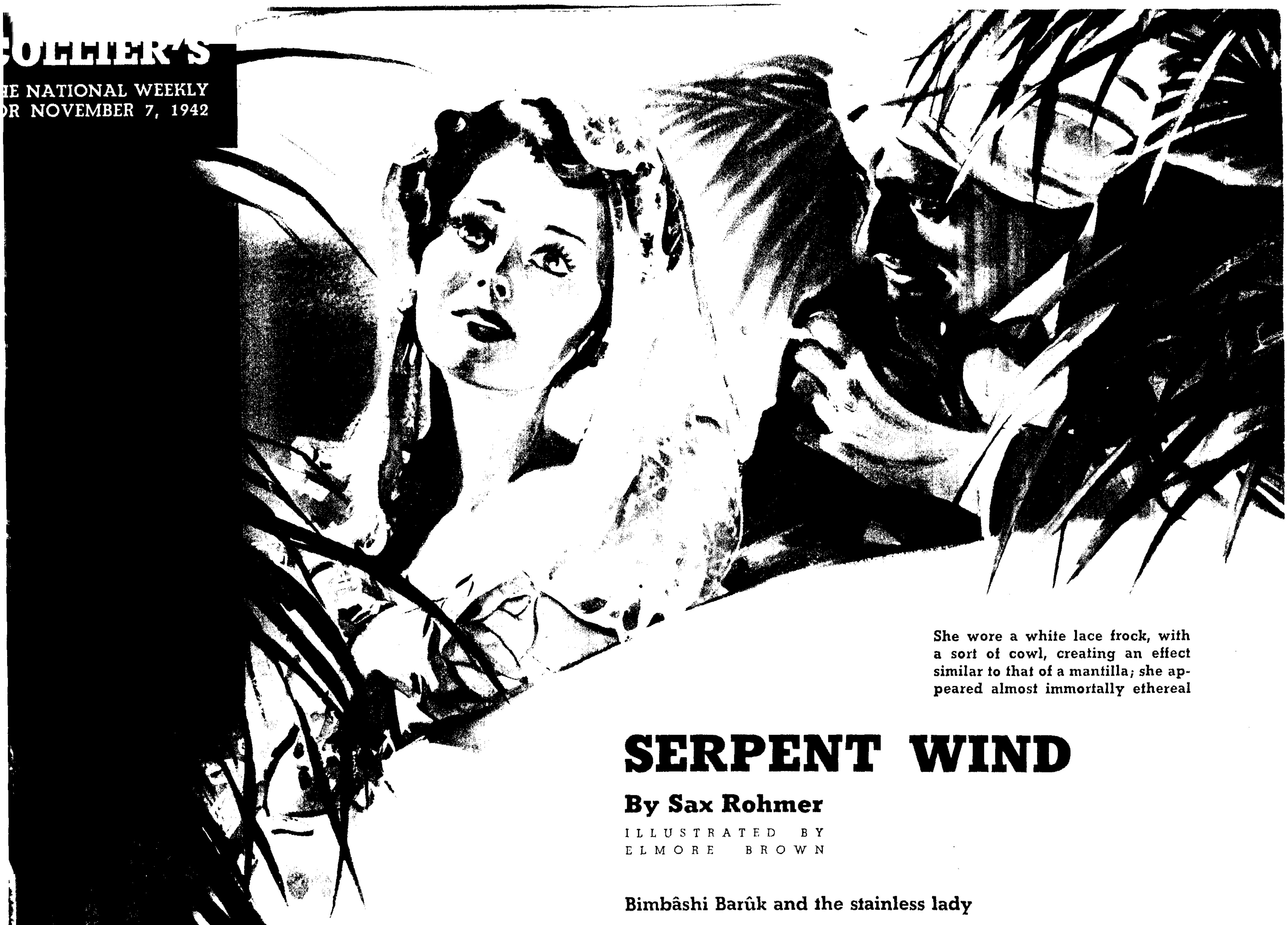
OFFICE PORTABLE

Typewriter Service

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE N Y

War production entrusted to us is precision work calling for craftsmanship of the highest order . . . skill won through many years of making America's finest office and portable typewriters.

OLLIER'S
IE NATIONAL WEEKLY
OR NOVEMBER 7, 1942



She wore a white lace frock, with a sort of cowl, creating an effect similar to that of a mantilla; she appeared almost immortally ethereal

SERPENT WIND

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN

Bimbâshi Barûk and the stainless lady

BIMBÂSHI BARÛK was passing the club shortly before midnight on his way to his Cairo headquarters when he decided to turn in there for a drink. He had the bar to himself except for young Cardew of H.Q. and a civilian whom he didn't know. In these circumstances it was unavoidable that he should overhear a conversation which had the most remarkable consequences. The behavior of Dick Cardew, who would have been Army middleweight champion if he had learned to curb his temper, was so wholly unpredictable that when, tersely excusing himself to his friend, and bidding the bimbâshi good night, he dashed out, he left the bimbâshi troubled in mind; so much so that he determined to follow. He liked Cardew and he sensed some trouble brewing.

There was a nearly full moon, and as he drove across the bridge Bimbâshi Barûk noted that the sky was a dirty blue. But he had come within sight of his destination before, proclaimed by a furious lashing of palm fronds, the hot wind ("Khamsîn" or "Serpent Wind") burst in all its fury.

He saw as he reached the gates of the villa that a number of cars were being driven away. Guests anxious to reach home hurried past in a darkness almost complete, and the wind howled like demoniac voices of a hundred devils.

Double glazed doors were draped and a lobby beyond was dimly lighted. An Egyptian servant greeted him.

"Is Captain Cardew here?" the bimbâshi asked rapidly in Arabic.

"Yes, sir. At least, I have not seen Yuzbâshi Cardew go."

The bimbâshi passed on. He did not know Mrs. Yardley Etherton well, although he had received an invitation to her buffet party now so hurriedly dispersing. Young and attractive wife of an elderly U. S. diplomat, she was one of those women who mean no harm but who manage to do a lot.

Of course, it was possible that Cardew had left unobserved by the servant. However, the bimbâshi determined to seek out Mrs. Yardley Etherton. He walked along a carpeted corridor.

As he passed a door ajar, that of an apparently unlighted room, Bimbâshi Barûk pulled up sharply. Above the wailing of the wind he had heard, coming from this room, another sound—a woman's scream, a babble of words, upon which ensued sudden silence.

Seized by an unpleasant premonition, he pushed the door open and looked into the room. As he had supposed, it was in darkness, but he groped for and found a switch so that a standard lamp became lighted. The room, furnished as a study, was empty. He crossed the room to a window. Light from the standard lamp, shining dimly out onto the terrace, showed him the figure of a man lying outstretched not more than three feet from where he stood. Blood poured from a deep head wound.

In the adjoining room, someone had started a gramophone, and they were dancing. . . .

These were the circumstances which led to the awakening of Commandant Hatton of the Cairo police. Hatton was formerly attached to the C.I.D.

"This is not my idea of clean, healthy fun," he remarked.

A clock struck two. Hatton, seated in the villa study, looked up from his notes. A big man, fresh-colored, with close-cut silver-gray hair and a small mustache resembling a midget currycomb, his light blue eyes had outlived a happy childhood.

"I am more than a little bothered, myself," Bimbâshi Barûk admitted. "We have sturdy lying to deal with."

Hatton nodded. "Yes," he said, "your notes convince me of that."

The facts embodied in Hatton's notes were bizarre and confusing. They were these:

THE man discovered by Bimbâshi Barûk, when dragged into the study had proved to be dead. Neither host nor hostess being discoverable (it was learned later that Yardley Etherton was away from Cairo), the bimbâshi had taken charge. A doctor was summoned, the police were notified, and guests still on the premises were asked to remain. The victim had a skull wound behind his right ear and a severe laceration of the jaw.

The doctor estimated the dead man, tall and of handsome presence, to have been about thirty-five. His few possessions gave no clue to his identity.

"We can reasonably suppose," said Hatton, "that he was a stranger to Cairo. Not because nobody has admitted to recognizing him, but because he wears a borrowed dress suit with no label. Short of hotel valets—who generally have a few on hand—places where he might have borrowed it are limited."

Following a spell of silence.

"I think," said Bimbâshi Barûk, "that we may accept the evidence showing that Mrs. Yardley Etherton, finding her party dispersing, joined friends with whom she drove into Cairo."

"Yes. Her slogan is, 'Don't break up the party.' "

"It is not clear to me, though, of the four guests who remain, why one was detained."

"Adrienne Arlen?"

"Yes." Bimbâshi Barûk's eyes grew dreamy.

"First, her behavior when she viewed the body."

"H'm—perhaps. No sensitive woman enjoys looking at a bloodstained corpse."

"Then, you observed, no doubt, that she carries a handbag with initials in diamonds?"

"I had noted the fact." The bimbâshi's drooping eyelids were raised momentarily. "These initials, although she hides them rather cleverly, are J. F."

"Exactly. Either she has given a false name—"

"Or borrowed the bag."

There was a rap on the door.

"Come in," said Hatton.

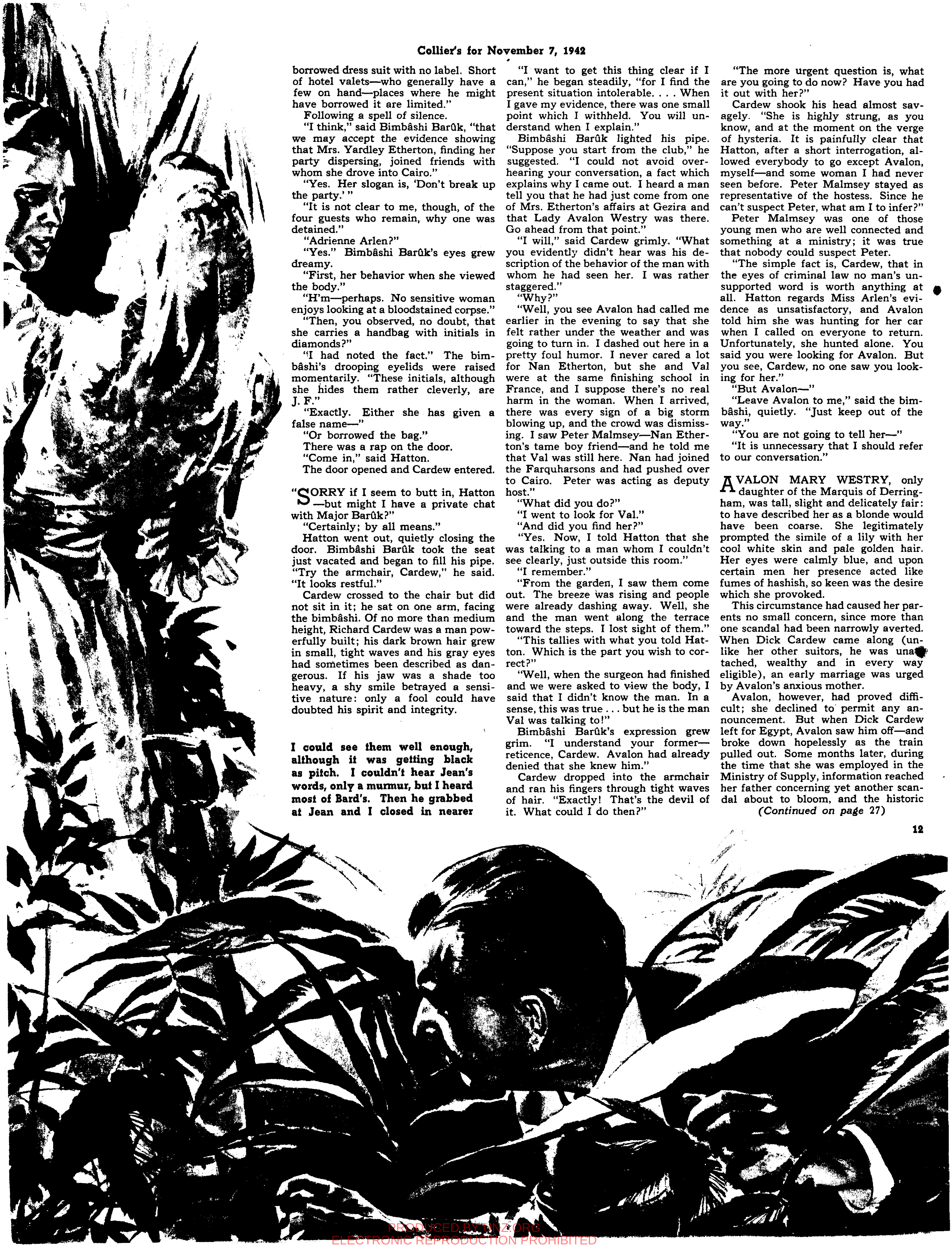
The door opened and Cardew entered.

"SORRY if I seem to butt in, Hatton—but might I have a private chat with Major Barûk?"

"Certainly; by all means."

Hatton went out, quietly closing the door. Bimbâshi Barûk took the seat just vacated and began to fill his pipe. "Try the armchair, Cardew," he said. "It looks restful."

Cardew crossed to the chair but did not sit in it; he sat on one arm, facing the bimbâshi. Of no more than medium height, Richard Cardew was a man powerfully built; his dark brown hair grew in small, tight waves and his gray eyes had sometimes been described as dangerous. If his jaw was a shade too heavy, a shy smile betrayed a sensitive nature: only a fool could have doubted his spirit and integrity.



I could see them well enough, although it was getting black as pitch. I couldn't hear Jean's words, only a murmur, but I heard most of Bard's. Then he grabbed at Jean and I closed in nearer

"I want to get this thing clear if I can," he began steadily, "for I find the present situation intolerable. . . . When I gave my evidence, there was one small point which I withheld. You will understand when I explain."

Bimbâshi Barûk lighted his pipe. "Suppose you start from the club," he suggested. "I could not avoid overhearing your conversation, a fact which explains why I came out. I heard a man tell you that he had just come from one of Mrs. Etherton's affairs at Gezira and that Lady Avalon Westry was there. Go ahead from that point."

"I will," said Cardew grimly. "What you evidently didn't hear was his description of the behavior of the man with whom he had seen her. I was rather staggered."

"Why?"

"Well, you see Avalon had called me earlier in the evening to say that she felt rather under the weather and was going to turn in. I dashed out here in a pretty foul humor. I never cared a lot for Nan Etherton, but she and Val were at the same finishing school in France, and I suppose there's no real harm in the woman. When I arrived, there was every sign of a big storm blowing up, and the crowd was dismissing. I saw Peter Malmsey—Nan Etherton's tame boy friend—and he told me that Val was still here. Nan had joined the Farquharsons and had pushed over to Cairo. Peter was acting as deputy host."

"What did you do?"

"I went to look for Val."

"And did you find her?"

"Yes. Now, I told Hatton that she was talking to a man whom I couldn't see clearly, just outside this room."

"I remember."

"From the garden, I saw them come out. The breeze was rising and people were already dashing away. Well, she and the man went along the terrace toward the steps. I lost sight of them."

"This tallies with what you told Hatton. Which is the part you wish to correct?"

"Well, when the surgeon had finished and we were asked to view the body, I said that I didn't know the man. In a sense, this was true . . . but he is the man Val was talking to!"

Bimbâshi Barûk's expression grew grim. "I understand your former—reticence, Cardew. Avalon had already denied that she knew him."

Cardew dropped into the armchair and ran his fingers through tight waves of hair. "Exactly! That's the devil of it. What could I do then?"

"The more urgent question is, what are you going to do now? Have you had it out with her?"

Cardew shook his head almost savagely. "She is highly strung, as you know, and at the moment on the verge of hysteria. It is painfully clear that Hatton, after a short interrogation, allowed everybody to go except Avalon, myself—and some woman I had never seen before. Peter Malmsey stayed as representative of the hostess. Since he can't suspect Peter, what am I to infer?"

Peter Malmsey was one of those young men who are well connected and something at a ministry; it was true that nobody could suspect Peter.

"The simple fact is, Cardew, that in the eyes of criminal law no man's unsupported word is worth anything at all. Hatton regards Miss Arlen's evidence as unsatisfactory, and Avalon told him she was hunting for her car when I called on everyone to return. Unfortunately, she hunted alone. You said you were looking for Avalon. But you see, Cardew, no one saw you looking for her."

"But Avalon—"

"Leave Avalon to me," said the bimbâshi, quietly. "Just keep out of the way."

"You are not going to tell her—"

"It is unnecessary that I should refer to our conversation."

AVALON MARY WESTRY, only daughter of the Marquis of Derringham, was tall, slight and delicately fair: to have described her as a blonde would have been coarse. She legitimately prompted the simile of a lily with her cool white skin and pale golden hair. Her eyes were calmly blue, and upon certain men her presence acted like fumes of hashish, so keen was the desire which she provoked.

This circumstance had caused her parents no small concern, since more than one scandal had been narrowly averted. When Dick Cardew came along (unlike her other suitors, he was unattached, wealthy and in every way eligible), an early marriage was urged by Avalon's anxious mother.

Avalon, however, had proved difficult; she declined to permit any announcement. But when Dick Cardew left for Egypt, Avalon saw him off—and broke down hopelessly as the train pulled out. Some months later, during the time that she was employed in the Ministry of Supply, information reached her father concerning yet another scandal about to bloom, and the historic

(Continued on page 27)

The partial occupation of Madagascar, described by Collier's Africa correspondent in a recent issue, has now been made complete. But our vital supply route to Russia and the Middle East is still in danger. For across from Madagascar lies Mozambique, and Allied ships continue to pass between the two—under the watchful eyes of Doktor Leopold Werz, the Nazi vice-consul

EWING GALLOWAY

Ten months ago the cranes of Lourenço Marques were idle; today, due to United Nations shipping, it is one of Africa's busiest ports

AFRICAN DANGER SPOT

BY FRANK GERVASI

BY CABLE FROM JOHANNESBURG

PRESS ASSOCIATION

The German vice-consul in Mozambique, Dr. Leopold Werz, cables Berlin daily about the movements of Allied ships

THE Allied supply line from England and the United States to the battlefields of the Middle East, Russia and India, curves flatly around the Cape of Good Hope and passes through the relatively restricted waters of Mozambique Channel, between Madagascar and Portuguese East Africa. It is one of the safest supply routes connecting the factories of the United Nations with their war fronts and is really vulnerable only in those channel waters. At the most critical point in the battle to prevent the enemy from reaching the oil regions of Russia and Araby, we lost many ships in that channel. Just how many remains a military secret.

To protect this supply lane, the British seized Diégo-Suarez, and the Union of South Africa sent troops to help finish the job—that of occupying Madagascar and preventing the use of the island as an enemy base from which to harass United Nations shipping in the channel and possibly attempt actual invasion of the African continent. But Madagascar is only half the problem. The other half is Portuguese East Africa itself.

Neutral Portugal's East African colony is, in a certain sense, an enemy base on the African continent. From there, the enemy's spies and agents signal with impunity the movements of United Nations ships to Berlin, Rome and Tokyo. These Gestapo agents alienate Dutch and Greek seamen of United Nations ships in Lourenço Marques, the colony's capital. There, one of the ablest of Germany's many agents, whose job on the African continent is comparable to that which Von Papen held in the Balkans or Grobba in the Middle East, transmits to Berlin information he accumulates from United Nations territories. He provides Goebbels with ammunition for his propaganda warfare against South Africa—but that is probably the least harmful of his operations.

Were the problem reversed—were Portuguese East Africa surrounded by German colonies instead of by British dominions, colonies and territories—there is no doubt about how it would have been solved. The Germans would have just moved in. But the United Nations don't play that way. Portugal is neutral, and Portugal's neutrality in the United Nations' code must be respected. It does not matter that Herr Doktor Leopold Werz, nominally the German vice-consul in Lourenço Marques, actually is one of the slickest operatives of the Gestapo and violates the code daily.

A series of political and geographic circumstances combine to make Werz's job comparatively easy. In neutral territories, the advantages are all on the side of the Axis. All neutrals or pseudo-neutrals feel obliged to conform to their demands. Most of them have frontiers with Axis or Axis-dominated nations and fear invasion if they fail to conform.

Portugal is in a particularly bad spot, realizing that, at the slightest provocation, Spain, urged by Germany, would pounce upon her. Portuguese officers in Mozambique, fresh from home, told me they could not hold the Spaniards one week if a showdown came.

And if a showdown does come, Portugal's five-hundred-year-old empire, comprising territory which is twenty-five times the size of the motherland and including some of the richest colonies in Africa as well as strategically situated islands, would be at the mercy of the Axis, Britain or the United States —whoever got there first. Portugal's enormous and wealthy empire, which has survived longer than any other and which has escaped the imperial reshuffles of the past hundred and fifty years, thanks to the protection of the mighty British fleet, might become one of Africa's empires adrift.

Fear of losing her empire, the fundamental sympathy for Fascism inherent in her own corporativism and the secret belief that the United Nations will not win the war partially explains Portugal's tacit collaboration with the Axis. These circumstances explain more particularly how Dr. Werz is able to obtain any amount of funds he requires from Portuguese banks.

The Usual Nazi Technique

It is the old aspirin trick which the Nazis worked so effectively in the Balkans. Germany obliges Portugal to purchase German drugs, shoddy hardware and armaments (Germany recently offered to sell Portugal equipment for four armored divisions) and creates large balances of Portuguese money in Lisbon banks. Dr. Werz, way down in Lourenço Marques, can draw on these balances at will.

Portugal's pro-Fascism is not shared by the white population and, in the Mozambique colony, the natives don't count. The colony, whose economic welfare depends largely upon South Africa and Rhodesia, is overwhelmingly pro-British and pro-United Nations. The people even resent their homeland's tendency to use Mozambique as a dumping ground for jobless politicians. They call functionaries sent from Portugal, who grab off all the fat jobs and

(Continued on page 67)

WALKING ON WOOD

By Ruth Carson

THE girl in the picture is contemplating her feet i wooden-soled shoes. All the shoes around he are wooden-soled, too. They aren't just a fad They're a sensible, comfortable answer to a need.

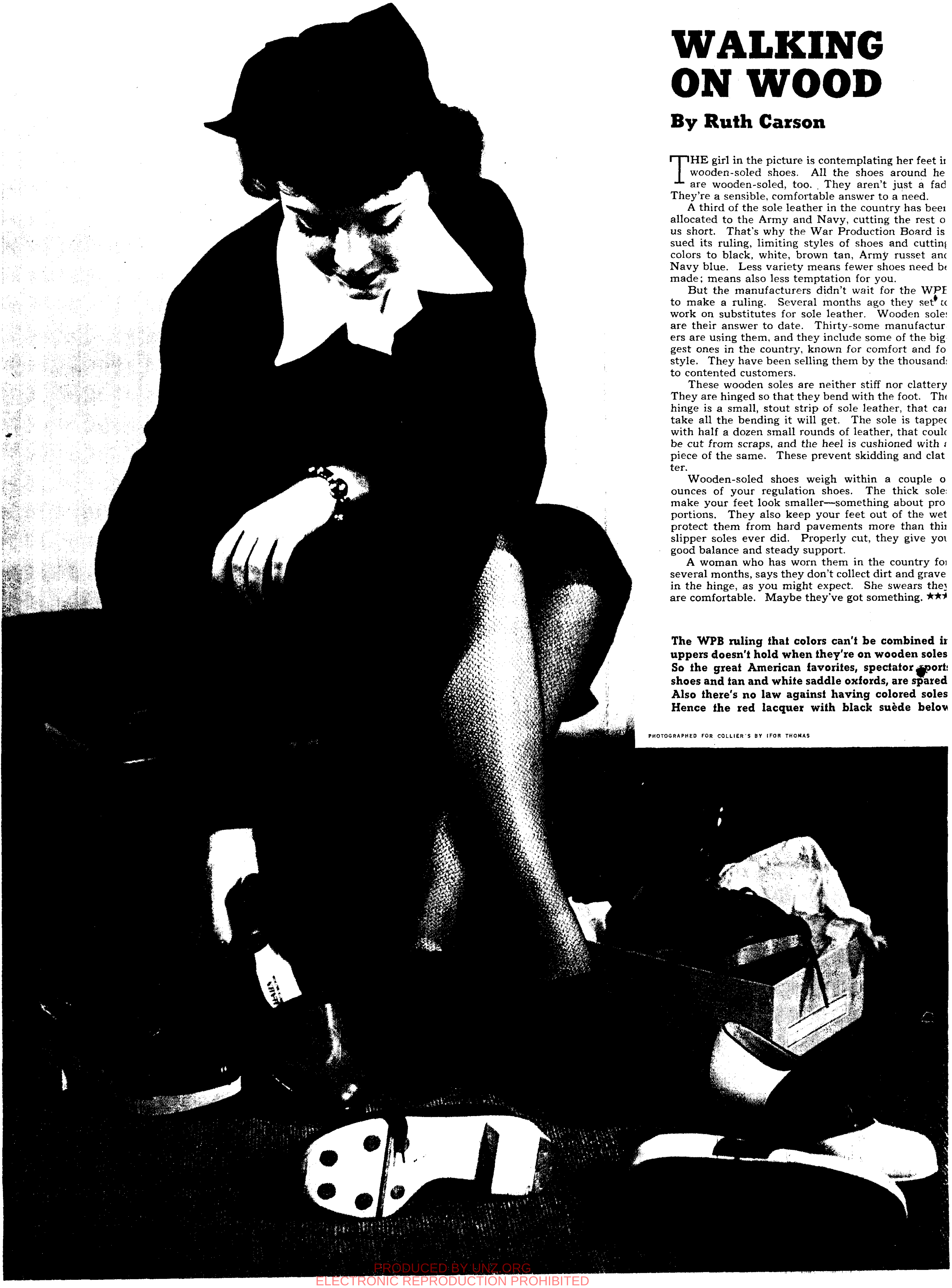
A third of the sole leather in the country has bee allocated to the Army and Navy, cutting the rest o us short. That's why the War Production Board issued its ruling, limiting styles of shoes and cuttin colors to black, white, brown tan, Army russet an Navy blue. Less variety means fewer shoes need b made; means also less temptation for you.

But the manufacturers didn't wait for the WP to make a ruling. Several months ago they set t work on substitutes for sole leather. Wooden sole are their answer to date. Thirty-some manufacturers are using them, and they include some of the biggest ones in the country, known for comfort and fo style. They have been selling them by the thousand to contented customers.

These wooden soles are neither stiff nor clattery They are hinged so that they bend with the foot. Th hinge is a small, stout strip of sole leather, that ca take all the bending it will get. The sole is tappe with half a dozen small rounds of leather, that coul be cut from scraps, and the heel is cushioned with piece of the same. These prevent skidding and clatter.

Wooden-soled shoes weigh within a couple o ounces of your regulation shoes. The thick sole make your feet look smaller—something about proportions. They also keep your feet out of the wet protect them from hard pavements more than thi slipper soles ever did. Properly cut, they give yo good balance and steady support.

A woman who has worn them in the country fo several months, says they don't collect dirt and grave in the hinge, as you might expect. She swears the are comfortable. Maybe they've got something. ★★★



The WPB ruling that colors can't be combined i uppers doesn't hold when they're on wooden soles So the great American favorites, spectator sport shoes and tan and white saddle oxfords, are spared Also there's no law against having colored soles Hence the red lacquer with black suède belo

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

The Fearless Women of Russia

By Irina Skariatina

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

The Russian women are fighting stanchly to save their homes and families from the invader. Collier's correspondent tells you how they are sharing the suffering and heroism of war with their valiant men

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SOVFOTO

Here one of the members of the medsanbat, Nurse Olga Ussova, is giving first aid to a wounded Russian soldier under fire in the Kharkov sector. She carried forty-three disabled men to safety

IN RIAZAN, as I was pacing up and down the platform waiting for my train to continue its journey to Moscow, a long heavy train that came all the way from Tashkent pulled into the station. I noticed to my surprise that a woman was at the controls of our engine. Still young, her weather-beaten face was extremely handsome with rather stern, clear-cut features and deep-set blue eyes. In a friendly way she bent down to answer my questions and several days later when she was off duty in Moscow I had the opportunity of again meeting her and talking to her. In the quiet of a small study, over glasses of weak tea and candy, we sat and she told me the story of her career.

"As you already know, my name is Valentina Shapovalova and I am thirty-six years old," she began in the measured, slightly singsong voice so typical of Russian women. "I was born in Vladivostok and grew up there. Later I came to Moscow and entered the Institute of Transport Engineers. Why? Because locomotives always fascinated me ever since I can remember. When I graduated I started working as 'assistant engineer of machinists,' as we call them. I did that for two years. Then, when I became a full-fledged engineer, I was entrusted with a heavy freight train on the Moscow-Rybnoe line. In the winter, what with storms and blizzards and snow, it was sometimes rather difficult—especially to fulfill the required technical speed. But I made out all right, and later was transferred to a more important line. During the war with Finland I went back and forth with my freight train to the front and because I was lucky and never had an accident I was awarded this insignia of Honorary Railroad Worker." She pointed to an emblem pinned on to her blouse.

"Now the one next to it," she continued, pointing to another insignia, "is the Badge of Honor which was given to me by the government for successfully transporting military materials and supplies under fire in this present war. Four times my train was bombed.

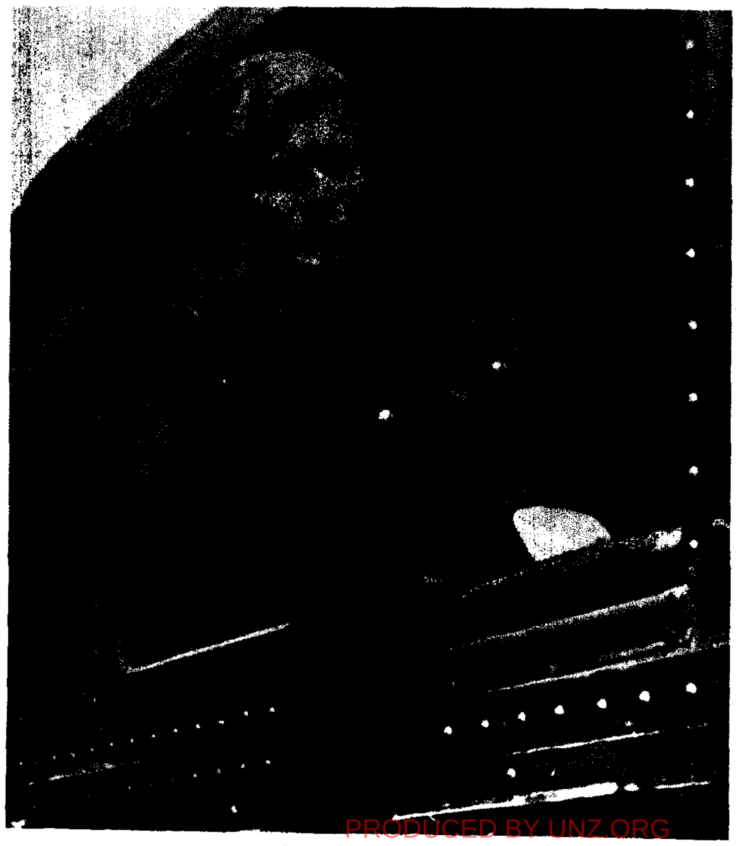
"What did I do in these cases? Oh, well, I had to decide for myself what was best. I had to depend entirely on my own judgment and make my decisions as best I could. Afraid? No, not for myself. I used to worry a lot more about the engine. I hated to think it might be hit; it was such a beautiful one, so powerful and strong. But I was lucky and they never got us.

(Continued on page 46)

A graduate of the river shipping school at Gorki, Zinaida Khussainova has been a bridge officer for two years

Civilians and the army must be fed. Nadya Angelina is shown driving a tractor harvesting wheat near Stalino

Kutzenova was one of the women locomotive engineers on the Moscow-Staraya Russa line until the Germans cut it



Lt. Polina Sedova, pilot of an ambulance plane, is replacing one of the men who is busy fighting Nazi bombers

"SWEET-ADELINE"

SANDY GANDY

Nine Young Men

By Corey Ford and Alastair Mac Bain

Nine names on a bulletin board and nine young men meet beneath the wing of the big ship that will be theirs from now on. They will live together, fly together, fight together. If it is necessary, they will die together. Here's how that miracle of co-ordination, a bomber crew, is born

SHE was born at 2 P. M. of a sweltering day on the flying line of a half-finished field somewhere in Florida. She weighed twenty tons, was green, and had a glass nose; and the blessed event took place under her own wing. Her name was Sweet-Adeline.

The unsuspecting godfather was a corporal named Wilton Furnish. He had been standing with eight other men at the time, in the shade of the big bomber's slanting wing; four enlisted men like himself, and four officers.

They had looked one another over in silence for a moment, and one of the officers had begun awkwardly, "I guess we're slated to be together. I'm Lieutenant Holland," and he introduced the other three officers: Lieutenant Bowen, copilot; Lieutenant Cleveland, navigator; Lieutenant Hennessy, bombardier. The enlisted men gave their names quickly: Sergeant Brock, radio; Corporal Sessoms, assistant radio; Sergeant Tilton, engineer; Private Levi, assistant engineer; Corporal Furnish, photo-gunner.

There was another stilted pause, and that was when Corporal Furnish's eye wandered to the bomber's gracefully sloping sides. "Isn't she beautiful? Look at those curves!" he exclaimed impulsively. "Like a girl I know back home."

"Who's that?" the others asked, faces relaxing in a grin.

"Adeline, her name is. She's streamlined and, boy!" Furnish rolled his eyes, "is she sweet to handle!"

Sweet-Adeline was born at that moment, amid the heat and glare and hurrying white sand.

Down on the line is the row of huge Flying Fortresses. Sweet-Adeline is sixth from the end, a great green dragonfly, the sunlight glancing off her unblinking glass eyes. Her ground crew is going over her now. From time to time they glance at the group of nine men standing in the oasis of shade under the wing and nod their heads significantly: "That's them." "First time they been together, isn't it?" "Won't be the last. . . ."

A Unique Relationship

For something bigger than Adeline is being born here, for all her twenty tons: a relationship closer than a family, stronger than a marriage, so unique that only a war could bring it about; a relationship of nine men who saw their names grouped together for the first time on the bulletin board an hour ago: "Office of the Squadron Commander. Subject: Combat Crews. To: All Concerned. The following crews have been assigned . . ."

These nine men have come from every section of the country, from every walk of life. They are the product of endless training hours aloft and on the ground, of the most patient sifting and seeding and elimination. They represent the ounce of priceless element that's left after grinding up an entire mountain. This is their final assembly line. From now on, they will live together and fly together and fight together and, maybe, die together. From now on, till the war ends, this is their ship. They're the only nine men in Adeline's life.

Second Lieutenant T. M. Hennessy of Boston, Massachusetts, weighs just under two hundred pounds, so they call him "Tiny." Played pro football a couple of years after he quit Boston U. He's the bombardier. "I'm the ball carrier on this club, see? I'm supposed to put it across for the score. The navigator's quarterback. He calls the signals, gets us down there inside the twenty-yard line and sets up the touchdown play. The pilot's the forward passer; he shoots me the ball when I'm ready. The copilot, he's sort of a roving center, takes charge on defense, tells everybody what to do when we're on the taking end. The rest of the crew, the gunners, they're the guards and tackles. Tail gunner's the safety man. In a scrap, everybody takes out his own man." Tiny pauses. "We work together. We're a team."

Tiny enlisted in the Air Forces when the war broke, put in for bombardier, and wouldn't change places with anybody else in the world. Got the best job in the ship, he'll tell you; everybody else

(Continued on page 57)

Good Neighbors

By John Faulkner

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

You couldn't ask for a more obliging pair of desperadoes than the Fuller brothers. No real harm in those boys. Just a mite clannish and handy with their weapons

UNCLE PETE was really too old for the deputy marshal's job, and the young, hard-boiled prohibition agents resented him because he filled the place that could be given to some younger, more reckless man of their own caliber who would be of use to them in their still raids.

But Uncle Pete's friends were numerous, having been collected from the days when county political campaigning was done on horseback and a man left the county seat on his electioneering tour only to come back to town in time to vote. None of those friends were ever lost to Uncle Pete, and some of them were more than friends now. One of them was a United States senator. And Uncle Pete, though over the age limit for active duty, was still serving as a deputy marshal.

Uncle Pete was set in his ways. It was the well-earned prerogative of seventy-four years of just living and honest independence. He acknowledged none of the weaknesses of his accumulated years and forbade anyone else to mention them. Nor did he ask favors or deference to the indelible marks of time's passing that sat but lightly on his still-erect shoulders.

Through a tacit agreement between the marshal and the prohibition agents, Uncle Pete was never sent out on whisky raids, but was used chiefly to serve summonses and court papers. And also through unspoken agreement between Uncle Pete and his favorite taxi driver, Joe, his trips were always arranged so that he could sleep in his own bed each night.

It became sort of a game with the marshal to try to arrange Uncle Pete's papers so that he would be forced to spend a night away from home, but, somehow, Uncle Pete, tired out but triumphant, would turn up at home by bedtime. That was the only concession he made to old age. He liked his own bed.

When the government started buying up land for the huge reservations and reservoirs in northern Mississippi, the marshal thought the problem of Uncle Pete was settled for good. He put Uncle Pete to posting land.

"By George, I'll bet he has to sleep in a hotel tonight," said the marshal to his office deputy one morning. "I gave him a good two days' work before he left this morning."

"What have you got him doing?" said the office deputy.

"Posting that reservoir land," said the marshal. "I gave him everything north of the Delta Road."

"Why, he won't be back here for a week," said the office deputy.

Uncle Pete phoned the marshal at nine that night.

"Where are you?" said the marshal.

"I'm at home," said Uncle Pete.

"What did you come in for?" said the marshal.

"I finished," said Uncle Pete.

"Finished?" said the marshal. "Why, no one man could post all that land in one day!"

"I made Joe help me," said Uncle Pete.

"Who?" said the marshal.

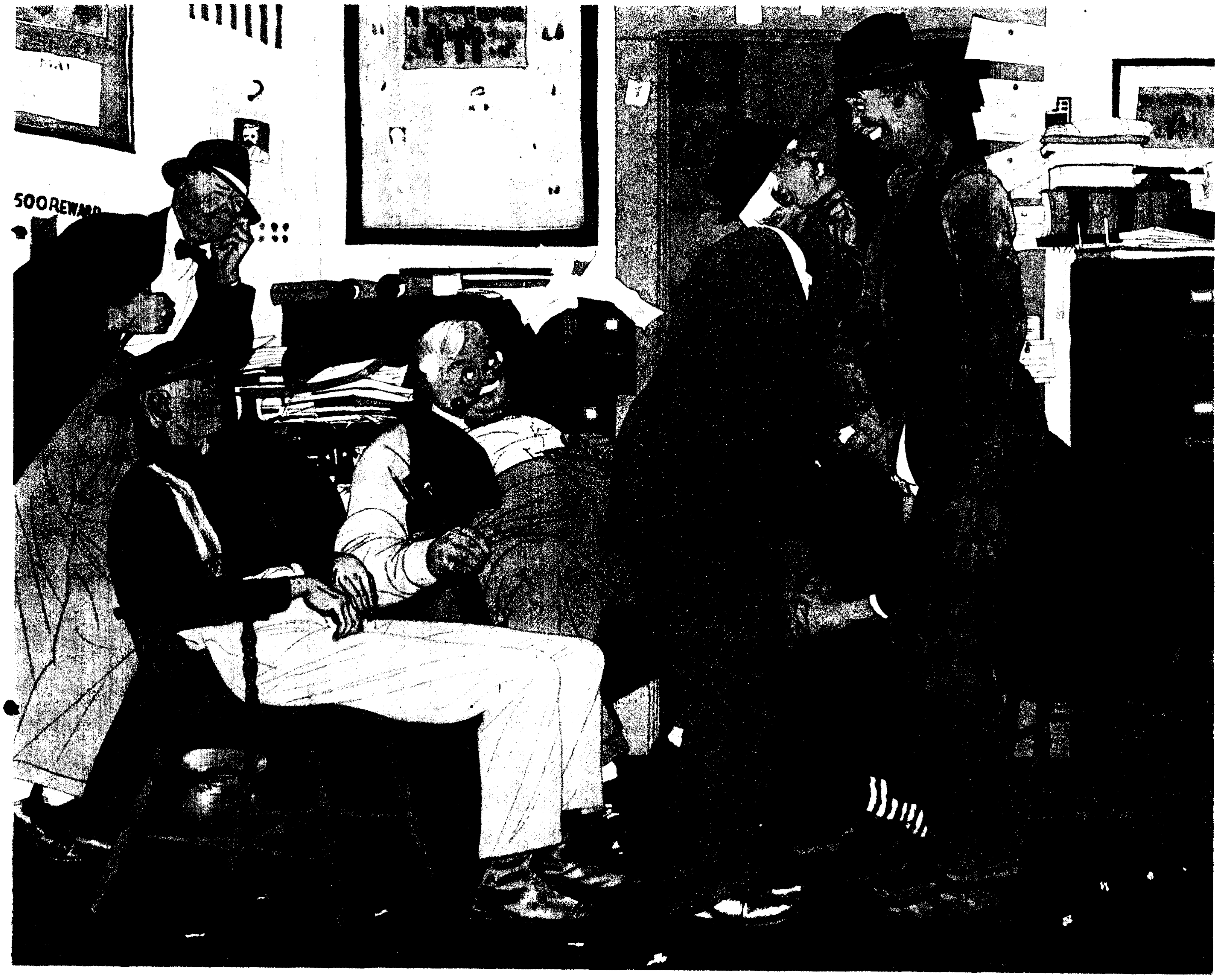
"Joe. My driver."

"Well, I'll be gosh-darned!" said the marshal.

The next day, Uncle Pete's son stopped by the office at noon to take Uncle Pete to dinner. Uncle Pete greeted him with a bluff, "Hey."

"You 'bout ready to go to dinner?" asked the son.

(Continued on page 60)



Uncle Pete took the hand and peered into the prisoner's face. "Can't rightly say I remember you." "I'm Luke Jenkins," the prisoner said. "Remember? You took me to Atlanta seven year ago"

REFEREE'S HOLIDAY

By Dan Parker

Naval Aviation cadets are learning a new kind of football. The rules have been dumped overboard and the gridiron has become a battlefield where almost anything goes

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

The instructor, Lt. Ed Don George, knife in hand, appeared hopelessly formidable. But the future aviator suddenly turned from the defensive to the offensive; applied a wristlock. The knife is falling to the ground

ONE of the questions Naval Aviation cadets must answer when filling out the questionnaire they receive upon registering at a preflight training school is: Who do you consider has had the most influence on sports in this generation? A surprisingly large percentage of the 15,000 future fliers who have enrolled for the three months' course so far this year have answered Hitler or Hirohito. Nor were these answers flippant.

To appreciate how squarely they hit the nail on the head, you must be familiar with the revolutionary sports program now in full swing at four preflight schools opened by the Navy last spring on the campuses of St. Mary's College, California, and the universities of North Carolina, Georgia and Iowa. At these centers, under the supervision of 900 of the nation's outstanding coaches, carefully selected from 12,000 applicants, the American concept of sports is being rewritten to fit the exigencies of a war in which sportsmanship has become an empty word. The rule book has been chucked out of the window, the playing-fields-of-Eton legend laughed into oblivion, and the doctrine of sport for sport's sake outlawed for the duration.

Pearl Harbor was a costly and humiliating defeat, but the lesson it taught the Navy at the outset was well worth the price paid. The Japs will probably rue the day they elected to scrap the code and stab an old friend in the back, for it required something as nauseating as this foul blow to the average American's inborn sense of fair play to drive home to a peace-loving, sportsmanlike nation the folly of using anything short of all-out tactics in dealing with international hoodlums.

Soon after Pearl Harbor, this idea began to crystallize in the mind of Captain Arthur W. Radford, director of the Division of Aviation Training in the Bureau of Aeronautics. Himself a flier, Captain Radford knew that it took more than a knowledge of how to fly a plane to make a good combat pilot. He also realized that America, a peace-loving nation, was greatly handicapped in wartime because its young manhood had been brought up in a code of sportsmanship as foreign to that of a Jap as the fish-head-and-rice diet of Nippon is to the American palate. Japan had been preparing for this war since the peace treaty was signed after the last one, and there was nothing remotely resembling sportsmanship in the code in which its fighting men were schooled.

Summoning Lieutenant Commander Tom Hamilton, one of the Naval Academy's all-time sports heroes, Captain Radford outlined his own ideas and ordered him to call in the best minds in the sports world to help map out a program for Naval Aviation cadets. Lieutenant Commander Hamilton went to such athletic fountainheads as Major John Griffith, athletic commissioner of the Western Conference, and Big Bill Bingham, graduate manager of athletics at Harvard. They and others helped Hamilton to skeletonize the program and advised him on personnel.

The new idea was mentioned publicly for the first time at the annual convention of football coaches and physical educators at Detroit last December. Outlining the program in an address before the convention, Lieutenant Commander Hamilton called for volunteers. Almost two hundred responded on the spot. Not satisfied with volunteers, Hamilton sought out the best men in their field. All-America heroes were a dime a dozen when Tom's list was made up.

The first group, numbering 183, began a month of intensive training at the U. S. Naval Academy on March 23d. Among these were Harvey Harman, Rutgers football coach; Jim Crowley, Fordham's grid mentor; Ed Don George, the wrestler; Sam Barry of the University of Southern California; Larry Snyder, the Ohio State track coach; Bobby Grayson, whose name still resounds through Stanford's classic halls for his football achievements; Art Jones of the Pittsburgh Steelers pro football team; Jim "Sweet" Lalanne, North Carolina's star halfback; George Svendson of Minnesota football fame who went on to the Green Bay Packers; Choc Sportsman, who coached the famous running Rideout twins at North Texas State; Glen Killinger of Penn State and the New York Yankees, and enough other headline names to send a sports writer into a delicious swoon.

A College of Hard Knocks

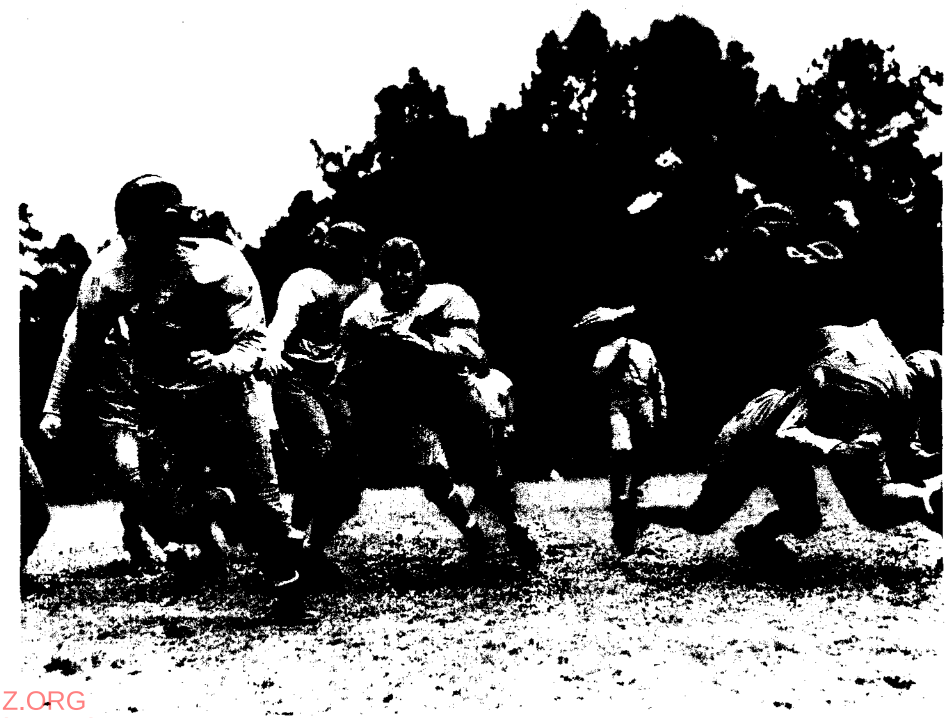
Three more classes were sent through the same stiff regimen and by the end of May when the first two preflight schools were opened at North Carolina and Iowa universities, a well-trained staff of instructors was ready for the swarms of eaglets who fluttered into each training center at the rate of 242 every two weeks. The other two schools were opened early in June. By August, all four had reached their capacity of 1,850. Until the preflight schools were opened, the course of training for a Naval Aviation cadet had been nine months. Now it takes a year's time and $2,700 to convert each cadet into a finished pilot.

In the realistic three months' preflight course, the cadet learns that war is a ruthless business and that there's no "place" money in warfare. Teaching fair-minded young Americans how to kill or maim an opponent is as revolutionary as would be an attempt to convince a *magna cum laude* college graduate that the rules of arithmetic he had learned in grammar school are all wrong. It is no indictment of our way of living that the instructors have to break down a barrier of natural repugnance before they can make any headway with their course of lessons in One Hundred Easy Ways to Erase a Jap.

Lieutenant Ed Don George, one-time world's heavyweight wrestling champion, is the dean of this College of Hard Knocks at the University of North Carolina's preflight school. Lieutenant George, who has trained his first class and seen them go on to the advanced

(Continued on page 30)

The roughest football game you ever saw pales into the insignificance of a game of jacks when compared to the game played at the University of North Carolina Preflight School. No time out is allowed except to bury the dead



The proficiency of these men in handling themselves in hand-to-hand combat might mean the difference between life and death for them. Here you see a group of healthy Naval Air cadets learning the fine points of catch-as-catch-can and mayhem—mostly mayhem. A clever, smaller man who knows a few of the tricks not in the book frequently can render his bigger opponent helpless. A gouge, a little pressure in the right spot and they will hear the German or Japanese for uncle

Everyone gets intense instruction in boxing. Here a class imitates the instructor's long left jab. Those who major in boxing must fight at least two three-round matches every week

Lt. Com. James Crowley, who coached famous Fordham teams, is in charge of the football program of the preflight school at North Carolina University. He is showing instructors how to enhance the block with neat, underhanded torture

MARJORIE'S HORSE COMES IN

By Kyle Crichton

Marjorie Reynolds, having recently succeeded in brushing the fodder of Westerns off her garments, now promises to be the object of more attention than has ever been accorded any movie-struck nag

FOR some obscure reason, adversity tends to sweeten Hollywood actresses. If kicked about sufficiently they take on a seraphic air and begin purring. No matter what evil cinematic specimens they are playing, they are convinced that Fate will soon hit them over the head and dub them Cinderella. The latest Cinderella is Marjorie Reynolds, the find of Holiday Inn.

"Let nobody ever again express disbelief in a Higher Power," say the cynics of Sunset Strip. "If Reynolds can do it, anybody can do anything."

Miss Reynolds belongs to that line of Hollywood child wonders who receive each new blow with an expression of ecstasy. One might imagine that an actress who had spent twenty years in the profession and had never reached a point farther north than leading lady in horse op'rys would be curdled by disappointment. Not at all. Miss Reynolds went gaily along, happy, ambitious and avowing that everybody in the business was wonderful. The leap from oblivion to being leading woman for Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire in a picture by Irving Berlin seemed merely a bit of poetic justice.

"I'm just a lucky girl, that's all," says Miss Reynolds, in a slightly sententious voice, which indicates that she knew from the time she was three years old that this was bound to happen.

The Glass-Slipper Damsel

The whole Reynolds saga is a fantasy. When Mark Sandrich at Paramount began casting Holiday Inn, he found all available candidates either experiencing motherhood (Mary Martin) or trussed up with constabulary writs (Ginger Rogers and Rita Hayworth). After testing every lady in town with a full complement of limbs, Danny Dare, the dance director, remembered a girl who had been in the chorus at Paramount years ago. Her name was Moore, and he annoyed Central Casting with demands that they produce her. Central Casting replied testily that no such name had been on their list for months and hinted that she might have done away with herself in despair.

"You'll hear about this," cried Dare darkly, and was beating his head vainly when one Moe Sackin heard of his predicament and came running.

"Why," said Moe, breathlessly, "it is well known to all who follow the progress of the stars that Marjorie Moore is now Marjorie Reynolds, and as soon as we can get the smell of fodder out of her garments, she will be in your presence."

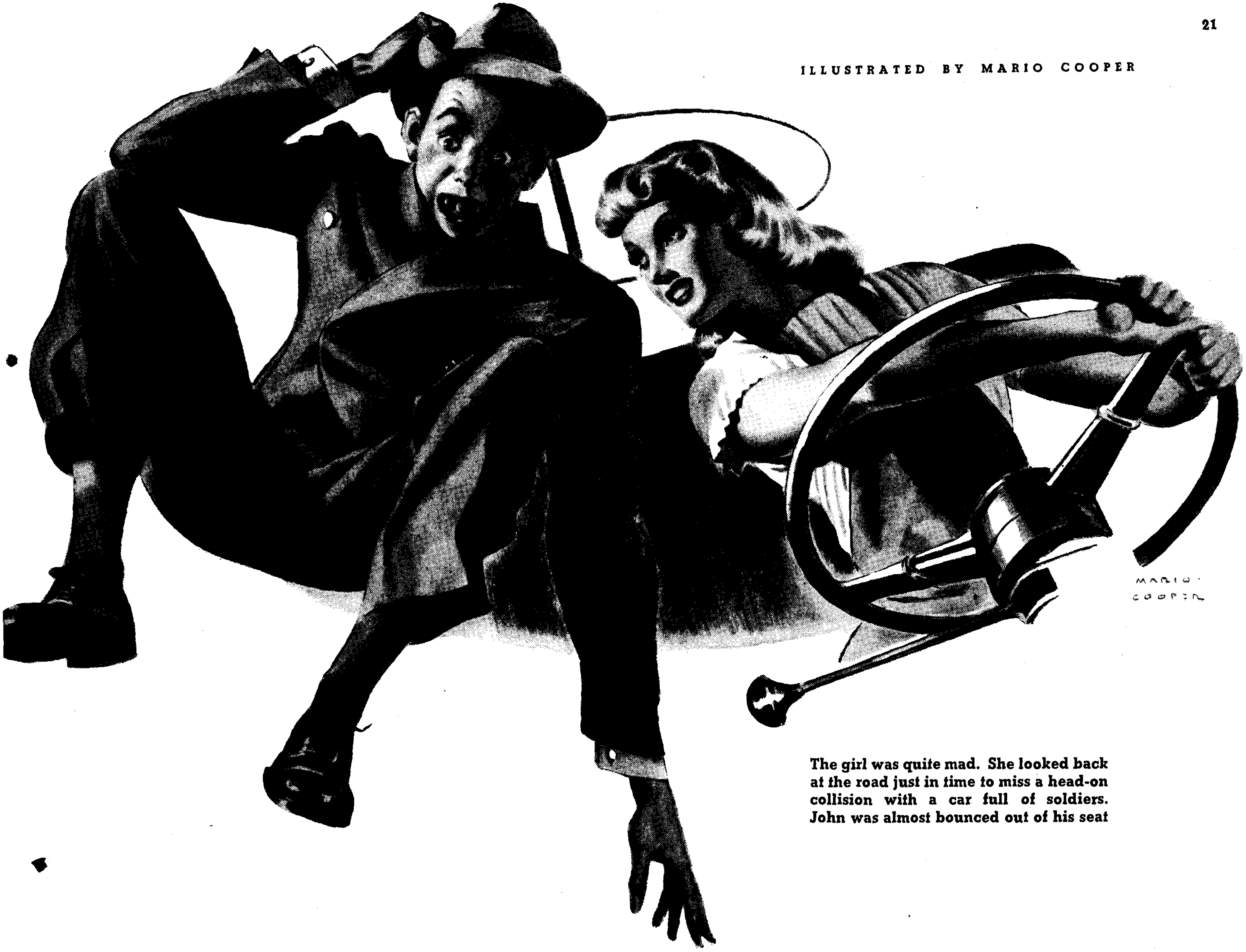
She clambered down from whatever nag was currently bearing her and dashed into Paramount, sprinkling herself fleetingly with perfume as she ran. Mr. Sandrich heard her read lines, Mr. Crosby, by now worn by the quest and caring very little in any event, nodded his solemn approval, and a call was put in for Mr. Astaire. Mr. Astaire looked at her with a weary and suspicious eye and gave indications that it would please him if she gave an exhibition of her dancing. She did a time step, which was all she remembered from her days at school, and then Mr. Astaire took her gingerly in his arms and started to whirl her about.

"Ow!" said Mr. Astaire at this juncture, for Miss Reynolds had committed *lèse-majesté* by stepping on his foot.

The four interested parties retired to reflect upon her possibilities and Miss *(Continued on page 76)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



The girl was quite mad. She looked back at the road just in time to miss a head-on collision with a car full of soldiers. John was almost bounced out of his seat

LET THE GIRL DOWN GENTLY

By Paul Ernst

Shed no tears for John Hendricks, who lost his love. He had no choice in the matter, and liked it anyway

THERE was a hissing sound that matched the rhythm of the wheels. The middle-aged coupé slumped sideways like a leaking boat. John Hendricks stopped. A large, serious-faced young man with sandy hair and sober light brown eyes, he walked around the car and saw a lusty nailhead in his left front tire, a sight to make him feel less wrathful than outraged.

John had tended these tires with care, driving slowly and considerately, so that with nine thousand miles engraved upon them they still looked beautiful and new. He'd gauged them for proper pressure every week, inspected them daily for cuts and bruises; and lately guarded them with fine new locks installed on each separate wheel.

And what did all this get you? Punctures. That's what it got you. Now he was undone because some fool threw spikes around the streets.

Methodically, John pulled on canvas gloves. He jacked the car up to remove the crippled tire. Then he stared in utter disbelief at his key ring.

There were keys for ignition, dash compartment, gas cap lock, spare tire lock—and that was all.

There wasn't any wheel lock key. He couldn't get his flat tire off his car.

John considered. On the night he'd bought the new tire locks he'd hurried to meet Helen right on time and had forgotten to put the spare key on his spare ring. And that was the ring he had with him now.

"Damn!" John said. He looked around.

He was in Gracemoor, one of three New Jersey villages he drove through every day—most Sundays, too, like today—on his way from home in Burnick to the laboratory in Elizabeth. He was on the edge of town near a small white clapboard house that looked dwarfed by its own large lawn and mammoth trees.

John walked across the lawn beneath the trees and rang the bell.

After quite a while the door was opened and John looked down into vivid, wide blue eyes, and at faded, worn blue overalls. He judged at first the girl must be about fifteen, then saw she must be twenty-one or so; more than fifteen years were in those curves. Her smallness and her rather breathless way of gazing up at you made time miscalculations probable.

She said, "Oh! You're not him."

"Him?" repeated John involuntarily.

"You wouldn't know if I told you," said the small girl. She was very blond. "He's in the Army."

"Oh," said John politely.

"He's a sergeant. You're not a sergeant."

"No," said John, thrown somewhat off balance. "I'm a chemist."

"Well, don't feel bad. Someone has to mix the stuff they shoot."

"I don't feel bad! Chemists are quite as necessary as sergeants. What in the world makes you think I—"

John cleared his throat.

"I've had a puncture," he said austerely. "I came to ask if I might use your phone."

"All right," the girl said. "But why a phone? Why don't you just change the tire? Don't you know how?"

"Certainly I know how," John snapped. "It's the locks."

"Locks?" she said.

"On the wheels."

"Wheels?"

"To keep my tires from being stolen I lock 'em on the wheels," John explained patiently. "This morning I left without the key to those locks, so I can't take my punctured tire off. I want to phone a garage to send a car to take me home to get the key."

"To open the lock that Jack built," the girl finished, clapping her hands. John scaled his age guess down again.

"PLEASE, may I use your telephone?" he said.

"Oh, we can help you out," the girl said, with an unhampered look from very blue, wide eyes. "You don't need to hire anybody and spend all that money. On a Sunday and everything. I'll drive you home in our car. I think. Come out back."

"If I could just phone—"

"Oh, no. We wouldn't think of it."

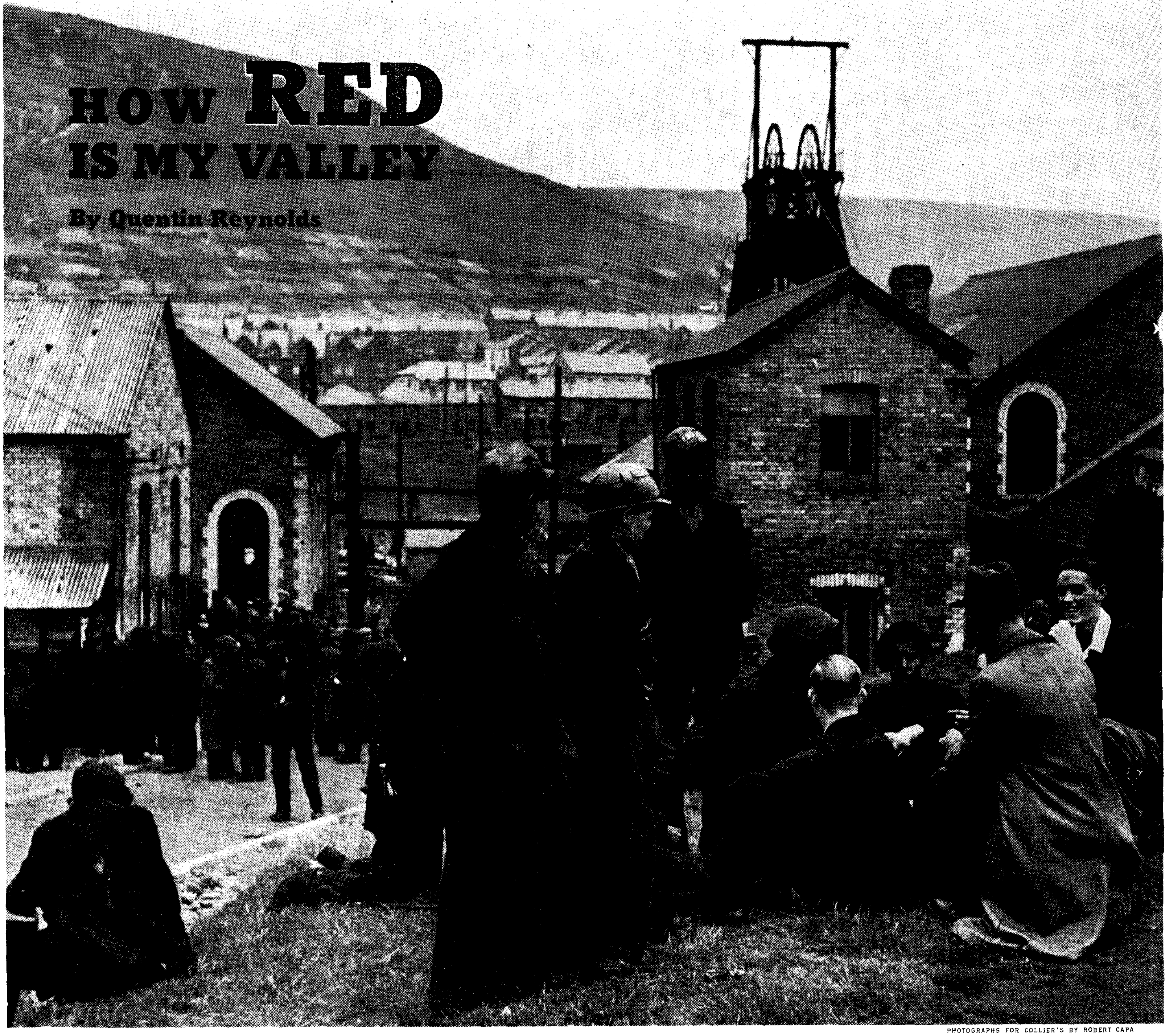
She took John's hand and led him out a back door whose screen bagged at the bottom like the seat of an old tweed suit.

"What's your name?"

(Continued on page 42)

HOW RED IS MY VALLEY

By Quentin Reynolds



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA

Here miners from Penygraig, Trealaw, Llwynypia and Cwmparc stop near the mine shaft to chat with friends who are employed in less grimy occupations

In Richard Llewellyn's once-green valley, Collier's correspondent meets the silent, thoughtful people who work Britain's mines—and who seem to have been left underground by Britain's economic system

WE ALL climbed out of the cage which had brought us up from nearly half a mile underground and we blinked in the hot sun pouring down on the valley. The miners were grinning, their teeth milk-white against the grimy coal-dust black of their faces. They stacked their helmets and their lamps and then went to the long wooden hut which stood close to the mine entrance. This was payday. They filed into the building at one end and came out the other with small blue slips—"pay dockets," they called them. These would be presented to the company cashier and exchanged for money.

"Had a good week?" I asked the first miner out, and he smiled bitterly.

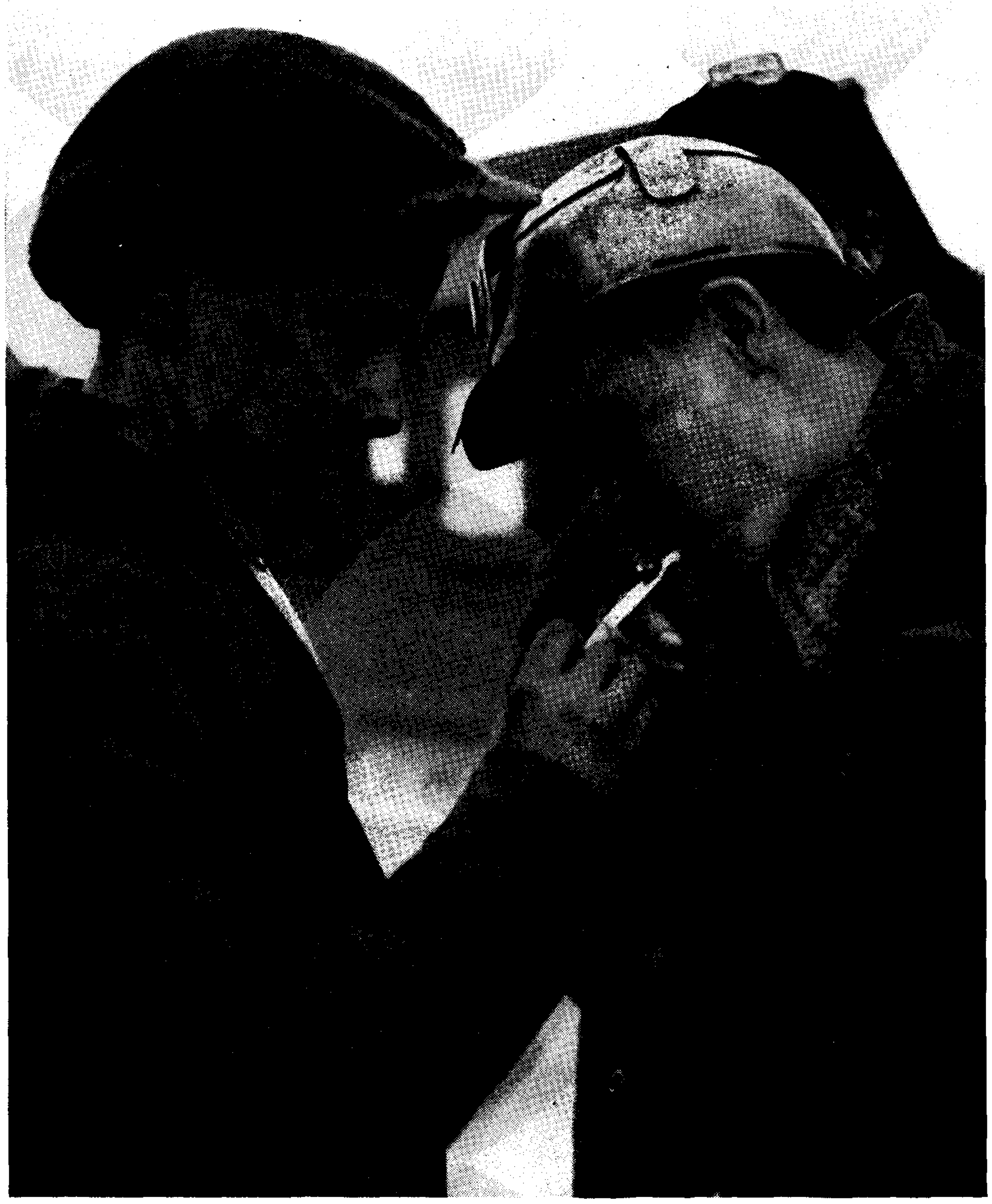
"Have a look," he said, holding out his blue slip. "And that's for four days' work."

The slip read two pounds ten shillings, which is exactly ten dollars. The man behind him handed me his slip too, and that one read three pounds eight shillings ($13.70). As they filed out, each one entered into the spirit of it and handed me his slip. Some made bitter remarks; others grinned ruefully; some merely looked sullen. One grizzled Welshman, with the marks of fifty years' work underground on his lined face, said simply: "I got a daughter in a munitions factory who makes twice that." The largest amount on any of the slips I saw was five pounds eight shillings and sixpence ($21.85). The man who showed that was a "collier" who worked at the very front of the coal face. He was paid on the basis of the amount of coal he had "cut" during the week, and to earn that rather phenomenal sum, he had torn 41 tons of coal from the rock and slag and earth a half-mile below the surface of the valley. The average pay of a miner in South Wales is about three pounds ten shillings (fourteen dollars) a week.

This was the valley which Richard Llewellyn wrote about in his book How Green Was My Valley, and these were the men who walked through the pages of that extraordinarily fine book. I had met Captain Richard Llewellyn quite often in London, and one night I had asked him, half jokingly, "Richard, how green is your valley now?"

"Go and see for yourself," he said a little grimly. "See if I overpainted the picture. See how these men and women live—these people who are cutting coal; these people who are engaged in one of the most vital war industries."

And so I went to his valley to see for myself. It was only four hours by train to Cardiff from London, and a twenty-five-mile drive from there to the Big Rhondda and the Little Rhondda valleys, and to the township of Gilfach Goch which is in the Lost Valley. The Big Rhondda stretches about twenty miles, and I went through it and met the miners of Penygraig and Trealaw, and Tonypandy (the home of Tommy Farr, the fighter), and Llwynypia and Ystrad Gelli and Treorchy and Cwmparc and Pontypridd, where the valleys meet, and Tylerstown, where the great Jimmy



The first thing a miner does when he comes out of the shaft into the sudden burst of sunlight is blink and light a precious cigarette. A pack of cigarettes costs fifty cents. Down below, half a mile in the earth, smoking is not allowed

Wilde came from. I met the people who work and sing and suffer and sometimes starve in the pages of Llewellyn's book, and after coming from the valley, it seems to me that Llewellyn was not writing fiction at all, but instead was writing a factual textbook. And the people of the valley all agreed with me.

The approach to the valley is pleasant. You drive through green country and the road is flanked by the now unused Glamorganshire Canal, built in 1798 and used for towing the coal out for more than a hundred years. You pass the gabled Castell Coch (The Red Castle) where once the great Welsh chieftain Ifor Bach (Little Ivor) held off the Normans. You pass over the River Taff, and looking down into it, you know you are now in the coal country. Then suddenly the valley opens before you.

The Slag-Crested Hills

Your first sight of the Rhondda is breath-taking, because you see it as a magnificent whole. Your eye instinctively seeks out beauty and rejects ugliness, and so at first you don't see the aridness of it at all. Far below, you can see ten of the twenty-four townships that go to make up the South Wales mining community. You see row on row of slate-covered roofs covering the neat-looking miners' homes. You see chimneys and smoke pouring lazily from them and you hear the whirr of machinery as the cages are raised and lowered in the coal pits. You raise your eyes and there you see the green of the valley; the sides of the hills are green and soft. But each hill is crowned with a black, ugly crest. For years the slag (waste rock and earth), which comes out of the mines, has been carted to the hilltops and deposited there, and it takes on the color of the coal from which it is separated. But gradually the dead slag seems to creep down the hills, infecting the greenness of the valley, and each year the valley is less green and more black. And yet the men and women who live by the coal love the valley, and Welsh soldiers on leave will travel forty hours to spend a week end there.

And now let us get back to the pit entrance, where we left some six hundred miners blinking in the sudden, unaccustomed glare of a strong sun. I'd been underground with them that day, and had seen them work, grimly, silently, for the bottom of a coal mine is no place for idle conversation. Every time you open your mouth you inhale coal dust and rock dust, and the miners know that if you eat enough of this you will get the dreaded silicosis, that disease which changes your lungs from soft, living, moist, life-giving organs to dry, dead, fibrous leather, incapable of sustaining life. There is no cure for the miners' disease and even now hundreds die each year from it.

When the men had been paid, they trudged up the hill to their homes. About half of them live within a mile of the pit. Others take busses. These men were on a shift that began at seven in the morning and ended at 2:30 in the afternoon. The other shifts were 2:30 to 10:30 at night, and the third, which was the repair shift, worked from 10:30 until 6:30. Theoretically, the miners who were now finishing their shift had the whole afternoon before them. Actually it doesn't work out that way. Each miner is allowed one ton of coal a month by the mine owners for his home. For this he pays fourteen shillings ($2.80)—about a third the price paid by the general public. The coal is dumped on the sidewalk in front of his house, and he has to take it inside by hand. Then he has the job of washing his sidewalk, for there is no cleaner place in the world than the valley.

Then there is the garden to be taken care of. In the valley, land that will grow living vegetables is scarce and it is allotted to the miners. The cabbage, the lettuce and the potatoes are nursed tenderly, for the wage of a miner allows for the purchase of very few vegetables. The gardening done—the care of the individual plots, sometimes as small as ten feet long and six feet wide, can hardly be dignified by the term "farming"—now the miner can get out of his grimy clothes and wash the black from his face. This is not a rapid progress, for the coal dust gets under your nails and into your scalp; it seeps through your clothes and gets into the pores of your skin. Once clean, the miner may go over the weekly accounts with his wife. I have mentioned that the average pay is fourteen dollars. This is a fairly generous estimate. However, it does not mean that he can turn over fourteen dollars each week to his family. There are several compulsory deductions. His union dues are ten cents a week. He must pay income tax, Workmen's Institute fees, insurance, make a compulsory contribution to the Cardiff Hospital and, unless he lives close to the pit, pay bus fare out of that. The average "stoppage" or compulsory deductions will amount to about two dollars a week, which leaves him twelve dollars.

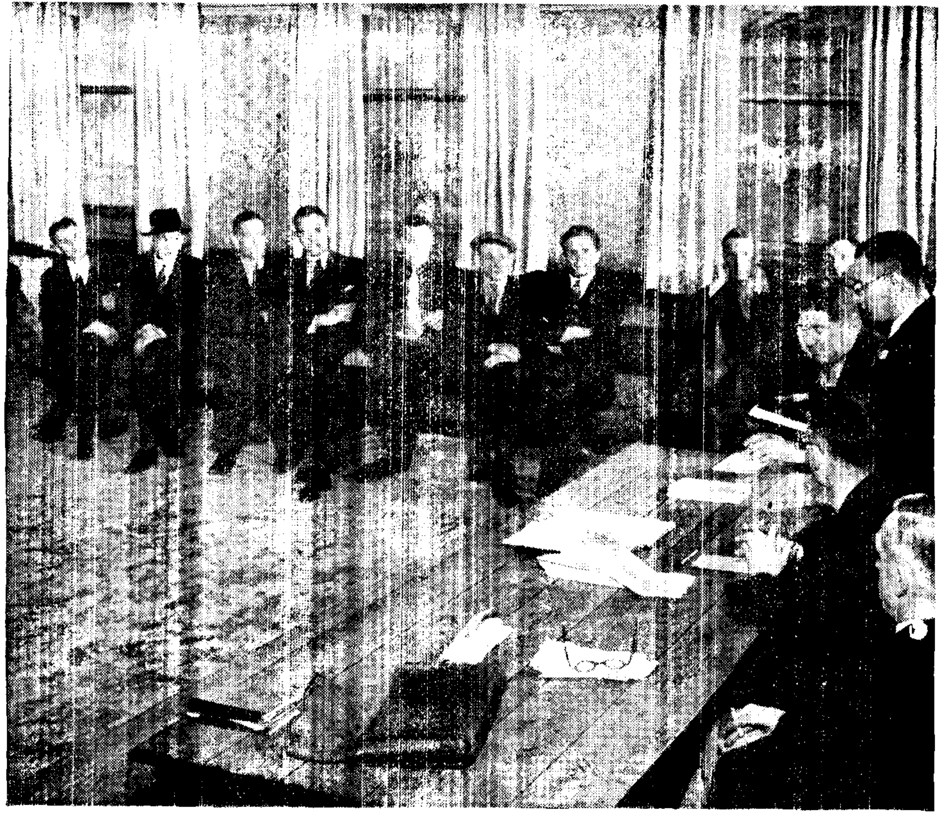
Now in Wales people are religious. In a township as small as little Tylerstown (population, 5,000), you will see five churches (the Welsh call them chapels), and these chapels are well patronized on Sundays at all three services, for the Welsh tell you, chuckling at the irreverence, that they are great "sermon tasters," and the more sonorous a preacher is, the more popular he is. And these men of the valley support their chapels and that takes about another twenty-five cents a week.

The Miners' Daily Bread

The miners are by no means a group of drunkards, but they want, and actually need, their pint of beer and their pack of cigarettes each night. They assemble at their local pubs and they talk and discuss the progress of the war, and have their pint and their cigarettes. The coal dust has made their lungs dry (and mine!), and they cannot smoke underground. A glass of beer and a pack of twenty cigarettes cost exactly three shillings (sixty cents). Instead of cigarettes, the miner may want smoking tobacco. Well, that costs forty cents an ounce. His one glass of beer and his smokes thus cost him for the six days (pubs are closed on Sundays) $3.60, nearly a third of his income. Beer and cigarettes are nearly three times as expensive in Britain as they are in America. Now, assuming that the beer and cigarettes are as necessary to him (and ten generations of miners have found them necessary) as his morning tea and his evening soup, a bit of arithmetic re-

He's only seventeen years old; has been working in the mines four years. But he's proud of his coal-blackened face. It is the mark of his trade. Though life wasn't too kind to his ancestors, who were miners, perhaps the future will not pass him by

Welsh children are amazingly healthy. Most of these boys will work in the pits and some of them will be incapacitated by silicosis before they are twenty-five



Our Mr. Reynolds (seated at end of table) attends a meeting of the Miners' Union and hears an officer read off the names of injured members

A shift knocks off at the Tonypandy mine. Tired and dirty, the men head for their slate-roofed homes. Though coal contaminates whatever it touches, Welsh housewives manage somehow to keep their houses immaculately clean

veals the fact that he has left just $8.15 to turn over to his wife. With that she must feed and clothe the family, and Welsh families in the valley are notoriously large. That is the economic picture of the Rhondda Valley, and it is hardly to be wondered that a great part of the valley is no longer green—but red. Since I visited the valley, the government has raised pay for underground workers to a minimum of $17 a week. But this increase does not even cover the increased cost of living.

The valley was strongly Communist long before Russia's great effort and the signing of the Anglo-Soviet treaty in June made Communism slightly fashionable in Britain. The miners are not the long-haired, loud-shouting "agitators" our daily press in America once loved to lampoon. Soberly, thoughtfully, they have been forced to reject the system which has molded the lives of themselves and their ancestors. Quite obviously, that system under which so many millions of workers in Britain find social happiness and reasonable economic security has never bothered to adapt itself to the miners of Wales. They have always been outside the economic borders of the system. They look appealingly toward any other system under which their profession might fit and be treated with dignity and decency.

There is a strong feeling of nationalism in South Wales and when they sing their anthem, "Land of My Fathers," written by two weavers in their own Pontypridd, their love for their land shows in the sincerity and earnestness of their voices. But there is great individual pride among the men of the valley, and lately many things have happened which have injured this pride. Women in the valley have always been housewives and nothing else. Being the wife of a miner was a full-time job. The miner was very definitely the head of his family. No women, for instance, were allowed in the pubs in the valley.

It is a bit different now since war factories opened at Cardiff, since Liverpool and Manchester combed the country for women factory workers. The growing daughters who ordinarily would have followed in the footsteps of their mothers and become the wives and the mothers of miners are now away working in the factories of Britain. They are discovering a new world in which a woman as an economic factor is on a par with a man; a world in which she is an individual and not merely an echo of her lord and master and the caterer to his daily wants. They discover that when they become skilled workers, they can command five (twenty dollars) and sometimes six pounds (twenty-four dollars) a week—wages never before made by male members of their family.

This puzzles the Welsh miner. He is a great craftsman, and he is a bit arrogant, and proud of his ability as a miner. The ordinary Welsh miner is virtually a mining engineer without diploma. It hurts their dignity when their twenty-year-old daughters and their young sons earn more than they can—for a miner doesn't have much but his pride and his dignity.

There is another thing. He knows that his is a very hazardous profession. Ninety men died from the collapse of pit walls and roofs last year in the valley. I went to a meeting of the local chapter of the Miners' Union and heard the secretary read out the list of men injured during the past month. They were nasty injuries—fracture of both hips, fracture of the skull, amputation of a foot, the loss of an eye. The miner meets old cronies at the Workmen's Institute every night who can no longer speak because of the dread lung disease. I met several men in that advanced stage and they could barely whisper. I met men in Tylerstown lounging unhappily in the Institute (each township has such a social club maintained by the miners), unable to work because of silicosis. And many of these were still under twenty-five.

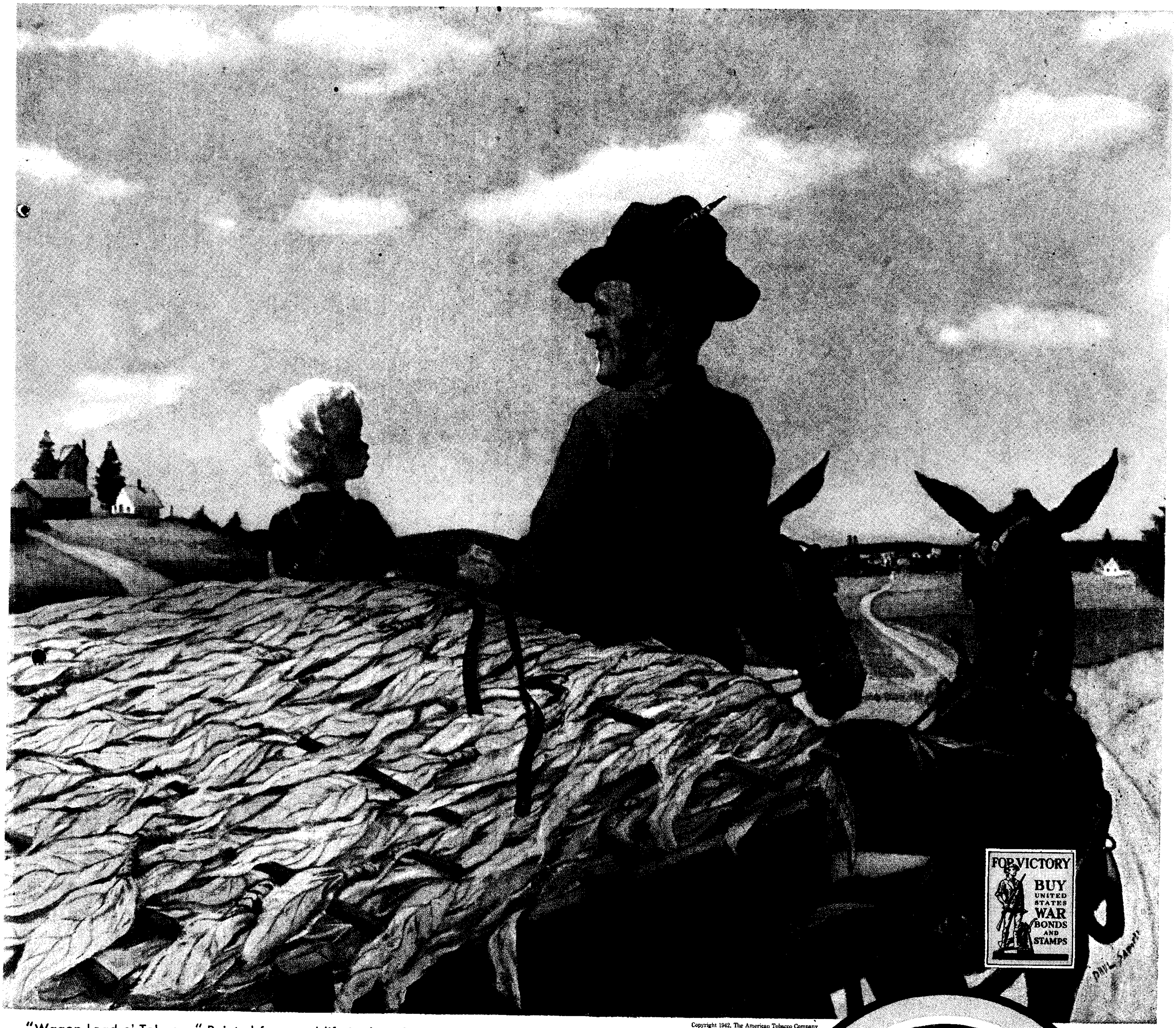
The Welsh miner doesn't ask much. He loves the valley and is sad because his sons leave for greener valleys. He loves his Workmen's Institute where he sees the best plays performed by amateur companies, where he sees movies regularly and where he hears the best voices in the world raised in song. He loves his pint of beer and his smoke, and of a Sunday, he loves his chapel. But he wants just a little bit more than that. He wants security and, although he wants his sons to follow his craft, he wants things made a little bit easier for them. He is a patriot and the week I was there he and the other 120,000 inhabitants of the valley contributed five thousand dollars to a Warship Week campaign—every penny given meant a penny taken away from the household budget. He is a patriot and second to none in his hatred of Germany, but he sometimes wonders what his own country has ever done for him or ever will do for him.

Sometimes he sits outside his home and he looks up and sees the black resentment of the slag tips crowning the hills, killing the green of the valley, and he sees the River Taff, slimy with the refuse that comes from the pits, and he sees his pitiful bit of land with the bedraggled heads of vegetables never born to live in this unhealthy soil—and the bitterness of the soil that is killed and the anger of the river that has died enter his heart and make him bitter too.

THE END

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



"Wagon Load o' Tobacco." Painted from real life in the tobacco country by Paul Sample.

Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering...worth acting on...next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

You can't beat the breadeaters!

MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

More commercially baked bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast than with all other kinds combined, for reasons such as these:

1 Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all others as well.

2 More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.

3 Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B_1.

Bread is "standard equipment" in the diet of America's fighting men and the lunch boxes of American workmen.

Hitler's hordes have their shots-in-the-arm, their energizers, their pep pills. Here in America we've got something better.

It's *bread!* Yes, sir, simple, good-tasting, modern bread—and plenty of it—made as only the American baking industry knows how. America is eating more bread these days—and here's why that spells bad news for America's enemies:

Winning a war is a matter of energy. Energy calls for a good substantial diet. More meat, more potatoes. *And more bread.*

You won't find bread anywhere else in the world as good as the bread most American bakers are turning out today—good white bread enriched with niacin, iron and Vitamin B_1, often called the "morale" vitamin, because it is essential for good nerves and healthy spirits and because it helps the body get all the benefit out of the carbohydrates which bread so abundantly supplies.

Bread is a "must" in every American fighting man's diet—in every workingman's lunch box.

More of it belongs in *your* meals, every one, from breakfast through before-bed snacks.

Bread *is basic*

Serpent Wind

Continued from page 12

"Westry jaw" of the marquis (delicately inherited by his daughter) became set in two right-angle triangles. Her health demanded sun and a dry climate: Lady Avalon was sent out to her aunt in Cairo. She went gladly, for Dick Cardew was there; but up to the time of the villa tragedy, no engagement had been reported. . . .

THE puff of khamsîn having extinguished itself with its own violence, a nearly full moon held her Isis mirror above that land of Egypt in which the ancient gods were dying. Lady Avalon and Bimbâshi Barûk leaned on a low stone parapet looking down at the muddy Nile.

She wore a white lace frock, with a sort of cowl which she had drawn over her fair hair, creating an effect similar to that of a mantilla; she appeared almost immortally ethereal. From a boat somewhere upstream, borne upon a faint breeze came monotonous strains of a reed pipe.

"You see, Major"—Avalon's voice was low-pitched but peculiarly clear—"I am one of those unfortunate people who are always found out. I don't truly believe I have ever done anything desperately bad, but whatever I do, right or wrong, it inevitably comes to light." She paused. "Now, when everything was coming right, this thing happens."

"You didn't expect Cardew to be here?"

"Oh, no!"

The bimbâshi studied Avalon's pure profile. "I am afraid," he said quietly, "that you will have to explain to him why you came. Or should you prefer to explain to me?"

He saw her biting her lip.

"Suppose I did explain to you," she replied, "would you consider it your duty to pass the explanation on to Mr. Hatton?"

"That would depend upon the explanation. You see, it is a serious offense to obstruct a police officer in the execution of his duty."

"Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean that you told Hatton you had never seen the dead man before."

"Well?"

"Well, I was led to my discovery of the body by hearing you call out, 'Larry! Larry! What have you done?' Those, I think were your exact words."

Avalon leaned forward. "Oh, you heard that?"

"Distinctly."

"Does—Dick know?"

"That I overheard your words? Of course not. Why should I have told him?"

"I don't know; but he has been trying to cross-examine me all night, and I have clung like a limpet to Peter Malmsey. Oh, I don't know what to say!"

"Before you say anything, even to me—have you the slightest idea who committed the crime?"

"On my word of honor, not the slightest—unless it was a case of suicide. He said he would do it."

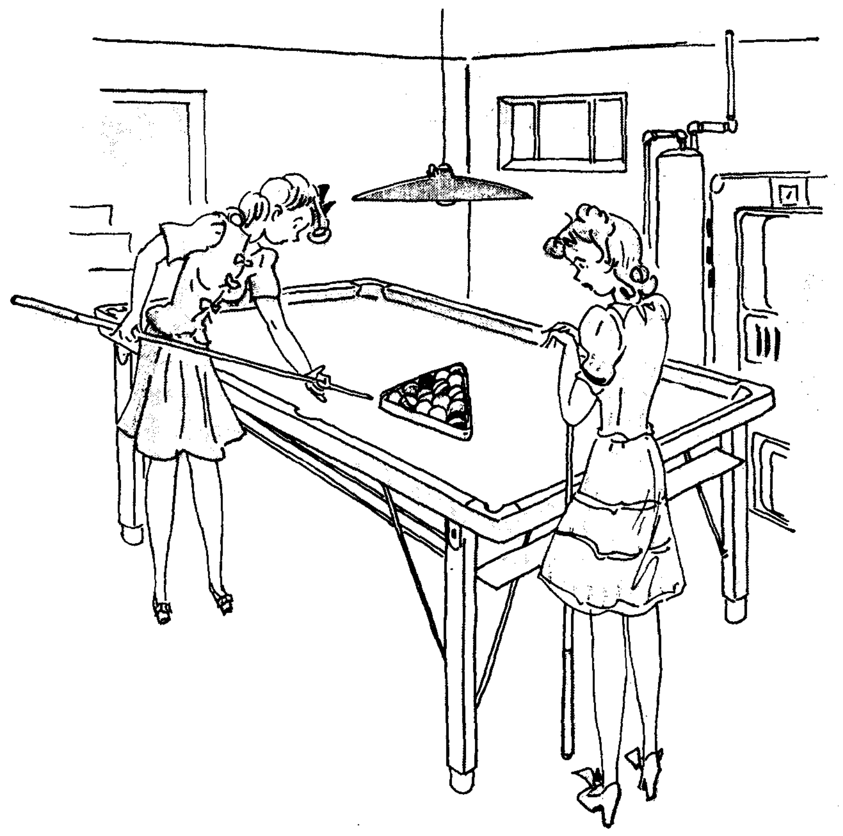
"His injuries are not consistent with such a theory. And now, Avalon: who was this man?"

THE story which Lady Avalon Westry told to Bimbâshi Barûk was so true to pattern, except in its catastrophe, that the bimbâshi quite easily could have concluded it without assistance from the girl. The dead man was Lawrence Bard, junior partner in a prominent firm of cotton brokers, Grantock, Ferez & Bard, of Manchester, London, Alexandria and Cairo. . . .

"You see, he caught me very young. I was a little fool. It seemed like real romance to me. I didn't think so afterward. He used to manage to get invited wherever I went and he swore he would shoot himself if I didn't marry him—although he had a wife already. But he said that she was grossly unfaithful and that he had evidence for a divorce."

"And for how long did this friendship last?"

"Oh, perhaps a year. Then I met Dick—and somehow the affair with Larry Bard suddenly seemed vulgar, sordid. I was given a job at the Ministry of Supply. He—Lawrence Bard—got an appointment there, too, and I simply couldn't make him understand that it was finished. He positively haunted me, and people began to talk. Of course, Father heard the story; he would. You see, it was really because of Larry Bard that I wouldn't agree to marry Dick. I felt he ought to know, but I hadn't the pluck to tell him."



"I wonder what our score is? We've been pushing this thing around for half an hour!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Avalon's voice remained low and clear, but not entirely steady. "Take your time, my dear," said the bimbâshi. "It would be pleasant to sit down, but ruinous to your frock, I'm afraid."

"I am all right, Major. You are very kind. Because, really, I deserve no sympathy. As you know, I was packed out here to my aunt Elfie and I had quite determined to make a clean breast of it and leave the result to Dick. Unfortunately, in a way, Dick is like no other man I know; he is early Victorian in some respects, and I have just been putting off the evil moment. I have been a wretched coward—because, you see, I adore Dick, and I dare not think—"

She was silent for nearly a minute.

"Imagine my feelings when Larry Bard rang me up and said he had just arrived in Cairo! He wanted to come along, but I definitely refused to see him. He was so insistent, though, that I knew I should have to see him sooner or later; and I made up my mind it should be for the last time. Since I had, well, come to my senses, I had heard a lot of things about Lawrence that I ought to have known before. He lived like a millionaire and had already squandered a considerable fortune brought to him by his wife. There were worse rumors, too."

"AND so you put off Cardew and met Bard?"

"Yes. Nan Etherton had invited me but I hadn't meant to come. I thought I might safely see him here, among such a crowd, and meet no one who knew him. He had dashed up from Alexandria, where his firm has an office, and said he would have to borrow dress clothes. I called Nan, and she arranged to let us meet in the study as her husband was away; she gave me the key when I arrived."

"What time was that?"

"It must have been some time after eleven. He didn't phone me till about ten. I told him to come in by the garden gate down there—I described the way—and walk straight up to the house."

"You met him out here, then?"

"No. I waited on the terrace and let him in through a French window to the study. He told me that the divorce decree had gone through and seemed to think, as no obstacle remained, that I should fall into his arms. When I made him understand, finally, that everything between us was finished, he began to behave like a madman. I was so terrified that I ran out into the garden, and he followed me."

"Your last interview was in the garden?"

"Near the gate. It is at the end of this path. He made the most urgent appeals—said if I turned him down he was going to shoot himself. Then khamsîn broke like fury. I tore myself away and bolted up to the house. The French window was open, just as I had left it, and I slipped in. The key was in the door, which was locked. I opened it and looked out: Peter Malmsey was just passing by!"

"Did he see you?"

"No. But I jumped back and forgot to close the door. I decided to risk the dust, to go out onto the terrace and to run around to the main entrance. While I stood there, hesitating, I heard someone stumbling up toward me. He must have seen me, for he gasped—'Avalon!' I half stepped back; I was nearly suffocated. Then, I saw him."

"Where?"

"Just where he was found. He was—ghastly white, blood streaming down. Then, he fell."

"And you?"

"I screamed, and cried out before I could stop myself."

"And then?"

"I thought I heard someone coming in. I ran onto the terrace and right around the house. I tried to find my car, but someone had moved it. Then Hassan came out to bring everyone back—and I knew that Larry had been found."

"This is absolutely all you know about the matter?"

"Absolutely."

"You know nothing about Miss Arlen?"

"I never saw her in my life before the inquiry tonight."

Bimbâshi Barûk was satisfied.

"Keep out of Cardew's way for the present. Go and make your peace with Hatton. He will understand."

Bimbâshi Barûk watched the slender figure melt into shadow; then, he set to work, his task lightened by a clear moon. Without much difficulty he found the spot at which that final interview had taken place. He read there evidence of just such a scuffle as Avalon had described, for the wall here, mantled in bougainvillea, swept up to a height of six feet and had protected the soft sand from the wind.

WITH his eye he measured the distance to the gate; it was a half gate embowered in flowers; and, as he stared toward it, something focused his attention. Two large terra-cotta pots, from which cascaded floral vines, marked the end of a narrow bypath leading up to the house. A native gardener (as is the way of native gardeners) had left a spade, its haft upright, driven into soft soil just at the corner of this path, and some sudden blow had jerked it violently sideways. Touched by moonlight, the tilted edge of the blade glittered evilly. Closer inspection (he avoided contact with the implement) confirmed conjecture.

The blade was wet with blood.

A number of other indications enabled him to reconstruct the scene; and as he did so his expression grew grimly apprehensive. It is hard to believe a man one has liked and respected to be a liar; yet here, written in blood and sand, was circumstantial evidence pointing plainly to the culprit.

Cardew, on his own admission, had seen the pair going into the garden. When Avalon had run back to the house he had confronted Bard, struck him (that would explain the cut on his jaw) and Bard, falling onto the pointed corner of the blade, had sustained that deep head wound. Wounded, but still conscious, he had staggered back, and collapsed. So ran the bimbâshi's facile reasoning—when, magically, his expression changed. With infinite care, using a leaf and a corner of his pocket handkerchief, he took up from the sandy path a small, blue object. It was a beautifully carved scarab of lapis lazuli. . . .

His investigation had taken longer than he had realized, and when he returned to the study, Hatton was just hanging up the phone.

"I have seen Lady Avalon," he said shortly. "However, panic excuses her behavior, I suppose. Paul Ferez, one of the dead man's partners, happens to be in Cairo with his wife, and I have just established contact. He's on his way out here. Bard was in a financial jam. Ferez had a cable from England earlier tonight, and it seems that Bard has been swindling the government for over two years. You see his game? He knew he had come to the end of the rope and he got official consent to visit their Alexandria office with the idea, first of all, of getting out before the crash. Also, if he could compromise Lady Avalon, he reckoned by blackmail to get the necessary funds from her family to save himself. He was a good-looker of sorts, and he dramatized his personality. She wasn't the first to fall for him."

He paused, staring at the bimbâshi.

"But none of this makes the case any better for Cardew. Now that we have had the truth from Lady Avalon I suppose I might as well release Miss Arlen. Clearly she is not concerned."

Bimbâshi Barûk was staring into space, and when he spoke his voice sounded afar off:

"I should not dream of intruding Hatton, in the ordinary way; but this case involves the honor of a brother officer. Could you possibly allow me five minutes' private conversation with Miss Arlen before you let her go?"

ADRIENNE ARLEN was a slenderly graceful woman who might have been twenty-seven. Dark and perfectly groomed, she had gray-green eyes which lent beauty to a face otherwise no more than ordinarily pretty. She was engagingly *dégagé*. Over her white frock she wore a short ermine cape. She had a blue suède bag under her arm.

"My dear Miss Arlen," said the bimbâshi in his pleasant voice, "this interference in a matter which really doesn't concern me must seem impertinent. But I am wondering if you can help to clear up a small point?"

"I shall be happy to do so, Major Barûk." Her voice was low-pitched and oddly soothing.

"Thank you. In the first place, then, how long have you known Lady Avalon Westry?"

"I don't know her at all. I met her tonight for the first time. We decided at that very moment to change our dressmakers."

"Change your dressmakers?"

Miss Arlen laid her bag, face downward, on a chair and slipped the cape from her shoulders.

"Jane Watkin of Bruton Street sold me this gown as an exclusive model. She sold another, an exact replica, to Lady Avalon just before she left London."

Bimbâshi Barûk smiled. His mood had changed entirely—for swift enlightenment had come.

"Might I ask you to raise the hood?"

She did so, drawing the cowl over her hair. "Perhaps you don't realize what it means to two women to meet wearing identical gowns!"

"I appreciate its importance more keenly than you suppose. Jane Watkin of Bruton Street has made a pretty mess of things. By the way, Miss Arlen, do I understand that you came here alone?"

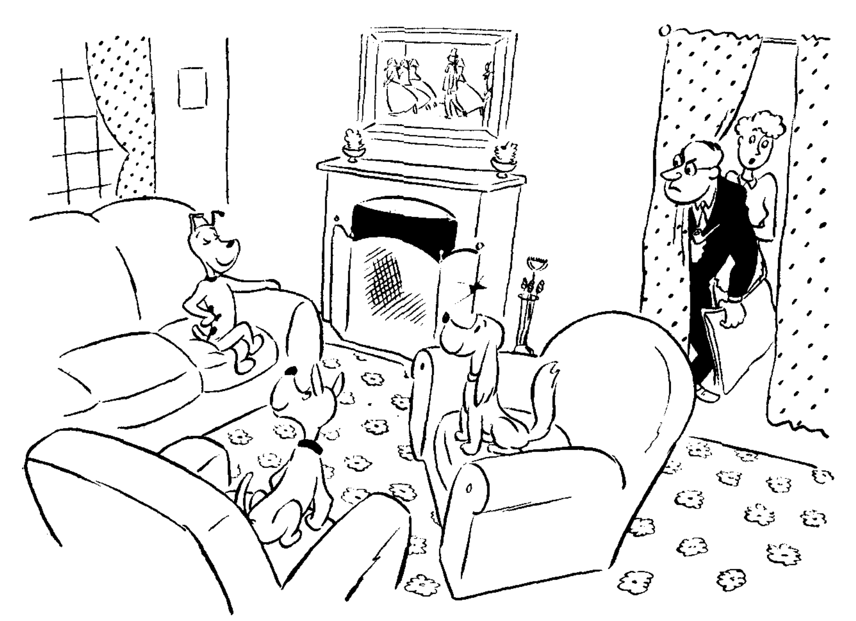
"Yes." She nodded. "I came quite late, too. You see, one day recently I met Nan Etherton (I used to know her before her marriage) and she asked me to come to her party. I don't think I should have done so, but during the evening I had a fit of the blues; so at last I found a cab and came along, hoping that company might cheer me up."

"What time was that—roughly?" the bimbâshi asked.

"Well, it must have been near midnight. The storm broke soon after I arrived. Nan had disappeared, and I didn't know a soul. I was just preparing to go, when—"

"You were caught up in the meshes of the law?" Bimbâshi Barûk suggested. "Yes, that was bad luck. But I am wondering"—he carefully placed something on a pad immediately under the lamp—"if this formed part of your white and blue ensemble."

Adrienne Arlen stepped forward, looked down at the lapis lazuli scarab, and turned so pale that the bimbâshi grew alarmed. He sprang forward, but she shook her head and recovered her remarkable composure.



"Don't be cross, Bert—it isn't very often he has company"

COLLIER'S CLAUDE SMITH

"Where—did you find it?"

"Is it yours?"

"No."

"It has evidently fallen out of a ring—and there are specks of blood on it. I am sincerely reluctant to pain you, but were you out in the garden tonight?"

"I have never left the house."

He challenged the gray-green eyes and knew that this was true.

"I found it near the spot where Lawrence Bard was attacked. Whoever struck him down wore a ring from which this scarab was knocked out by the violence of the blow." Adrienne Arlen sank slowly back into the chair from which she had stood up. "You see, Miss Arlen, I am in your hands, and so I can only ask you—do you recognize this scarab?"

ADRIENNE ARLEN avoided the searching gaze of Bimbâshi Barûk; she retained her composure with obvious difficulty, and when she answered, it was in a murmur.

"No—I don't."

He shook his head reprovingly. "I am sorry that you felt it necessary to reply in that way," he said gently. "Are you *sure* you would not like to reconsider the matter?"

She extended her hands in a pathetic gesture. The last shreds of self-confidence were slipping from her. "How can I?" she whispered. "How can I?"

Less than ten minutes later Hassan announced Paul Ferez. Hatton opened the door of an adjoining room and watched Ferez closely as he gave formal evidence of identification. Then, all three returned and sat down.

"A great shock to you, Mr. Ferez?" Hatton suggested.

Ferez shook his head. Swarthy, thickset, he had a mass of wavy black hair, bright dark eyes and a sort of restless alertness.

"He was a bad lot," he replied simply. "This was sure to come. It was probably his heart. He had lived too rapidly."

"I agree," Hatton replied, "but in order to avoid misunderstandings, I think I should ask you a question, Mr. Ferez." He pulled aside a sheet of paper and uncovered a small object which lay under it. "Is this lapis lazuli scarab your property?"

PAUL FEREZ rested broad sunbrowned hands on the desk and looked down at the scarab. Bimbâshi Barûk looked at Paul Ferez's hands; and on the third finger of the left he saw a white circle, where a ring had habitually been worn. At which moment Ferez glanced up, and met the gaze of those accusing eyes; they were of the same blue as the scarab. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. One might almost have described his smile as one of relief.

"It is, sir. Where did you find it?"

"I found it at the spot where you attacked Bard," the bimbâshi replied. "It has some of his blood on it. Suppose you were to explain what occurred."

"I must warn you," Hatton interpolated, "that anything you say may be used in evidence."

"That's fair enough. I have been trying to make my mind up all the way along. I see that you gentlemen had already made it up for me. It's pretty simple, too. First, here and now, I want to make one thing clear. I had no intention of killing Bard. I'm not a killer. But in doing what I did I had gross provocation as I'm going to prove to you, quite frankly. I'm a Spanish-American by birth and maybe hot-tempered. You can judge for yourselves.

"I discovered some time back (this is a very painful revelation to make) that my wife had been having an affair with Lawrence Bard. Well—I got over it, but I brought her out here and I took charge of the Alexandria office. A few days back I had to come to Cairo on business, and while Jean—that's my wife—and I were at dinner tonight I had a message from our Alexandria manager, to say that Bard had arrived in Egypt. Maybe I jumped to conclusions; it's quite likely I said too much. But we quarreled, and Jean went out. Soon after that came a cable—and I knew that Bard was a common crook."

The words of Paul Ferez had a ring of honesty which Bimbâshi Barûk did not fail to recognize.

"This was near midnight, but I knew where I could find my attorney—and I knew I needed him. I was just driving off from the Continental when another car passed . . . and Bard was in it!"

"'The fate of every man have we hung around his neck,'" murmured the bimbâshi. "So you followed?"

"Sure, I followed. I followed him right here. But he didn't come in at the front; he came in by a gate at the bottom of the garden. Now, I know this villa; I know Mrs. Etherton, and I know she and Jean used to be friends. What would any man have thought? That it was a rendezvous. Jean had come here too—come to meet Bard. Well, I lost his trail. I was scouting around the garden, wondering whether to go up to the house or not, when I saw him—and Jean was with him!"

"Where was this?" asked the bimbâshi.

"Near the point where he came in. They didn't see me; I was ten paces away, but I could see them well enough, although it was getting black as pitch. I just watched and listened. I couldn't hear Jean's words, only a murmur, but I heard most of Bard's. Then he grabbed at Jean, and I closed in nearer. The storm broke. She wriggled free and ran. He turned to follow—and found himself face to face with me."

Paul Ferez stood up and began to pace the carpet.

"It was very dark by this time, but I could read his expression. He knew what was coming to him. I hit him, just once, left him lying there, and went out to my car. When I got back, I found I had broken my ring—and Jean wasn't home. She hasn't come home. Those are the facts, gentlemen, and I have nothing to add except to repeat that Bard's death was accidental. It was my fault, but not my intention."

AS FEREZ dropped back into an armchair, Bimbâshi Barûk and Hatton exchanged glances; and the bimbâshi went out.

"You have my sincere sympathy, Mr. Ferez," said Hatton. "I believe a charge of manslaughter may be reduced to one of assault and battery. I am all the more sorry for you because of the mistake you have made—"

"What mistake?"

"We have a lady here who has already made a statement regarding what occurred in the garden tonight. As we hope to keep her name out of the matter, should this be possible, excuse me if I don't introduce you. Come in B. B."

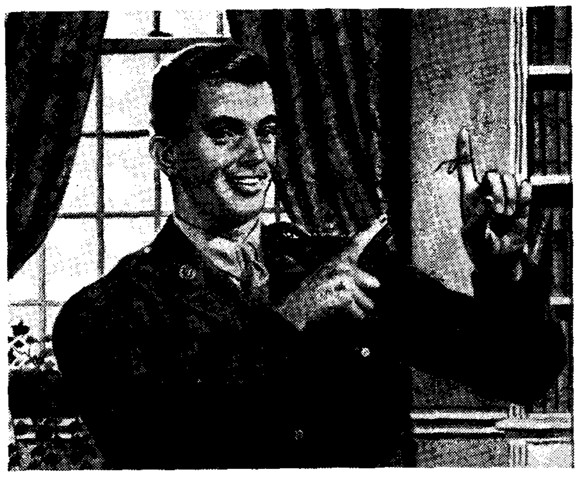
Bimbâshi Barûk opened the door and ushered Avalon into the dimly lighted study. She had the cowl of her white frock drawn over her fair hair; but as she entered Paul Ferez came to his feet like one electrified.

"This lady," explained Bimbâshi Barûk, "is she whom you saw with the late Lawrence Bard. With the hood raised, since she is probably of similar figure (and possibly wears a similar dress) even a woman's husband might be deceived—during khamsîn. I don't believe Mr. Hatton will wish to detain you tonight, although the facts must naturally be made the subject of further inquiry. You will probably find your wife at home when you return, and I should advise you, Mr. Ferez, for the present, to say nothing whatever to her about your movements this evening—and to ask her no questions about her own. . . ."

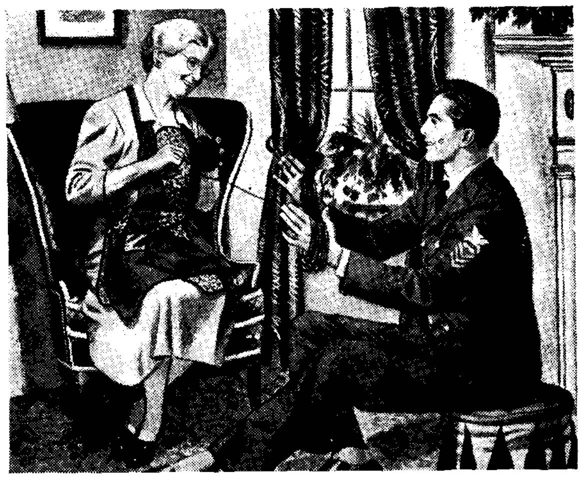
THE END

Six things a Service Man should do about his Life Insurance

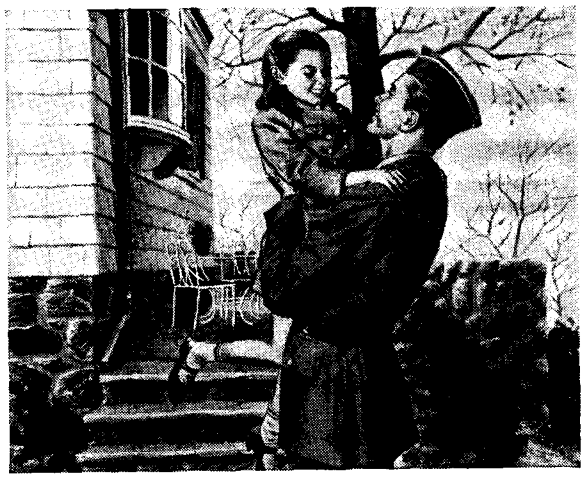
IF YOU ARE NOW IN the armed forces, or are about to enter the service, we suggest that it may be wise for you to do one or more of the following...



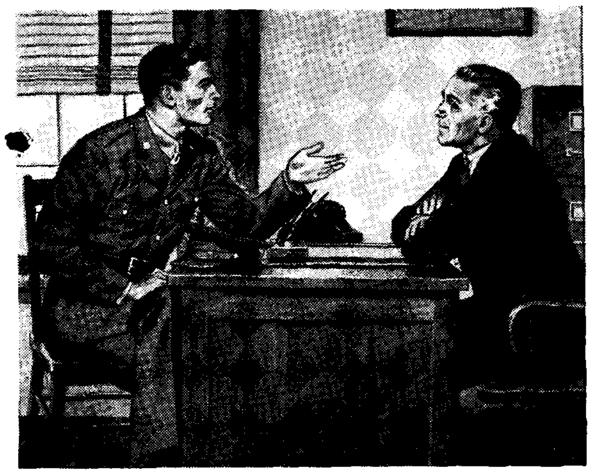
1. Be sure that premiums on your life insurance are paid to date, or paid sufficiently in advance to allow for possible delay in arranging future payments...particularly if you intend to keep your life insurance in force through a Government allotment of pay, or through the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act.



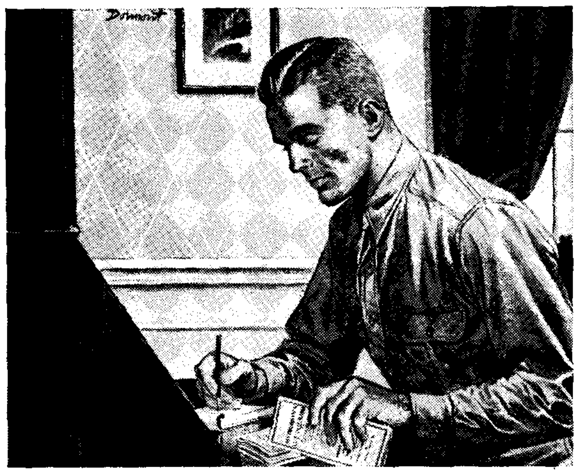
2. Make sure that the beneficiary designated in your policies is the person to whom you want the insurance proceeds paid. If no beneficiary has been designated, you should consider naming one to avoid the necessity of having an administrator appointed, involving expense and delay.



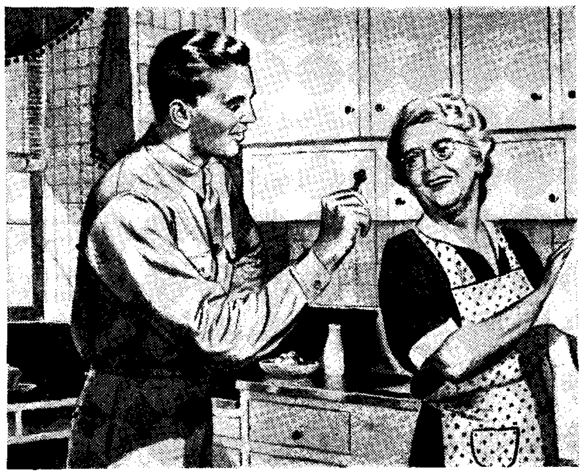
3. If your policy provides for the designation of a contingent beneficiary and one has not been named, it probably will be well to name one. Then, if the original beneficiary happens to die before you do, the proceeds will be payable to the contingent beneficiary without delay.



4. Give some thought to the manner in which the insurance money is to be paid to your beneficiary... in a lump sum, in a monthly income, or in other installments which can be arranged under your policy. Your agent will advise you as to the various forms of settlement available and how to take advantage of them.



5. Of course it would be unwise for you to take your policies with you. Since, however, you might need certain information about your insurance, it is a good idea to keep among your effects a paper listing your policy numbers, types of policies, amount of each policy, amount of premiums, premium-due dates, and the names and addresses of beneficiaries.



6. Leave your policies in a safe place, easily accessible to members of your family. Instruct the custodian of your policies to consult your agent or your Company if any questions arise. Your nearest Metropolitan agent will be glad to be of service in connection with your Metropolitan policies. Or write the War Service Insurance Bureau, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS—
FROM ANY METROPOLITAN AGENT,
OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE

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This is Number 54 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Referee's Holiday

Continued from page 18

schools for their nine months' course in flying, marvels at the metamorphosis the boys underwent in three months. They came to him butterflies and left as hornets.

"It's a revelation to observe the gradual change that takes place in the kids during the twelve weeks they are with us," said Lieutenant George. "They come to us soft, overweight and timid, with a highly developed sense of sportsmanship and fair play. They recoil and cringe at the thought of resorting to tactics they've been taught to despise, but it gradually dawns on them that they are to deal with a ruthless enemy to whom no trick is too nefarious."

Lieutenant George made it clear that hand-to-hand combat technique is strictly a defensive measure. "We don't maintain it's a good offensive weapon," he said. "Planes and guns still win the battles. But we do feel that man-to-man fighting skill has real merit for defensive purposes, to be used from an adverse position, such as when a plane crew is grounded behind enemy lines or in the jungles. Then it can be a real asset in their fight for survival. We believe that one of the greatest benefits the cadet gets from this training is a feeling of utter confidence in his ability to protect himself, a state of mind that is of inestimable value in warfare."

Commander Gene Tunney, who recently touched off a powerful charge of TNT when he gave out an interview stating that he thought there was too much athletic boondoggling going on in the service and appealed for a "farewell to sports" for the duration, didn't find an enthusiastic public for his remarks in the preflight schools.

A Challenge to Gene Tunney

"So this is boondoggling!" gasped a cadet at the North Carolina school as he limped the last mile of his twenty-mile morning hike. "Gene should join us some day and boondoggle his own dogs over that rocky road to Dublin we've just negotiated. The war will be over before these blisters on my heels heal."

The gag at Chapel Hill—and there's more truth than wit to it—is that the Navy puts its cadets through the three months' preflight school course to find out whether they are indestructible. If they survive the three months of torture, fighting Japs four miles up in the clouds will seem a pleasant form of relaxation. It is said of the University of Georgia school boys that a typical Georgia chain gang, watching them driven like galley slaves through part of their day's routine, actually became gloomy out of compassion for them. Athletic boondoggling indeed, Commander Tunney!

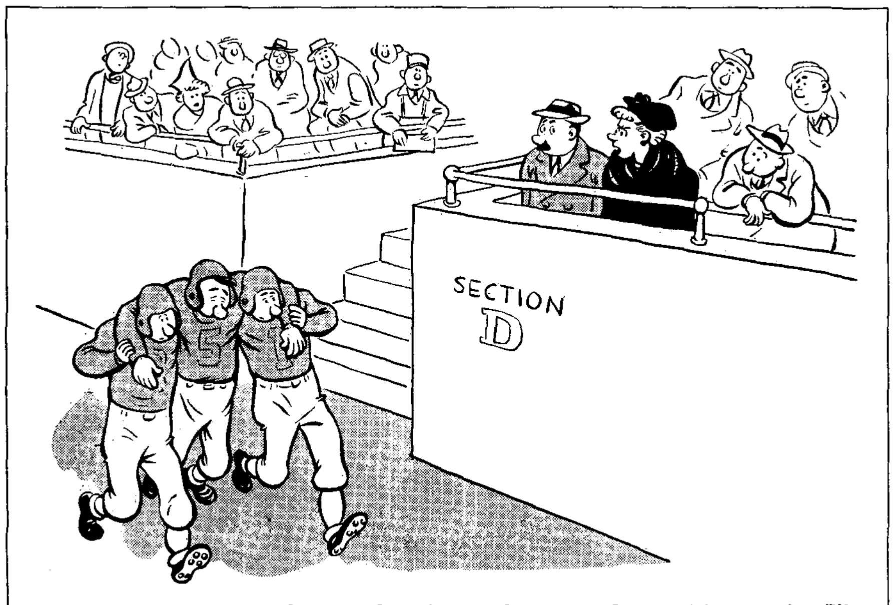
Out in Iowa City, Iowa, where the Middle Western preflight school is being conducted on the campus of the University of Iowa, Lieutenant Colonel Bernie Bierman, late football coach of Minnesota but now of the U. S. Marines, is drilling a tough football team for an even tougher schedule of twelve games with the country's outstanding college elevens. But neither the team nor the schedule is as tough as the football booklet which Lieutenant Colonel Bierman has had prepared.

Here's a mild paragraph which gives you a general idea: The Sea Hawk, the bird from which the name and symbol of the school were adapted is bloodthirsty, ruthless and terrible. It is one of the swiftest and most graceful birds that fly. No other bird over the North Atlantic is so fierce and strong in flight, so boldly assertive as the master of all seabird pirates. Iowa's Sea Hawks will strive to live up to their name.

Paging dear old Harvard!

Lieutenant Commander Jimmie Crowley, who used to dig up all those bruising coal miners for Fordham and whose teams have never been accused of effeminacy, has revised his ideas as to what constitutes rough football since he took over the cadets' eleven at Chapel Hill. When Bierman's Sea Hawks and Crowley's Cutthroats meet in the final game of their schedule on December 12th at Chapel Hill, the ensuing carnage should make the war itself look like a side issue by comparison.

Even when a fighting man travels by air he travels on his stomach. The great truth Napoleon discovered more than a century ago governs the culinary departments at the preflight schools. To make red-blooded he-men, a diet heavy in meat and calories is prescribed. If the ordinary man packs away about 1,500 calories a day, he fancies himself a blue-plate-special scoffer. The catamounts of the clouds stow away 5,000 per diem and don't give it either a second thought or a gusty burp. Meat is the backbone of each of the three daily meals.



"That reminds me, Hubert—what time did you get home this morning?"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

Anyone but a 'Way Down Easter, inured to steak and pork-chop breakfasts, would be surprised to sit down to the first meal of the day for the flying cadet. Yet, despite the radical change in diet for practically all the cadets, stomach trouble is scarcer than sissies in the preflight schools. The boys get so hard they probably could digest a meal of old shoes, smothered with railroad spikes; yea, even eat it with relish. Insomnia is a nonexistent ailment at the schools.

Strenuous Track Events

If the lads went around all day, alternating between wolfing juicy steaks and kicking classmates out of bounds, the monotony would probably irk them, if indeed there was anything left of them to be irked. Contrast and variety are provided by indulgence in athletic pursuits which are as free of violence as a convent, even though they call for great physical endurance.

The track and field events are run off without resort to tripping, giving the sly elbow or hamstringing. However, these sports are made to serve the purpose of preparation for emergencies that may arise in combat. There are races in which one cadet must carry another. Some day he may have to rescue a wounded comrade and make a quick getaway with him under fire, and the experience won't be new to him. Three-legged races serve a similar mission.

Swimming coaches who shudder at the mere sight of the breast stroke and call for their smelling salts when the vulgar sidestroke offends their sensitive eyes would probably faint in a body if they saw how swimming is taught at the preflight schools. Here there is no thought of style or form. The object is to teach $2,700 worth of flying cadet how to keep afloat if his plane is shot down and he finds himself dunked in the corned beef tank, without his water wings or lifesaving belt. Such handy tricks as how to undress under water and inflate one's trousers so they will keep him afloat are also taught.

The supreme test of a cadet's endurance is the obstacle course. At each of the preflight training schools, one of these courses, equipped with every device calculated to break a resolute young man's heart (not to mention his skull) has been laid out. The most publicized of the four courses is that at the University of Iowa school.

What has happened at this course since it was dedicated last June by Charley Beetham, the former national 800-meter champion, tells better than all the words in the dictionary possibly could, the story of the metamorphosis of the Naval Aviation cadet from butterfly to hornet, at the four muscle foundries.

The athletic director at the Iowa preflight school is Lieutenant Commander Larry Snyder, who was Beetham's track coach at Ohio State. While training for the national championships last June, Beetham thought it would be a nice gesture on his part to visit his old coach and see how he was coming along in his new post. Snyder, who had just completed the 580-yard obstacle course that was to test the endurance of the cadets, prevailed upon Beetham to give with everything he had in one turn around the figure-eight course, to set a standard at which the cadets could shoot. It didn't occur to Snyder, even as a vague possibility, that Beetham's mark of 2:53 would ever be equaled. He merely wanted to give his boys a high goal at which to shoot.

How Larry underrated the superman-making potentialities of the Spartan regimen his cadets underwent was proved to him sooner than he thought. Beetham's mark was hardly more enduring than if it had been written on the sands of the seashore.

After one month of training, two Sea Hawks broke Charley's record with marks of 2:52 and 2:51. Cadet Vincent Sarter, who set the 2:51 record, came back a week later and lowered it to 2:46.3. That was merely the beginning. For eight successive weeks, the record was broken once a week either by Cadet Clyde Barrow of New Bloomfield, Missouri, or Cadet Richard Wickersham of Milwaukee, in platoon competition. By August 1st, they had whittled it down to 2:26.5, a mark they held jointly. Then, for the first time, the two met in a race over the course. For twenty yards, they ran neck and neck. But at the second obstacle, Wickersham fell and dropped back to twelfth place. At the finish, however, he was second to Barrow, who had cracked the record once more, shaving it down to 2:23.6. Since this article went to press, it may have been broken again. And all this, mind you, by young men who aren't concentrating on breaking track records but are intent only upon getting as tough as boardinghouse beefsteak for those Axis hooligans.

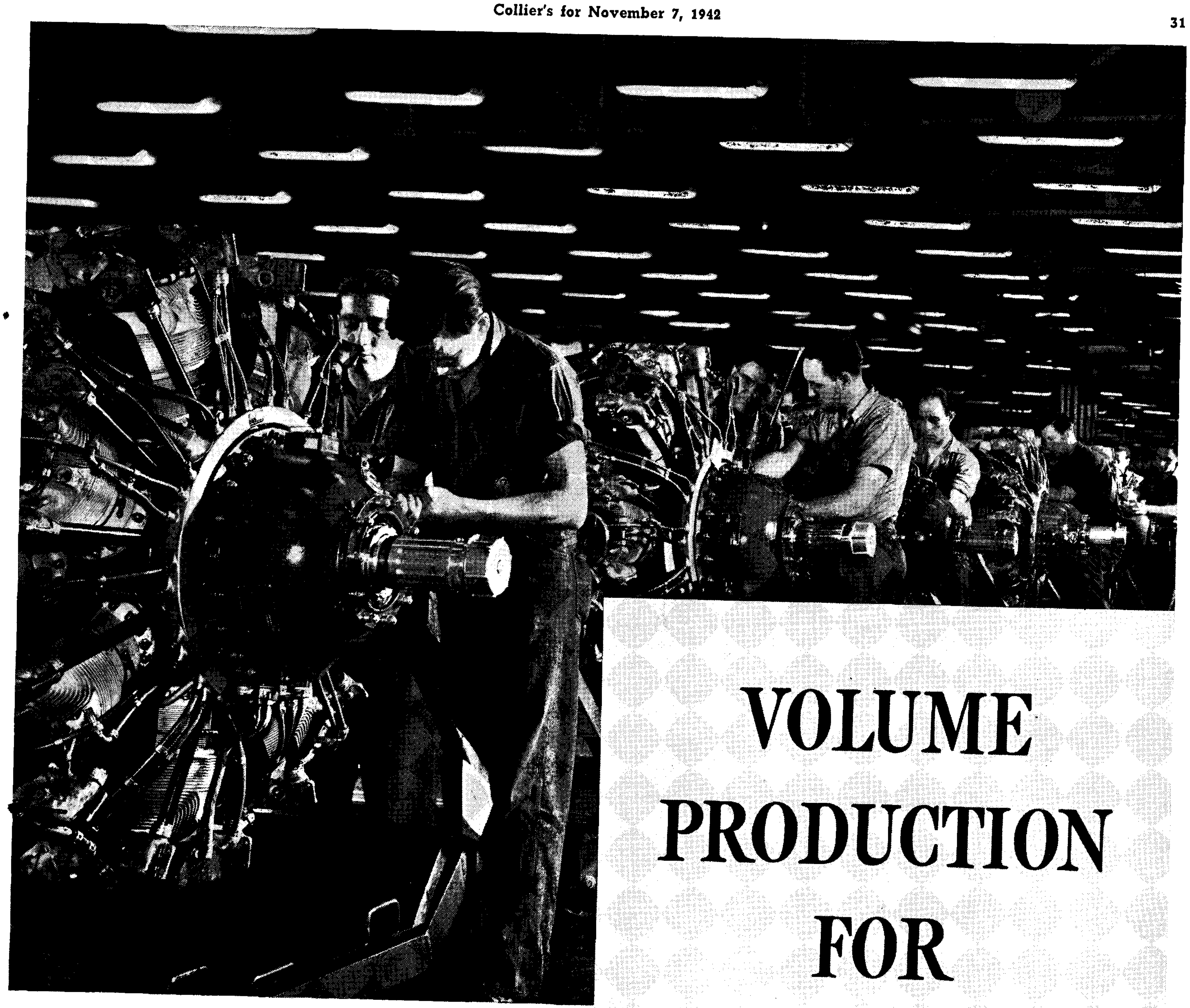
Casualties Are Slight

With so much roughhouse work in their daily routine, it is only natural that some of the boys should be injured. However, casualties have been remarkably light and of a minor nature. One cadet suffered a broken rib and another injured a foot during the first three months' course at North Carolina. The average college squad considers that week lucky which produces no more injuries in its ranks than these.

The Navy isn't tackling its athletic program for fliers with the idea that it's a passing fad. On the contrary, it is digging in for a long pull. Already it has broadened the scope of its work by holding, at the four preflight training centers, schools for coaches and physical-training experts of colleges, high and prep schools. So many of them had expressed the desire to help by introducing the program in their own schools that Lieutenant Commander Hamilton decided to hold coaches' clinics at the preflight center from August 3 to 15. The 700-odd school sports specialists who attended carried back the Navy's new athletic gospel to their respective institutions this fall. The result should be the most hard-boiled football season America has had since the flying wedge was at its peak of popularity.

When the cadet goes from the preflight school to one of the Naval Aviation bases to take his course in flying, his athletic program will follow him. It won't be quite as rigorous as the three months of Spartan existence with which he was initiated into the grim business of modern warfare, but neither will it be so perfunctory that he'll be allowed to soften up. For a Naval flying man, from now until his job is finished, there can be no return to the old, soft ways of living that enabled the Japs to get the jump on us. Along about next June, a veritable swarm of Sea Hawks will be turned loose on the vultures of the Axis—and they positively won't be doves of peace who are guided by the rule book. Hitler and Hirohito asked for it that way, and that's the way they're going to get it!

THE END

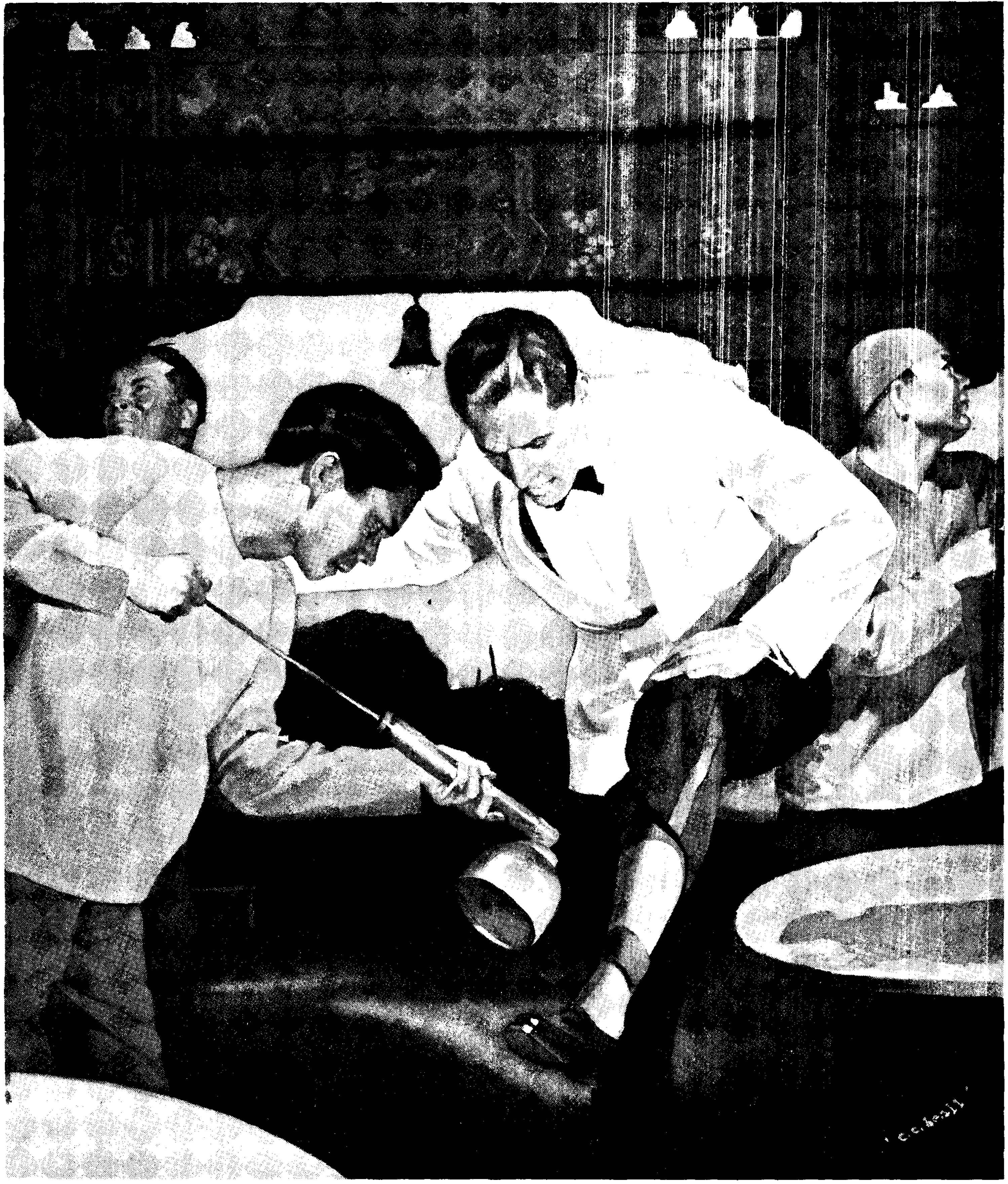


VOLUME PRODUCTION FOR VICTORY

Powerful Pratt & Whitney airplane engines are only one of many products which Chevrolet is building for Victory. Naturally, they are one of the most important. And Chevrolet is building them painstakingly, flawlessly, in ever-increasing volume. Huge production with high precision has always been the guiding principle of the management and men of our plants. Today, Chevrolet is applying this principle to the uttermost degree to help our armed forces to win this war.

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET
DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS



Nick collided with a troop of Chinese servants armed with insect-spray guns. He invited one of them to spray his tortured ankles and solemnly held up each leg while the Chinese complied

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

The Story Thus Far:

FIRED by cable, while he is in Tokyo working for a news service, Nick Griggs, a young American, looks for another job—without success.

At the American Club, he encounters Al Carpenter, a well-known newspaperman. Al is accompanied by an attractive girl: Betty Gaspard.

The girl (as Nick soon learns) lives with her father—an ardent De Gaullist—in Shanghai. Her father has many enemies. . . . Among Nick's acquaintances is Gregory Ward Cogswell, a noted news broadcaster with headquarters in Shanghai. Nick meets him, by chance, at the club, tells him of his predicament.

The following day, Cogswell, following a secret conference with Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American Japanese; Harold Makita, a Nisei from Los Angeles; and Ernst Sperling, a Nazi (a conference in which he agrees to go to Manila and find out what is going on there) gives Nick a job.

The job is an easy one—Nick is to fly to Shanghai with Cogswell and there carry on for him, while he is in the Philippines. . . . In Shanghai, Cogswell introduces Nick to "everybody"; and Nick sees quite a bit of Betty and her father: Henri Gaspard, a courageous, loyal Frenchman. Among those whom Nick meets is Madame Manis Vooren—whose half-caste beauty impresses Nick greatly. . . .

Henri Gaspard is alone in his hotel suite one evening, when two French naval officers (who say they are from the destroyer Bordeaux) come in and beg him to come to their ship and give an anti-Vichy talk to the men.

Suspicious, Gaspard tells a hotel employee to notify his daughter if he is not back in an hour. Then he goes with the officers.

More than an hour later, while Betty and Nick are dining together at a restaurant, Betty is called to the telephone. While she is away, Kearsley, British press attaché, stops at Nick's table, seats himself. Then Betty returns. She is badly frightened—the hotel has notified her that her father has disappeared!

Kearsley listens. Then: "My office told me just now that a civilian answering your father's description was taken on board the Bordeaux shortly after 8 o'clock. The destroyer sailed half an hour ago." "And," Nick says, "the civilian did not return?" The attaché shakes his head. "No," he says, "he did not return."

III

A COLD, prune-colored eye regarded Betty, the attaché and Nick, through a peephole set high in the door. Betty, standing on tiptoes, whispered in rapid French to the eye. A disk covered the peephole and she turned to Nick and Kearsley, behind her on the sidewalk.

"They know already," she said in a rickety voice; and Nick realized that up to this moment, for the short space of time since they had left DD's restaurant, she had still hoped that Tin was wrong, that Kearsley was misinformed—that her father would be standing behind that protected door to welcome her.

He took her arm. In the gasping heat of Race Course Road, it felt cold, stiff and almost prickly with fear. She shook herself loose from his hand as the disk covering the peephole was again removed. This time only a mouth could be seen from the outside. Betty stood on tiptoes again, listening and nodding.

"They prefer not to admit you," she said to Nick.

The door opened briefly and, while he stood, chagrined, on the street, he had a glimpse of Sikh bodyguards with black Mausers in their muscular hands, and across a desk, a sub-machine gun, lying on its side.

Finesse it, he told himself, walking away with his hands plunged in his pockets. At a time like this, why should they let a stranger into their councils?

Abruptly he hailed a ricksha and directed the puller to the Metropole Hotel. In the lobby, he asked at once for Tin, the number one boy. The elevator operator told him Tin had gone off duty.

All right, he thought, letting himself into his room: Tin can wait. Cogswell can't. I've got to get hold of him. In the sticky room, the telephone receiver felt as though it were going to melt in his hand. He had not the patience to let the operator scout around Shanghai and ring him when his party was located. He listened while the operator tried the Cathay, the French Club, the American Club, the Shanghai Club. Then he scowled at himself for being an ass; of course, Cogswell would be at Madame Vooren's.

COGSWELL came to the telephone. No, no, he did not at all object to being disturbed. Yes, yes, he had already heard of the Gaspard affair. His voice was easy and imperturbable. He made Nick feel like Cogswell's parakeet, fretfully ruffling its colored tail feathers.

"Mind you, I realize that this seems sensational to you," Cogswell said. "Really, it goes on all the time here. A capital local news item."

Nick said, stupefied, "You mean you don't think anyone will even send it out?"

"It will be sent out, I expect," Cogswell said. "We'll let the press associations worry about these day-to-day items. I fancy it's your own press association training that's misleading you here. You'll get over that. After you've worked for UBC a little longer, you'll learn to separate the common spot news from the broader picture and you'll know what's of adequate general interest for us."

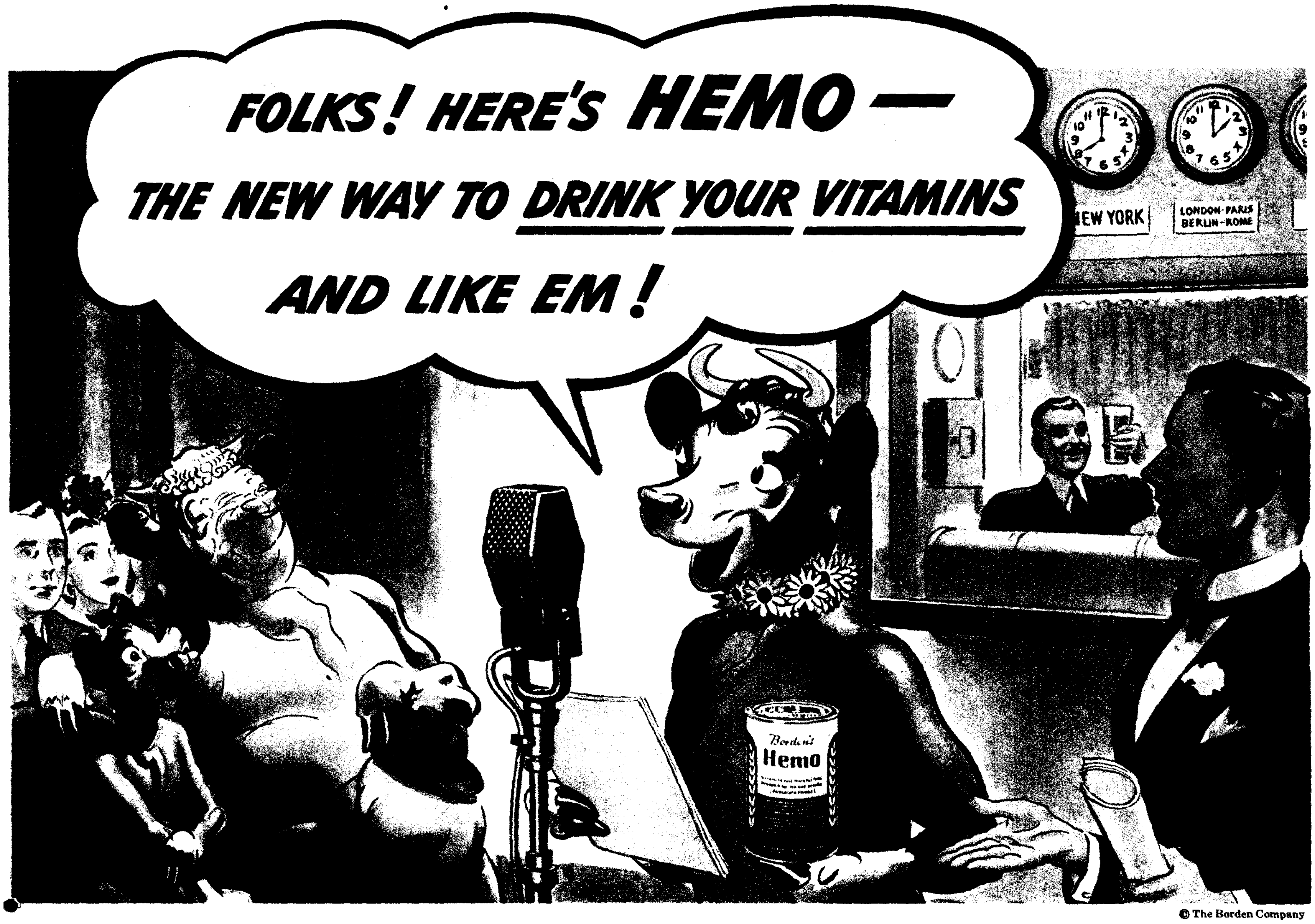
Nick said, "Only, Mr. Cogswell, doesn't this kind of illuminate the whole quarrel between the Free French and the Vichy French?"

"Not for us," Cogswell said.

"Well, isn't there *something* we could do?"

"By George, I don't see how!" Cogswell sounded regretful. "You'll do your best work keeping out of these internal quarrels around here. I suggest you just forget about this."

Well, that's cutting the static, in the radio business, Nick told himself, gloomily hanging up. He paced the room twice. It was also cutting him off from action, at any rate, while Cogswell was still in town. He could not try to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HEMO, new vitamin- and- mineral-fortified drink, is here! It tastes better, is better than the most scrumptious malted milk you ever quaffed!

HEMO isn't a convalescent's drink—although convalescents can and do thrive on it!

HEMO isn't just a children's drink—although children love its rich chocolate flavor and respond magnificently to it!

HEMO isn't made just for women on a diet—but it does give dieting women their quota of vitamins and minerals without excess fattening calories.

HEMO *is* made for YOU—for everybody—who wants a bigger kick out of life.

Why? Because HEMO is packed with vitamins A, B_1, D, and G—PLUS iron, calcium, phosphorus. *Just one glass daily* gives you enough of these vital food elements to make up almost any shortage in your regular diet!

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The Vitamin G in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

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Borden's Hemo

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Hemo

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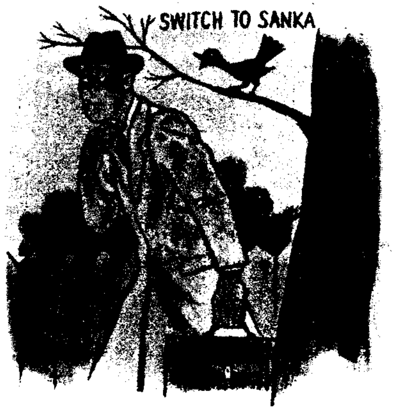
2. When Rip woke up, he found that things had turned out all right, after all. Maybe sometimes you think it might be nice if *you* could go to sleep and not wake up until after *this* war is over.

3. But you can't. In fact, you don't really want to. Of course, you *do* want to get a good night's sleep. But maybe you are one of those who are kept awake by the caffein in coffee.



4. You love coffee and can't resist it. So you torture your already-war-strained nerves with caffein . . . when you *could* switch to Sanka Coffee, the coffee that is 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep anyone awake!

5. Maybe you've been planning to try Sanka Coffee . . . so why wait any longer? Today is just the time to start enjoying its superb aroma and delicious flavor. Remember . . . Sanka is *all* coffee, nothing *but* coffee!

SANKA COFFEE

6. And so skillfully is 97% of its caffein taken out that not one smidgen of its tantalizing aroma or delightful flavor is removed. Get Sanka Coffee *today!* (For Sanka at its best, follow directions carefully.)

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DRIP GRIND
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REGULAR GRIND
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SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

get to the American consul general or the French consul general or anyone; they were all Cogswell's friends.

Undecided, he stood at the window and writhed again at the memory of Cogswell's silky voice: *I suggest that you just forget about this.*

He returned to the telephone to ask the operator to tell Miss Gaspard to call him when she got in. Then he turned out the lights and threw himself on the bed, determined to stay awake for her call.

The tinny voices of the Japanese employees on the roof of the office building across Foochow woke him. They sang patriotic songs while they exercised every morning before work. The sun glared across his bed; his shirt was soggy with sweat; one trouser leg had wrinkled itself up above his knee. He felt bereaved and, when he was awake enough to sit up, he knew why: she had never even called.

HE HURRIED at once to the telephone. A strange woman's voice answered in the Gaspards' apartment, the nurse, she explained.

"Well, what's wrong with her? Well, can't I even see her? Look here, I'm a very good friend of hers," he cried out; and felt as though he were still talking to Cogswell; as though he were yelling frantically in a bad dream, only no one could hear him and no one would wake him out of it.

The nurse said, "The doctor's given her a sedative and we want her to sleep. She's had a shock and she wasn't so strong as she thought. When she's able to see company, I'll tell her you called."

Damn, damn and double-damn, he told himself, stripping off his soggy clothes and turning on the shower. After breakfast he would have to get going; but where, to whom?

Then he remembered the British press attaché.

Kearsley might have additional information. The attaché had not reflected Cogswell's hands-off attitude. He had been genuinely agitated last night. If the American consulate had any information, Nick proposed waiting to tap it until Cogswell was farther out to sea.

When he reached the attaché's office, at Number 28, The Bund, in the same building that housed the German consulate and its attendant Nazi propaganda agencies, he found Kearsley's inner office already crowded with reporters. He recognized only two or three of them. Most of them were from local newspapers; and fully half were Chinese.

"We have not been able to learn why Mr. Gaspard went with the officers," Nick heard Kearsley say. The press official was sitting on the edge of his desk, nervously tapping a wastebasket with his toe. "We have made no end of inquiries, but we have learned only that he left the hotel with them, apparently willingly. It's frightfully strange."

"What about the order to the boy to notify his daughter?" a reporter asked. "Doesn't that show he was worried?"

"Quite so," said Kearsley. "It's no end confusing. But still, it doesn't explain why he went."

"He was kidnaped! That's why he went," a Chinese reporter said with excitement.

"That he was abducted seems to be indicated," Kearsley said carefully. "But we have no evidence that he was under compulsion while within the Settlement's jurisdiction."

"Why did they take Gaspard instead of Delangle?" a reporter asked. "Isn't Delangle head of the Free French movement here?"

"Gaspard is the best known of all our leaders. That is why they seized him," said a reporter from the Free French News Agency. "They think they can intimidate us all if they silence Henri Gaspard. They will find they are wrong. And—"

The AP correspondent interrupted: "But what can they do with Gaspard? Let us suppose they're taking him to Saïgon. Then what?"

"I'll tell you," said the Free Frenchman. "They will conduct a farcical trial. He will be charged with De Gaullism, a crime that has been defined by the Vichy courts as 'designed to hamper national defense by undermining the morale of the nation and the fighting forces.' In short, it has been declared a crime to resist the Nazis."

Kearsley said, "Perhaps tomorrow, if you wish to return, we may have more news. We are frightfully in the dark today."

Nick walked out dejectedly with the reporters who could return to their offices to write spot news stories. Cogswell, on the Yellow Sea by now, had left his echo behind: *We'll let the press associations worry about these day-to-day items.*

Okay, Senator, Nick thought and gritted his teeth. He still had that invitation to visit Dixon, the English grain merchant. He could go after Dixon's story of the Japanese seizures. Cogswell would surely appreciate that kind of investigation. He turned right on Jinkee Road, heading for Dixon's office.

Several hours later he remembered to buy flowers for Betty. Dixon had kept him all that time. Dixon had given him statistics, documents, pamphlets and many confidential records. The grain merchant had also taken him to the Shanghai Club where they leaned with other British taipans against the longest bar in the world. Nick believed he had the story he wanted by now. He knew he wanted to see Betty. He hoped he could deliver the flowers in person.

But the nurse said it all over again, "She is asleep. When she's able to see company, I'll tell her you called."

WHEN he hung up, he noticed on the table a square, pale gray envelope addressed to Nicholas Griggs, Esq., in a large, irresolute script. Madame Vooren used a stub pen.

She asked him to dine with her next Tuesday and proposed visiting the roulette tables at the Argentina later.

"I am also sending an invitation to Mlle. Gaspard," she wrote.

Cogswell didn't even tell her what had happened! Nick thought.

He saw another pale gray envelope bearing Madame Vooren's broad irresolute script, two days later, on the table in the living room of the Gaspard suite. That was the afternoon the Free French received word from Manila that the destroyer Bordeaux had been sighted, heading south. It was also the first time the doctor had allowed Nick to see Betty.

He tiptoed after the nurse into the dimmed bedroom, carrying flowers and a live cricket in a little bamboo cage. Betty looked waxlike and delicate, lying propped on pillows; and he forgot that he was going to say something to make her laugh.

He picked up her hand and kissed it. *"A little Gallicism," he said. It didn't* come off. "Well, how do you really feel, my little cabbage? You look wonderful."

"I look particularly terrible," she said in a listless voice. "But I feel better and it's agreed I can get up tomorrow."

"You get up tomorrow and I'll break your doctor's neck," he said crossly.

The nurse looked at him, startled, and then walked doubtfully from the room.

After a while, Betty said: "I don't have any more temperature and so I'll be perfectly all right by tomorrow. Tell me, what have *you* been doing since I saw you?"

"Well, I shaped up that story about the Japs taking over the oil and so forth," he said. "And I'm digging into some neat stuff on the way the Nazis and the Japs and the Wang Chinese are working together. And then, I'm trying to get a pass to go to Nanking because—" he stopped, seeing her turn her face from him. She was pretty weak, he supposed, and he was talking too much.

As he rose, he heard her say, without moving, "You didn't mention my father."

"Because I didn't know how to say anything," he said. "I go to the American consulate every day, and I either see one of the Free French News Agency men or Kearsley." He hesitated. "Cogswell wasn't interested for UBC, so my hands are tied, otherwise."

He leaned over her anxiously; but she had dropped her eyelids. "It isn't my fault about Cogswell," he said.

Then the nurse rustled in. "She's tired, you'd better leave," she told Nick.

In the corridor, he nearly collided with Al Carpenter, of the Japan Times-Advertiser, carrying two bunches of flowers and two crickets in a pair of bamboo cages.

Al said, "How's she feeling?"

"I guess she's a little better, although she doesn't look it," Nick said. He wanted to advise Al not to disturb her, with his two crickets and two bunches of flowers.

"Seriously, that was terrible about Mr. Gaspard," said Al. "Of course, nothing was printed about it in Tokyo. We heard it through AP and UP."

"ANS slipping?" said Nick hopefully.

"I don't know. I left Nagasaki two days ago. Boy, a lot can happen in that time. You know what? Two days after you left, they put through a whole new set of rules. I had to get about ninety licenses before I was allowed to leave."

"Just for coming over here?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I quit the paper. Me, I'm going home."

"Anyone else I know come over with you?" said Nick.

"A raft of language students from the embassy. They're going home, too."

"Nuts to them," said Nick.

"That sounds like your old friend, Harold Makita," said Al. "He came over on the boat, too. He's on the move again. Seriously, guess what his new title is! Military press attaché. Some fun."

"He's not such a bad egg," said Nick. "He can sing some good rowdy songs."

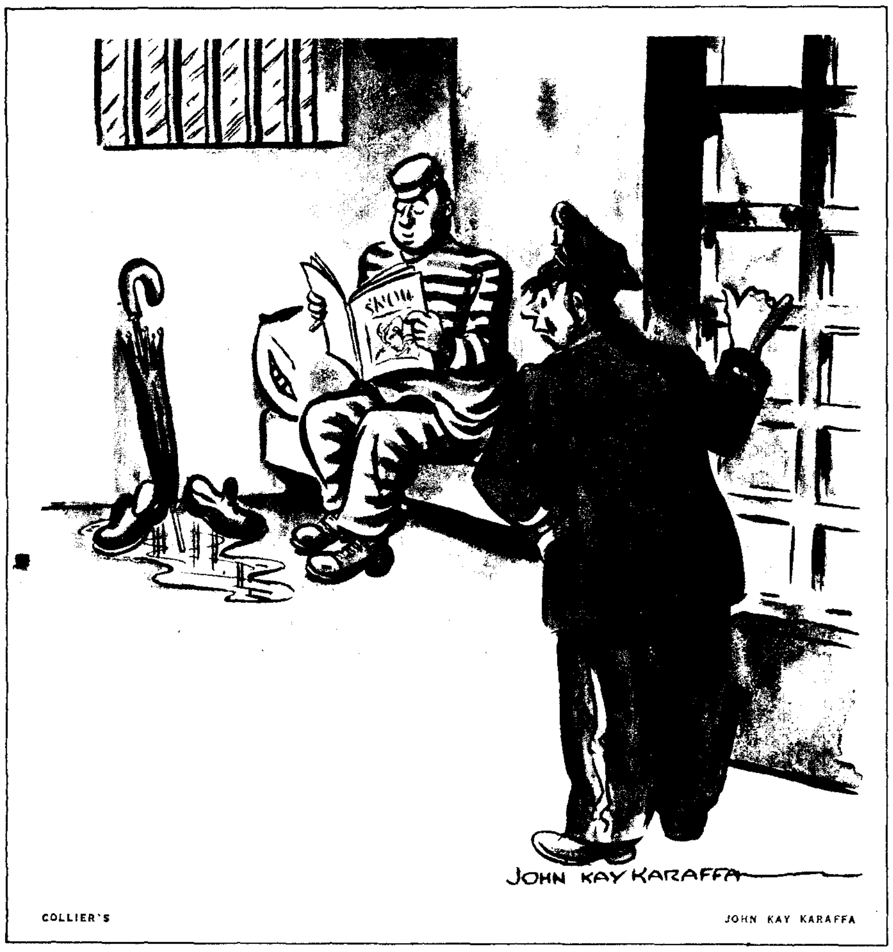
THE rowdy ballad singer had been in Shanghai barely three days when he was summoned by Bunshiro Yagi to his suite on an upper floor of the Broadway Mansions. The great new hotel in Hongkew had been built for American tourists but was now occupied almost exclusively by Japanese officers.

Unlike most of the Japanese who did not object to sleeping in beds, Yagi preserved his antipathy to the West. He had one of the chambers stripped of all its furnishings and carpeted with straw matting. His bedroll was concealed in a closet.

In a room that looked as though it had been shut up for the summer with every article of furniture shrouded in dust-colored slip covers, the two men sat at the windows, looking down on the British consulate, across Soochow Creek, in the International Settlement. Yagi's broad nostrils flared as the Union Jack unfolded in the stiff breeze blowing across The Bund.

In his hand he held a radio message from Cogswell. It was not decoded. Makita recognized that Yagi trusted no one; he had arranged his own private set of symbols for Cogswell's communications.

"Mr. Griggs, our new American," Yagi said, "he is displaying too much energy. Mr. Cogswell had scarcely left the city before he was concocting a story about Nippon's so-called plan to seize the wealth of the Settlement. I communicated with Mr. Cogswell at once. This is Mr. Cogswell's reply." He waved the radio message. "What does he say? That he has, of course, not used Mr. Griggs' report. Mr. Cogswell wishes me to believe that all American reporters are in the habit of throwing themselves so enthusiastically into their work during their first days in a new position. Mr. Cogswell also wishes me to believe



WALK-OH-YEAH!

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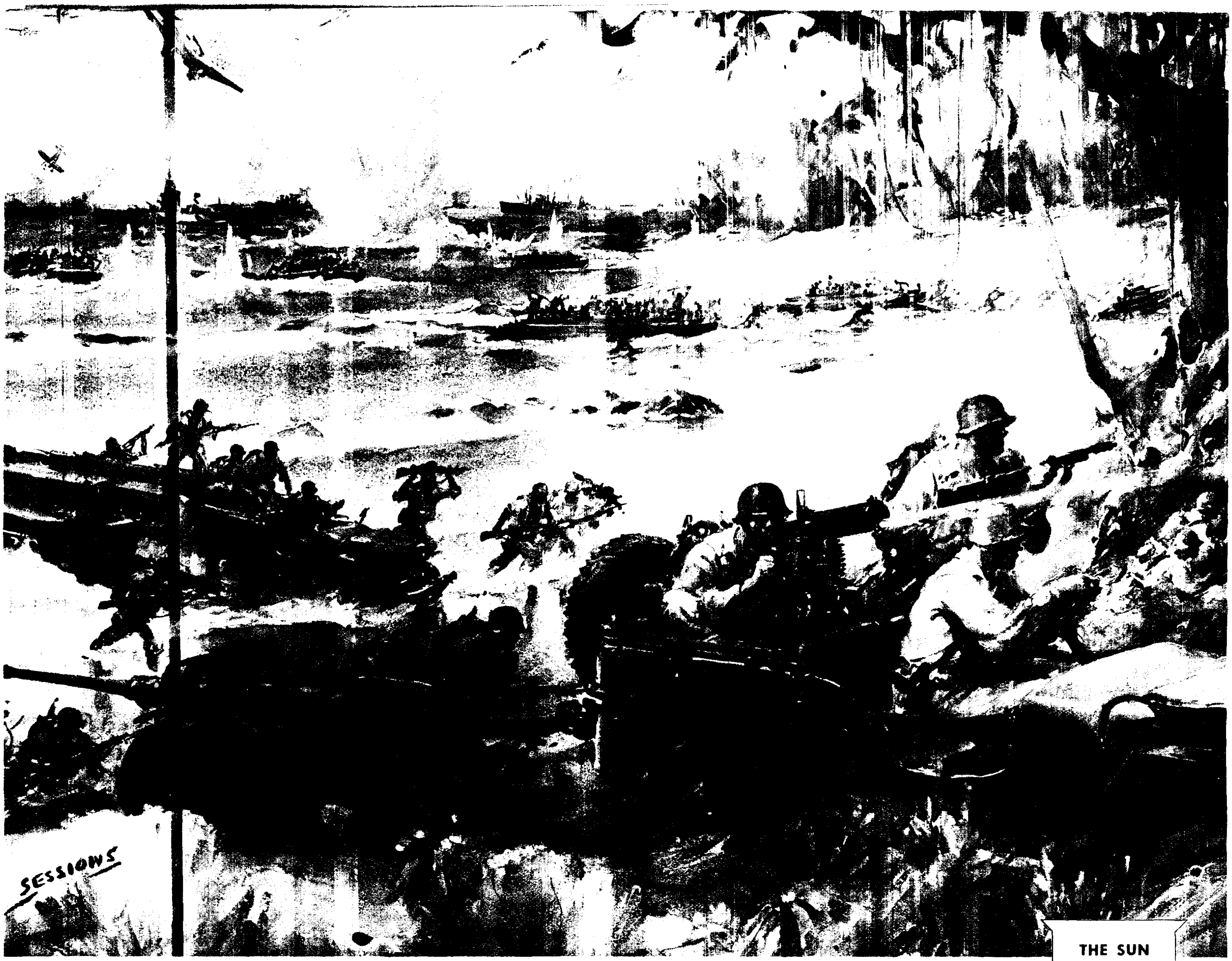

THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
WILLYS JEEP

U. S. MARINES CRASH SOLOMON ISLES

IN JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

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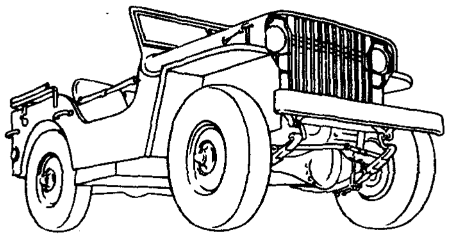
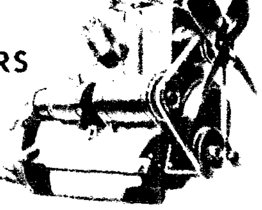


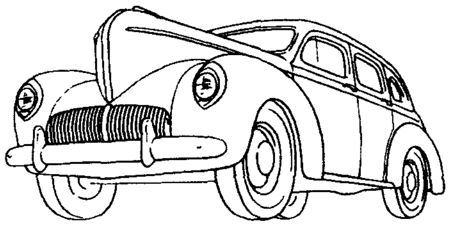
U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS

TRUCKS AND JEEPS





AMERICAR—the People's Car

THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS that in a few weeks, Mr. Griggs will overcome this youthful enthusiasm."

Makita said, "Mr. Cogswell is on the defensive, *ne?*"

Yagi turned his cold eyes on Makita. "You share in the responsibility," he said.

"Griggs did nothing inimical to us in Tokyo," Makita said uneasily.

"That is not enough," said Yagi. "I am not even interested in why either of you blundered. I am concerned with repairing the damage. Mr. Griggs is now prying into Nippon's relations with the Wang Ching-wei government. He has even applied for permission to visit Nanking. Naturally, he will be given no pass to go there. Still, if he remains in Shanghai, he continues to meddle in Nipponese relations with the Wang Ching-wei authorities here."

Makita said explosively, "Why shouldn't Cogswell just dismiss him?"

Yagi said, "You are not thinking so well here as you do in Tokyo. To discharge Mr. Griggs in Shanghai might lead to his employment by one of the American news agencies. Then we would not even be able to halt his dispatches at Manila."

"This is so unlike him," said Makita. "On several occasions I was his drinking companion in Tokyo. He did not appear serious."

Yagi fanned himself. "Though his dispatches go only to Mr. Cogswell, he is more than a mere annoyance. His activity has already stirred the competition of other reporters."

Makita said, "Would you approve my keeping an eye on him, possibly exerting a measure of control—by entertaining him?"

"In his first week here," said Yagi, thoughtfully, "he was much in the company of the daughter of Mr. Gaspard, the Frenchman who should now be in Saïgon. The girl is ill now." He hesitated. "*Ah, sa.* Maybe while she is ill, you can divert him."

"It will be easy," said Makita, rising. He felt more cheerful.

As he backed toward the door, bowing, Yagi said to him, "Please report to me in four days. It may be necessary to make other arrangements."

MAKITA telephoned Nick the following afternoon. "How's it, pal?" he said. "This is Makita, Harold Makita. I just got over from Tokyo a couple days ago."

"Yes, I hear you're a military press attaché," said Nick. "How's the pay? Better?"

"Not so worse," said Makita. "Say, what're you doing tonight? Want to go on the town?"

I guess I've come up in the world, now that I'm Cogswell's walk-on, Nick thought. The Japanese military press attaché wants my company; so does Madame Manis Vooren. It was Tuesday. He said: "I'm sorry, I can't. I'm tied up. Maybe some other night."

"I'm sorry too," said Makita. "I just had an idea you might be free to cruise around with me. Here and there. I thought maybe you'd like to take a whirl out into the badlands and lose some of your chips gambling."

"I would," said Nick. "As a matter of fact, I am tonight, myself."

Makita laughed. "Maybe I'll run into you tonight. You know where you're going?"

"The Argentina, I think," said Nick. He was immediately annoyed that he had been trapped into telling him.

"Yeah? Well, if I don't see you, hello till the next time," said Makita.

Okay, smarty pants, Nick thought, hanging up. Well, at any rate, Makita hadn't learned from him that he was going to dinner at Madame Vooren's. He snatched his limp white jacket and hurried out of the room, down the corridor to the Gaspard's suite. It would be his third visit to Betty that day. On the first, she had cried against his shoulder, telling him the Free French had learned that her father was in Saïgon. On his second call, they had quarreled. He had an uneasy feeling that on his third, they were going to quarrel again.

Betty was up and dressed. She had been allowed to leave her bed the day before. She had been given permission to go out this evening. That was the rub.

Nick said patiently, sitting beside her on the sofa: "If it's just because you declined Madame Vooren's invitation, thinking you'd still be in bed—"

She interrupted him: "I did not decline for that reason."

"Well, you told me you did," he said too innocently. "And I guess you didn't know if you'd be up or not."

"I absolutely do not want to go over this again with you," she said. "I am not going to her house tonight."

"It doesn't do you any good to refuse invitations. You ought to go places, it would take your mind off things."

"Thank you, my dear. I am not dependent on Madame Vooren for entertainment."

"All right," he said moodily. "I won't go, either. I'll call her up right now and tell her." He walked to the telephone.

"I ask you to do nothing of the kind."

"Well, what do you want me to do? I'm not going to let you sit here and think. If the doctor says you can go out, then we're going out, wherever you want. See?" He picked up the receiver.

Betty said, "Listen. I have already planned my evening. I have promised Al Carpenter to dine with him."

Nick slowly replaced the receiver. "I see." He stared down at her but he couldn't get her to look up at him. Then he sat beside her and took her hands.

"What's wrong with us?" he said. "Don't say again nothing at all, because there is something." He doubled her hands in his. "If I could just think it's because you're still feeling icky or because you don't know and nobody knows what to do next for your father, well . . . it wouldn't worry me so much."

She said faintly, "That's probably all it is, Nick."

"Well, why does it have to come between us that way? Why shouldn't we be closer than ever now? You ought to need me or something, if you really liked me."

"I don't know."

"I don't think you know whether you really like me, that's what," he said bitterly.

"I don't want to talk about it now," she said. "Maybe tomorrow or the next day. Now it's getting late. You ought to dress and I must lie down a little."

"Okay." He stopped at the door. "I guess you wouldn't dream of telling Al you found you had another engagement."

"No, Nick, I never do that."

"I didn't think you'd dream of it," he said hastily and walked out the door.

It was all wrong and sometimes he thought it would never be mended and it was insane for two people like Betty and him to be growing apart from each other.

He kept telling himself to finesse it and to ax it but he kept feeling forlorn until Madame Vooren's amah had served him his third gimlet cocktail.

ROLAND
AVE
IN
LOVE
-GARRITY-

"I heard so much about it that I saw it six times. Frankly, I was disappointed"

COLLIER'S MARTIN GARRITY

Then he wished he could confide in Madame Vooren, although that was partly because she had made him feel at ease when he had expected to be uncomfortable with her. He had remembered her beauty; he had forgotten that she was gentle-hearted.

WHEN dinner was half through, Madame Vooren said as though she had been waiting for this moment, "I was really grieved about—" she paused—"what was done to Henri Gaspard. Is his daughter better?"

"Some," he said cautiously. "I don't know whether she'll ever really be all right until some way's been found to get Mr. Gaspard out."

"I know that what was done was generally scandalous," she said. "I don't know how to explain that it was also—personally offensive to me."

"Well," he said gloomily, "nobody seems to know what the next move is."

He noticed now that the pauses in her conversation were deliberate; she waited each time for the servant to leave the room.

"I hear something of what goes on here," she said. "But I do not mix in these affairs. In many ways, I dread both sides, although I know there is always a good and a bad."

"Sure. Nearly every one selects his good and his bad." He picked up his wineglass and set it down without drinking. "Even I'm beginning to see that the lines are getting pretty well defined. For me, I mean. As of today, I mean."

In the silence that followed, while the amah busied herself in the dining room, he wondered again at his sense of ease. Madame Vooren, in a black affair probably whipped up by a million-dollar dressmaker, with enormous aquamarines in her ears and an even bigger aquamarine on her finger, could speak or remain still and he did not feel out of his depth. Yet it was impossible for him to visualize her in ordinary scenes: playing bridge with other women; sitting under the drier at a beauty parlor; cursing a run in her stocking. He could not even picture her with a variety of men: except Cogswell, the aging elegant, who flirted with other women but loved only this one.

The amah disappeared and Madame Vooren said: "My husband was an active, necessarily a militant man. I think half-castes who are subjects must easily become rebels."

"Why not?" said Nick. "We rebelled, over in the U. S. A., so we're not anybody's subjects any more. We're citizens."

SHE moved into the living room without replying but once the coffee was served, she said:

"Yes, *necessarily* militant, that describes it perfectly. Simply, a half-caste, exposed to education, necessarily becomes a rebel."

"I guess so," said Nick. He didn't know whether it would sound fresh or not but she had encouraged him, she had made him feel at home, so he added: "Only, you were exposed to education, and you say you stay out of all this."

"Oh, I am the exception to any rules I make," she said lightly. "After all, I am a woman." And she added, almost fiercely: "I am entitled to dread my own ghosts. And in a city like Shanghai, it is sometimes wiser not to concern one's self too hotly with political currents."

"Well, I don't mean I don't have a natural reporter's interest in all these currents," he said quickly.

Madame Vooren twisted the heavy ring on her finger. "There are so many savage people here," she said sadly. "They become so unlike men when they are defied. I hope your work will not take you too close to them."

Nick said, "It's the loopiest thing about people in this town. I mean, the ones who've lived here a long time. They take a daily murder or a little item like a bombing in their stride. Sometimes I think it even gives them a kick—not that they know they're cruel or anything like that. Only if you're an American, someone's always telling you, as though here's-a-laugh, 'Bet you Chicago was never like this.' Then there's always someone, very confidential, very spooky, who advises you to get out, the Yangtze's going to claim back its own or, at any rate, Tokyo's going to claim what isn't its own."

"Oh, don't underestimate the ones who tell you that," she said soberly. Then she changed her tone: "Really! I've been keeping you from making your fortune. We still want to go to the Argentina, don't we?"

At the door, she said, "The first time I saw you, there was a moment when you reminded me of my husband." She started down the stairs, before she added: "He died more than twelve years ago . . . when he was just about your age."

In the taxicab, driving to the Argentina, she said scarcely another word.

At first, sitting beside her at a roulette table, Nick was more conscious of the attention she attracted, than of the

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spinning wheel. Their table, originally patronized by only one player, a serious and intent Chinese youth, seemed instantly to become the most crowded in the casino.

When he had to buy chips for the third time, Nick realized that even Shanghai dollars could add up. At home he would never have played with $5 chips, yet here he was placing bets with chips costing one hundred Chinese dollars, the Shanghai equivalent of five good American dollars. He was getting in too deep.

Madame Vooren was not buying chips. She was winning regularly.

"I'm having spectacular luck," she said. "Necessarily, this cannot last."

Nick said, "Necessarily, my luck can't last."

"Play the number seven," an American voice advised him. Only it wasn't really an American; it was Makita.

Madame Vooren greeted Makita; the ball fell into a groove, and the croupier pushed another stack of chips to her.

"If thirty doesn't come up this time," Nick said to Madame Vooren, "I think I'll try my luck at another table." He pushed his remaining two chips onto his favorite number: his own age. The Chinese croupier spun the wheel, the ball dropped into thirty-one. Nick moved away, and Makita took his seat.

"There's no percentage in just moving around," he said to Nick. "Right here, where you've been losing, I'll make a killing." He was pleased to find Nick with Madame Vooren, who was for him an inexplicable woman but nevertheless Cogswell's dearest friend. His program was beginning to take shape. If Nick continued to lose tonight he would want to come back to recover. If he began to win, he would want to come back to clean up more. I'll call him tomorrow, Makita thought.

"What's the word from Cog?" he asked Madame Vooren.

"He seems to be enjoying Manila," she said.

"What a man!" said Makita. "Great guy, Cog. Now let's see how soon I can break the bank." He darted a look around to see where Nick had placed himself and, failing to locate him, decided he had probably gone into the garden, determined to walk around it three times to insure better luck.

In the garden, thronged mostly with empty tables, although a few energetic couples moved on the dance floor, Nick collided with a troop of Chinese servants armed with insect-spray guns. He invited one of them to spray his tortured ankles and solemnly held up each leg while the Chinese complied.

Then he heard laughter near him and turned to see Dixon alone at a table. The Englishman waved to him, and, as Nick approached, said: "I see you're still investigating the Shanghai economic and political situation. Have a whisky? I'm trying to get drunk but hanged if the stuff will take hold."

"How about inside?" Nick said. "These mosquitoes seem to like the squirt guns."

"Aren't they insufferable?" Dixon said amiably. He staggered a little as he walked inside with Nick. They found places at the end of the crowded bar.

"Finished your thesis on our infernal little brown brothers?" Dixon asked.

"It made a swell piece," said Nick. "The material you gave me was great."

"Rot," said Dixon. "I didn't even give you the start of it. The real story didn't happen until this evening. My Chinese partner, my comprador was arrested three hours ago by those filthy Wang people and charged with conspiring to aid Chungking."

He took a long drink. "I hope to get frightfully jingled."

Nick said, "That's tough."

Dixon said, "It's murder. I know they've got him over at 76 Jessfield Road and I can't do one infernal thing. They're probably burning cigarettes into his hide right now."

NICK winced. He said: "Everybody talks about No. 76, only I kept thinking it was just headquarters for the Wang-Nanking people."

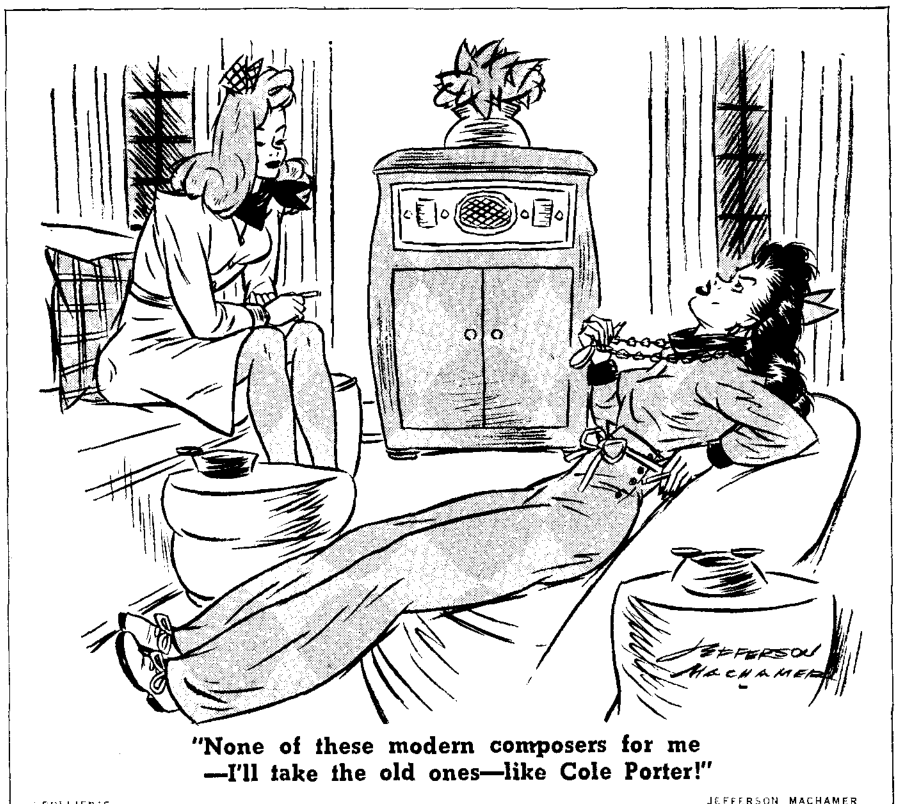
"It's a cemetery, old boy," said Dixon.

Nick said, "You're not kidding?"

"Go and see for yourself," said Dixon. "It looks like a very ordinary comfortable residence." He emptied his glass. "If I were a journalist, that's what I should do." He snuffled and wiped the back of his hand against his mustache. "Dammit, I almost feel like crying," he said. "The poor, bloody Chink."

"I'm going to go out there tomorrow," Nick said resolutely. "I'm going to go the first thing tomorrow." He was reminded of Madame Vooren, seeing Makita enter the bar. He found her, still winning, at the roulette table, but ready to cash her chips and leave.

(*To be continued next week*)



"None of these modern composers for me —I'll take the old ones—like Cole Porter!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Any Week

Continued from page 4

from Mr. Damm, never less than five pages long. We have ruined thousands of man-hours reading Mr. Damm's letters, but have not yet been able to understand any of them. Of course, we could ignore the Damm things but we can't. They're too challenging. We don't know what Mr. Damm is talking and writing about, and it is our secret fear that our reason is tottering. He and his typewriter are all yours, Mr. Harris. Maybe you can make something out of the opening sentence of Mr. Damm's latest letter to us: "So you have not had the equation of wakening which, as I said in my 27th ult., is not fundamental."

IN OUR own effort to make the war a bit more endurable by digging up a giggle now and then, we try to avoid thinking about certain aspects of censorship, particularly as it is exercised by certain Army and Navy officers who have just about as much knowledge of journalism as we have (and sometimes they have) of modern military science. Some of the censoring officers are sane, intelligent, courageous and enormously helpful. But it is the others who send us off into unbecoming tantrums. The neatest thing we've heard on the subject recently is in a letter from Professor W. C. Clark of Syracuse University: "The test is not: Will a given piece of war information aid the enemy if released. The real test is: Will it aid the enemy more than it will aid us? That's the sixty-four-dollar question. Any half-baked mamma's boy with pull and a brand-new commission can answer the first question. But the second, the real test, is something else again. As it stands today, censorship in this country is stupidly conceived, incompetently staffed, monstrously organized and operated with the greatest show of sheer dumbness since Babe Herman stole third with the bases loaded. I could write a book."

AND we hope he writes it. Or better, that censorship consults with Professor Clark before it's a day older. In the meantime we are sending out a few investigators instructed to look into the working methods of the Carsen Associates. We're not quite sure who the Carsen Associates are, but we've been notified that they've recently polled newspaper columnists seeking the answer to what we've always considered a ridiculously easy question: "Which magazine do you consider the most important?" Of course, the quest was a flop. Carsen Associates come up with the importance of magazines in this order: Time, Reader's Digest, Collier's, Saturday Evening Post and, all tied, Newsweek, Life, Harpers and Foreign Affairs. And all the Carsen Associates had to do was to ask us and learn the facts. The most important, most interesting, most comprehensive, best edited, best written, biggest bargain magazine is— Oh, all right! . . . W. D.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

For this probably means that it is an 01 and thus probably carries many of the features of American fighting planes—armor plate, leakproof gas tanks, heavier armament, or perhaps sturdier construction.

These are the factors in which our fighter craft outclass the Zeros. For just as we are seeking more maneuverability and faster climb in our planes, so are the Japanese trying to "beef up" and give more punch to their fighters.

TEN months of war have produced an honor roll of American fighting men that will rank with the great heroes of all time. Many—such as Kelly, O'Hare, Wheless and Powers—are household names, yet among the rest are many of equal feat if not renown.

Not the least of these are two Navy airmen named Gayler and Dickinson. Their achievements, taken separately, may not have been as spectacular as some others, but in one sense they are unique.

Each might be termed a "consistent hero," for each won citation as a fighting pilot not once, not twice, but three times. Each holds the distinction of having thrice received the coveted Navy Cross—an achievement never before accomplished in naval history.

Dickinson—Lieutenant Clarence Earle Dickinson, Jr.—got into action at Pearl Harbor. Returning from a scouting mission on December 7th, he was attacked by a number of Jap planes. His gunner killed in the first blast and his plane set afire and out of control, Dickinson continued to fight until the flames forced him to abandon it. Landing, he made his way to the air station and manned another plane on a long pursuit flight without telling his superiors of what was later officially described as his "earlier harrowing ordeal."

Three days afterward, Dickinson won a Gold Star for the Navy Cross he had earned on December 7th by attacking and bombing a Jap submarine on the surface, in the face of heavy antiaircraft fire.

On February 1, 1942, Lieutenant Dickinson scored direct bomb hits on a large enemy ship at a Nipponese base in the Marshall Islands. This feat won him the Air Medal, a lesser honor than the Navy Cross.

Then, in the Battle of Midway, Dickinson received a second Gold Star for his Navy Cross—the equivalent of a third Cross—for having "boldly pressed home devastating attacks against the Japanese invasion fleet."

Gayler — Lieutenant Noel Arthur Meredyth Gayler—won his first Navy Cross in the action that brought fame to Lieutenant "Butch" O'Hare. Heading a division of carrier-based fighters, he engaged a flight of Jap bombers at close range, shot down one unassisted and helped to down two others.

Three weeks later, "in a distant enemy area," he shot down an enemy fighter and then bombed and strafed two Jap destroyers in the face of heavy antiaircraft fire. His third Navy Cross came in the battle of the Coral Sea. It was for "extraordinary heroism" in shooting down two Nips and probably accounting for two others.

Gayler (pronounced Guyler) is 28 and the son of a Navy captain. He was born in Birmingham, Alabama, and is now a test pilot at the Anacostia, D. C., Naval air station. Dickinson, 29, was born in Jacksonville, Florida, and is now an instructor in combat tactics at the Corpus Christi, Texas, air training station. J. G. N.

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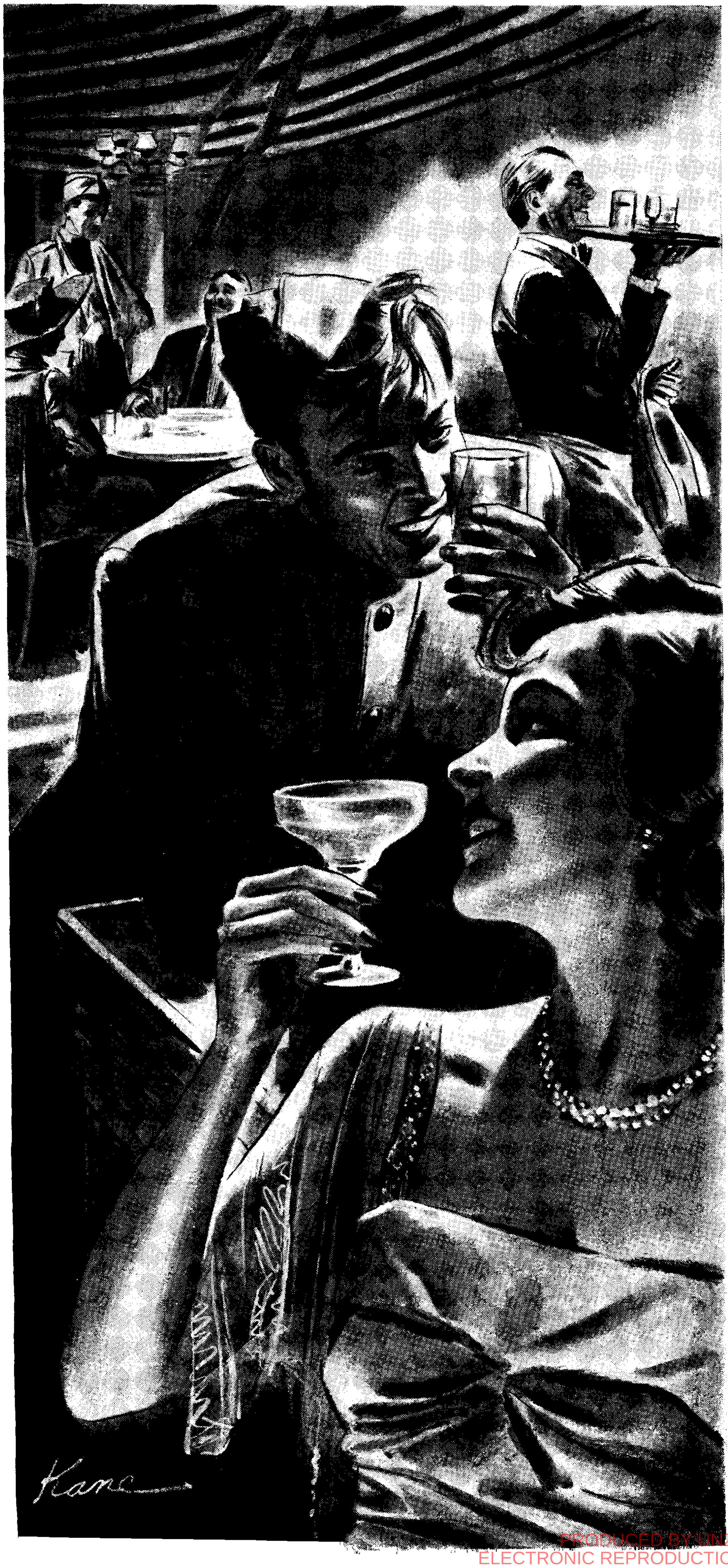
FAMILY AFFAIR

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY KANE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



THE governor's face was haggard. He sat at his desk and stared at the clock. It was twenty minutes past three. In the morning.

In a few hours a boy named Jerry Slater would be executed—unless the governor picked up the phone. His lips drew in to form a bitter line. It added to the weariness of his face—a heavy face, powerful, with daubs of silver in the thick brown hair above it.

When the phone rang, the voice of the operator said in anxiety, "I'm sorry, Governor. It's Mrs. Slater. I hate to disturb you—"

"Put her on." He looked at the papers in front of him. The commission had refused Jerry Slater any mercy; had refused to recommend pardon or reprieve. The boy had deliberately murdered two men in the course of a robbery; and a third man a year ago. He had all but boasted of his exploits.

"Governor!" The boy's mother spoke in a desperate voice. "Have—have you done it?"

"I haven't done anything."

"There are only a few hours left." She sounded frantic.

"I know. I'm sorry."

"You're my last court of appeal—my only hope—"

"He murdered those men."

"But you *can't* have him killed! You can't!"

The governor said, "I've considered all that, Rose."

"You know what will happen!"

"Yes. You've told me."

"And yet you won't—"

"I'm sorry. I can't. . . ."

He rose presently, went to the draped window, and gazed out into the night. His hands were clasped behind his back.

It was during the last war that he'd met Rose Slater, when he'd come home with the other casualties. He remembered how he'd been tortured by visions of Sid and Tony and Red—his buddies—being shot to pieces beside him in the trench. He'd needed relief from those visions and he'd tried to drink himself into oblivion. That was when he'd met Rose Slater—at some bar in New York. They'd had a week together. And when he'd become sober and gone to the Midwest, they'd parted without any nonsense about love. There had never been a question of love. He forgot Rose Slater for a year or two. It was only after he'd married and run for the State Assembly, with his name in the papers, that she had located him—and written him that now there was Jerry.

She'd been pretty decent about it, he had to concede. After he'd given her a little money and helped her get a state job, she'd never troubled him again.

And now this.

"You've *got* to save him!" she had said when she'd come to see him. Her manner had been wild. "You can't let him die. He's *yours*."

"The law, Rose—"

"Damn the law! I've never talked to you like this before—I never intended to—but if you don't save him, I'm going to see that everybody knows about us, about him—"

"*Rose!*"

"I swear I will! And don't think I can't prove it. I still have the letter you sent me when I first wrote you about it years ago. You acknowledged him—"

There was no point recalling the rest of it. The governor went back to his desk. He sat down heavily, an old man.

He'd had ambitions. The United States Senate. After that—well, nobody could tell. He was only forty-eight. But if he didn't save the boy, if he allowed Rose Slater to speak to the newspapers, there'd be no future.

He'd needed relief from those visions and he'd tried to drink himself into oblivion. That was when he had met Rose Slater—at some bar in New York

The governor began to look through the pages of the boy's record. He had studied them a hundred times. 1936, indicted for burglary, acquitted. 1938, convicted of burglary—one year in prison. 1940, convicted of burglary, sentence three years; 1941, escaped in the prison break, when a warden had been killed; never found until . . . 1942, seized after murdering two men with pistol fire during commission of burglary.

His son's record. The governor closed his eyes. How could he free a boy like that? A boy who should have been in the Army but who, instead, admitted the murder of three men. . . . Rose Slater had said, "If you don't save him I'm going to see that everybody knows about us."

Throughout the night the governor thought not only of his career. He thought of his wife, of his two daughters. It was going to be pretty bad for them. A sickening mess.

The phone rang, and the operator said, "It's Mrs. Slater again, Governor—"

"Tell her you can't reach me. No more calls."

Until six in the morning he sat there, staring at the wall. Strange thoughts passed through his mind, and among them was the oath he had taken to do his duty as governor, so help him God. But more often than any other thought came the memory of Rose Slater's threat. . . . And he fixed his mind on how his wife would take the news. . . .

At six, looking quite sick, the governor picked up the phone and asked to be connected with the warden at Lakeville Prison. He waited until someone at the prison answered. Then, his face suddenly rocky, the governor said, "Never mind," and put the phone down.

IT WAS early afternoon when his secretary came in to say, "Mrs. Slater to see you, Governor. She has no appointment, but—"

"Send her in."

She seemed ill when she entered—a small woman, slim, decently dressed in dark clothes. Tears had swollen her eyes.

For a long time they looked at each other in silence. She whispered at last, "Well, it's over. He—he's dead."

"I know."

"In spite of everything I said, you let him go."

"I had to, Rose. It was the only honest thing I could do." The governor swallowed. He looked at a pencil. "I suppose you've already told—about us?"

"I've told, yes." Her voice was quiet. When he nodded, hopelessly, she added, "But only to one man. He advised me not to—not to spread the news. He said it couldn't bring Jerry back to life; ruining you wouldn't help matters. Besides, he said, you'd probably gone through enough hell last night. . . . And I'm taking his advice." Rose Slater opened her purse and tossed a yellowed letter to the desk. "You may as well have it. It's the only proof I could have offered."

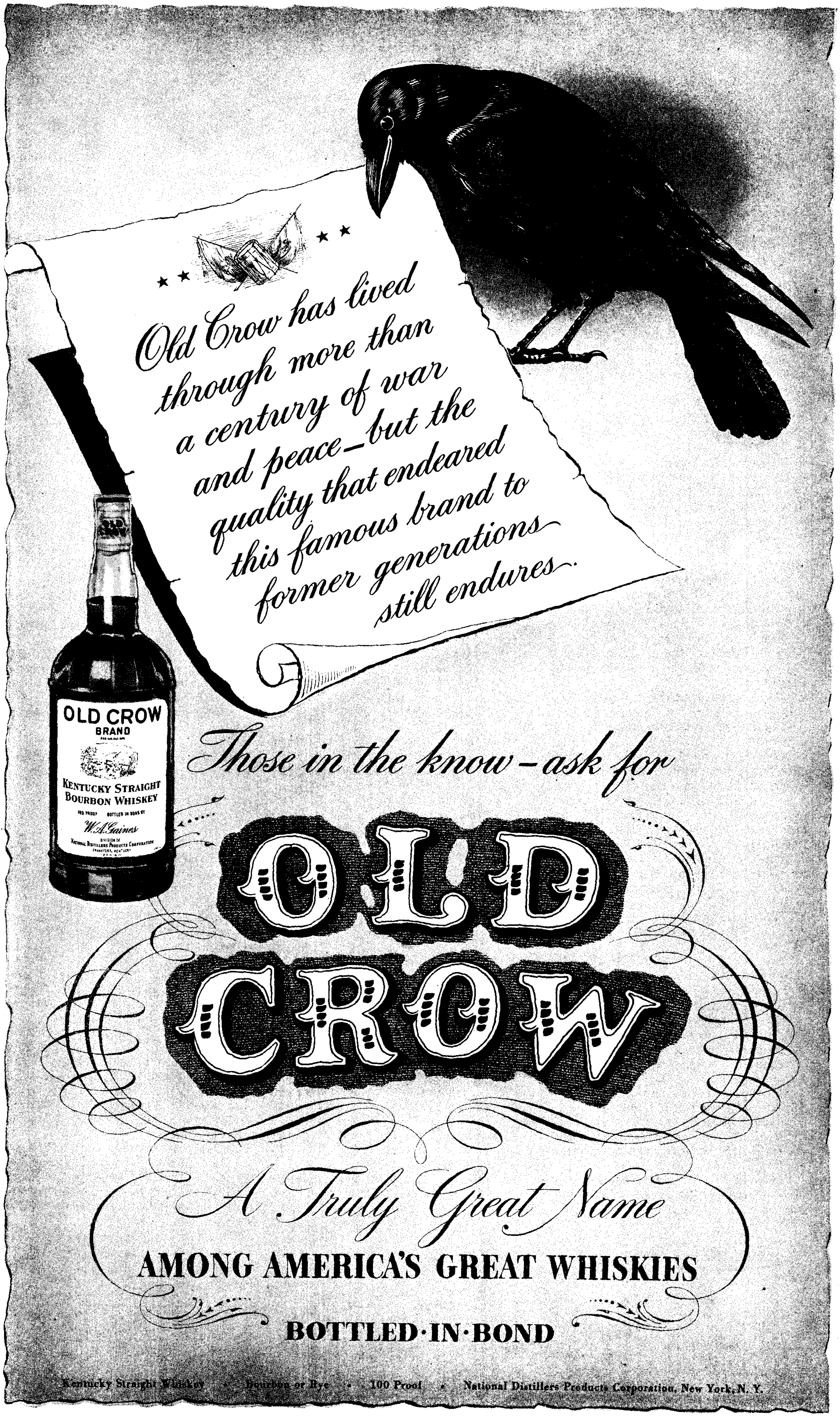
The governor was too shaken to talk at once. He had to wet his lips.

"This—" He was hoarse, and he cleared his throat. "This is mighty fine of you, Rose."

"I'm not doing it because I'm fine. I'm just taking the advice of a man whose advice I value."

"Who?" the governor asked.

"Jerry. They let me see him for a few minutes before the end. He said, 'Aw, I've got it coming to me. Give the old man a break. Just leave him alone, Ma. He's got to play it his way—just like I had to play it mine.'"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Let the Girl Down Gently

Continued from page 21

"Hendricks. John Hendricks."

"I'm Georgia Stockbridge. Everybody calls me Georgie, though I think Georgia is prettier. Isn't it funny?"

"Funny?" said John, blinking.

"To be named after an entire state. Dad says it's because I was initially a state of mind. You don't have much fun, do you?"

"As much as most, in times like these—"

"The folks are back here," said Georgie.

"If I could just ph—"

"Visitor," called Georgie, voice high and sweet.

A man in awesomely disreputable slacks and sweatshirt, and a woman who looked like Georgie twenty years from now, were stretched in deck chairs under a tree.

"This is Johnny Kendrick," Georgie told them. "Nan and Eldon Stockbridge, Johnny. They're parents of mine."

The man had coal black hair with gray streaks at the sides. He waved languidly. "Hi, Johnny. Sit?" He indicated the lawn.

"The name," said John, "is Hendricks."

"That's all right, Johnny. You can still sit."

John laced his smile in place. He was not normally called Johnny. Never had it been done under five years. Till now.

"It's such a lovely fall day," said Georgie's mother. Georgie had gotten her eyes from her; the man's were black. "Make lemonade, Georgie. Or an old-fashioned."

It was past time to be firm. This was ridiculous.

"I'm sorry," John said. "I'm in rather a hurry."

"He's a chemist," Georgie explained. "He had a puncture. He doesn't laugh much. In times like these."

John's neck stiffened. A responsible person at a highly important research laboratory, he was not used to being taken lightly.

"His keys are home," Georgie said. "I told him I'd drive him there to get them. Where do you live, Johnny?"

IT WOULD not have been seemly to say, Sydney, Australia. John said, "Burnick."

"Burnick?" said Mrs. Stockbridge. "Do you know a Mrs. Victoria Smather in Burnick?"

"She's my aunt," said John, surprised.

"Oh. That may partially explain it," Mr. Stockbridge said. His arm hung limp over the edge of the deck chair.

"Explain what?" said John. "Look, if I could ph—"

"Is there gas in the family crate, Stocky?" Georgie asked her father.

"I don't know. . . . I guess not."

"Really," John said, "I can't let anyone take this trouble for a total stranger."

"Stranger?" Mrs. Stockbridge widened intensely blue eyes. "I know your aunt, don't I?"

"No gas, hunh?" Georgie said. "Well, we can siphon some out of Johnny's car."

"Tube in the kitchen you can use for siphoning," Stockbridge said. "Stop in when you've come back and changed the tire, Johnny."

Taut with disapproval, John stalked across the lawn with Georgie to his car. The tube trailed from his hand; he didn't trust Georgie to carry it. They got to his coupé and he unlocked the gas cap and inserted the tube, making a wry face as he anticipated the taste of gasoline when he sucked it to get the siphoning started.

"No," said Georgie. "Like this." She screwed her red lips up and contorted her face gruesomely.

"What on earth . . ."

"I'm just trying to help you," she said meekly. "Oh. Oh!"

"Now what?"

"We've nothing to put it in. You forgot to bring a can."

"*I* forgot—"

"Never mind. We can push your car up our driveway and back against ours in the garage and—"

"A can," said Johnny, "would almost certainly be easier."

THREE quarters of an hour passed before they were in the Stockbridge car and rolling toward Burnick. It was a sedan, with sound effects.

"Does your wife like to live in a little place like Burnick?" said Georgie, skimming past a bridge pier with a full eighth inch to spare.

"I'm not married," John answered briefly.

"You're not? How old are you—forty?"

"I'm twenty-nine," John ground out.

"I'll be darned. Engaged?"

"Yes," said John. The girl was quite mad. She looked back at the road just in time to miss a head-on collision with a car full of soldiers. The soldiers cheered. John was almost bounced out of his seat. "I am engaged to Miss Helen Perkins, of Elizabeth," he said when he got his breath back. It was practically true.

"And you're a chemist," Georgie said.

He nodded. For conversation's sake, he said, "What do you do?"

"Me? Oh, I whistle."

She pursed red lips and trilled a song. They were crawling past a truck at the moment. As they drew level with the cab, the driver applauded, and Georgie nodded graciously to her rear-view mirror and swerved away from the ditch just in time.

"This has been good of you, Miss Stockbridge," John said firmly, at Burnick, "but I don't want to impose on you any more. I—I'll get a friend to drive me back."

"How silly," Georgie said. "You've got to come back with me."

"Now look here, Georgie—"

"I have to go back anyway, don't I? Does it save rubber for me to go back alone while you come in another car? You say her name is Helen Perkins?"

John sighed. . . .

In his small flat that Sunday night, John couldn't stop simmering. Of all the crazy afternoons! Of all the fluff-headed girls! The first thing he'd done when he finally got home again was snap the extra tire lock key savagely on the spare key ring. Then he'd gone to his aunt's house for dinner.

Now he tried to read and just simmered. Johnny! Did the girl think she was being irresistible or something, getting so familiar so soon? No, Georgie didn't think anything. Ever. She hadn't the equipment for it.

He simmered a little all next day at the lab, but by nightfall he grudgingly remembered his manners. He had finally fled, the afternoon before, without really thanking Mr. Stockbridge for the use of his car. He paused in front of the small house on the big lawn.

The door opened after a while. He looked down into very wide, very blue eyes, and, this time, at faded green overalls.

"No," John said, "I'm not him. I'm obviously not a sergeant. If there actually is a sergeant. Is your father in?"

"He isn't back from Princeton yet," said Georgie. She stepped aside for him to enter, which he did not do.

He felt like saying, "Still trying to graduate?" but he didn't do that, either. "Princeton?" he repeated.

"He teaches," Georgie said. "Indo-Aryan languages."

"He wh—" John cleared his throat, a thing that was apparently becoming a habit of his. "Well, thank him for me, will you?"

"Why, you thanked him yesterday, Johnny," Georgie said. "Quite nicely, too."

"I did? But I thought—" John edged backward. It seemed this brainlessness was contagious. "Well, then, I . . . Thank him again for me."

"Thank *you*, Johnny," Georgie said. "See you tomorrow."

HE FLED again. As soon as he got to his apartment he called a well-thumbed Elizabeth number.

"Helen?"

It was a relief to hear her cool, sane voice. Helen Perkins, thank heavens, always made sense.

"This is Johnny," he said. Then, furiously, "I mean John! Are you doing anything tomorrow evening? I'll drop around at six, from the lab, and we'll have dinner. What do you say?"

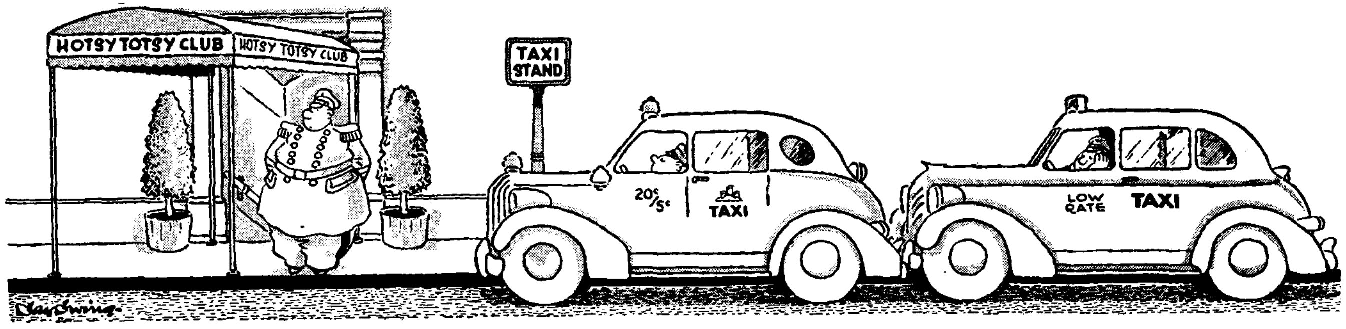
"It sounds very nice, John." He could see her composed nod of approval. There was never a time when Helen Perkins was not composed. Also there would never be a time when she wore faded blue overalls on a Sunday afternoon.

"See you at six," he said. Then, tentatively, "Darling."

"At six," Helen said. "Dear."

"That for you, Georgie," John said to the phone. "See me tomorrow, will you?"

But it began to worry him after a while, and the feeling carried over into



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the next day. There'd been absolutely no reason for Georgie to say, "See you tomorrow," and he had certainly not replied in a way to make her think she would. Yet perhaps she actually expected it and was planning for it. He'd better phone and be sure she was set straight on it.

Eldon Stockbridge, Gracemoor. He found the number and called it. A man's voice answered, and it was not the voice of Mr. Stockbridge.

"Hello," John said, surprised. He said, impulsively, "Who are you?"

"Sergeant Smith."

So there really was a sergeant. But what was a sergeant doing hanging around the Stockbridge place?

"Who are you?" asked the voice.

"John Kendrick. I mean Hendricks."

"Can't you make up your mind?"

"Please tell Miss Stockbridge I called," John said with dignity.

"She's right here—"

"Never mind, just say I called!"

John hung up, fuming, and presently went to dinner with Helen.

It was a nice dinner. It was at the Chop House, where quaint tablecloths do not cloud the issue, which is food. Helen was nice to him. She put her hand under his arm and hugged it a little as they went to a movie. John appreciated this. He would have appreciated it more if he had not kept thinking of Georgie and how much he disliked girls of that type.

"What?" he said.

The picture seemed to have ended, and Helen was struggling into her wrap. Hastily he reached to help her.

"I said, wasn't it a good picture?" Helen repeated.

"Oh, fine. Fine." They started slowly toward her father's large and extremely costly home. Mr. Perkins' income from corporation law was quite impressive, pre-taxes.

Helen smilingly increased their pace. "Week night, John. Work to do tomorrow. And you're doing yours so well. You're so important at the laboratory."

JOHN appreciated Helen's serious nature. She was refreshingly different from Georgie—

But why think of Georgie? He wouldn't think of Georgie! He left for home, with little loitering at Helen's door since, as she'd said, it was a week night. Ought to get to bed early.

He had no idea whatever of stopping before the Stockbridge house, but as he drew near, it occurred to him to go slowly, with his bright lights on, and see if there were any more nails strewn around. Only simple decency.

He coasted before the house at walking speed, and as he passed a bush Georgie called in soft surprise, "Why, hello, Johnny."

He stopped, scowling. It would have been too boorish to step on the gas as he wanted to. Why had Georgie had to be here at the curb at just this time instead of on her porch where she belonged? This was what he got for trying to do his fellow motorists a favor.

A small figure came from the shadow of the bush, accompanied by a large figure with an Army cap on top of it.

Georgie said, "Johnny, this is Sergeant Smith. But I forgot. You already know him, don't you? You met him on the phone."

"Hi, pal," said Sergeant Smith, unsmiling. He put Commando training in his handshake.

John winced and said, "How are you?"

"The sergeant was just leaving," said Georgie.

"Yeah," the sergeant said. "It'll be nice to get a lift from you, chum."

"Lift?" said John. "Oh, yes, of course." It was an out for him. How splendid!

"Nice of you to come to see me, Johnny," Georgie told him. "But it's a little late, don't you think? See you tomorrow."

JOHN took the sergeant as far as Burnick. It was a silent trip. He said, at Burnick, "How will you manage from here?"

"Oh, I'll get a lift back," said Sergeant Smith.

"Back?" repeated John.

"Yeah. Camp's back the other way. Thanks, pal."

John went rather murderously to bed, but not to sleep. When the sergeant returned on his idiotic double trip, did he go on past Georgie's house? Or stop? Not that it mattered to him personally, John assured himself. It was just that Georgie was such a harebrained little moron that she might be taken advantage of by a guy who ended all his sentences with pal, or chum.

"Well, what if she is?" he snapped at last. "I'm going to sleep."

He wondered if Sergeant Smith had brutally kissed her in the shadow of that big bush.

That was Tuesday.

On Wednesday he dined in Elizabeth so that it would be dark before he started home, and he went fast through Gracemoor. On Thursday, though, he paused at the white clapboard house. It would take about a minute to give Georgie a little sane advice. He could spare a minute.

"Hello, Johnny," Mr. Stockbridge's voice came sleepily from the porch swing. "Georgie's out. Back any minute, though. Sit?"

"Why, I—" John said. "No, thank you. I have to run. Just stopped a minute."

Stockbridge swung one leg slowly over the back of the swing. The resulting pose was scarcely professorial.

"Concerned about the sergeant, Johnny?"

"Certainly not!" said Johnny. "Well, really, I must—"

"Ham and potato salad for dinner, Johnny."

"That's nice of you, but I must go."

However, steps tapped out and Georgie came in view, small and fragile-looking in a tan frock whose low square neck made her throat and shoulders and arms seem molded softly out of honey and amber. John looked frantically around for escape, but there was none.

"Wish you luck, Johnny," said Stockbridge, eyes closed. "Not that it'll do any good," he added reflectively.

John was still thinking this over as he went home at one o'clock. He decided that it couldn't possibly mean what it seemed to mean. He also thought for a moment of the kiss bestowed on him just before he left. But that didn't mean anything, either. She was just grateful for his impersonal advice about sergeants.

His phone was ringing as he entered his flat. It was Helen—a rather corrosive Helen. She said, "At first I thought it was extra work that held you up, but when I finally phoned the lab they said you'd gone hours ago."

John's jaw sagged as he remembered, quite a few hours too late, that he'd had an engagement with Helen this evening. It had slipped his mind completely. Never before in all his nearly thirty years had he done a thing so outrageous.

"What have you to say about it?" Helen asked politely.

John didn't seem to have anything to say about it. But he tried; he thought fast. "Listen, Geo—Helen, I got roped into—"

He hadn't thought fast enough. The click had sounded just before the L in listen.

"That Georgie!" John grated.

It wasn't fatal. Helen called him next day at the lab, to John's relief. Her voice forgave. She didn't ask excuses, which was nice of her; John had one, but the thing was rather lame.

"We'll make it up tonight," he said contritely. He offered sacrifice. "Bridge with the folks? If they're not busy?"

"It sounds nice. I think they'd love it."

John respected Helen's parents, but had never felt warm springs of affection gush within his breast for them. Mr. Perkins had a way of jutting his jaw at you when he made a statement. Mrs. Perkins was as massive-looking as a fortress and quite as invincible. John had only known one other woman as impregnable, and that was his Aunt Victoria Smather.

THEY played good bridge. John at best was only fair, and tonight he was not at his peak. He kept thinking illogically of Georgie, of the absurd blueness of her eyes, of her teetering heels designed to add to her height, of the exasperating distraction visited on all within her range. He supposed she'd marry some day. He pitied the unsuspecting candidate.

Altogether he thought too much of why he disapproved of Georgie and too little of bridge; and this, and another related problem, Helen took up smoothly later when Mr. and Mrs. Perkins had gone upstairs to a couple of the nine bed- and bathrooms.

"We do have fun, don't we, John?" Helen murmured. Her tone was soft but her eyes said, *Look here, my lad, it's time we had this out.*

"I'd rather be with you than anyone I know." *A girl has a right to know where she stands.*

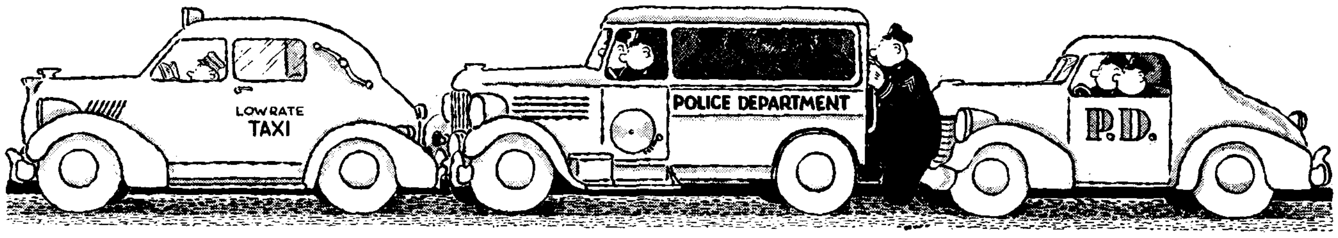
"The three years we've gone around together have been nice, haven't they?" *Best years of a girl's life, my boy, and don't forget it.*

"Father likes you so much, John." *So?*

John hesitated only a second, then charged—if you could call it that—down this broad, well-lighted highway.

"Helen," he said. "I . . . Helen. We . . ."

"Oh, John," she breathed. "I think it



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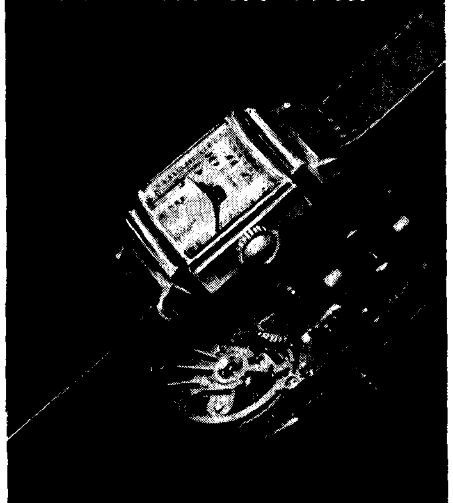

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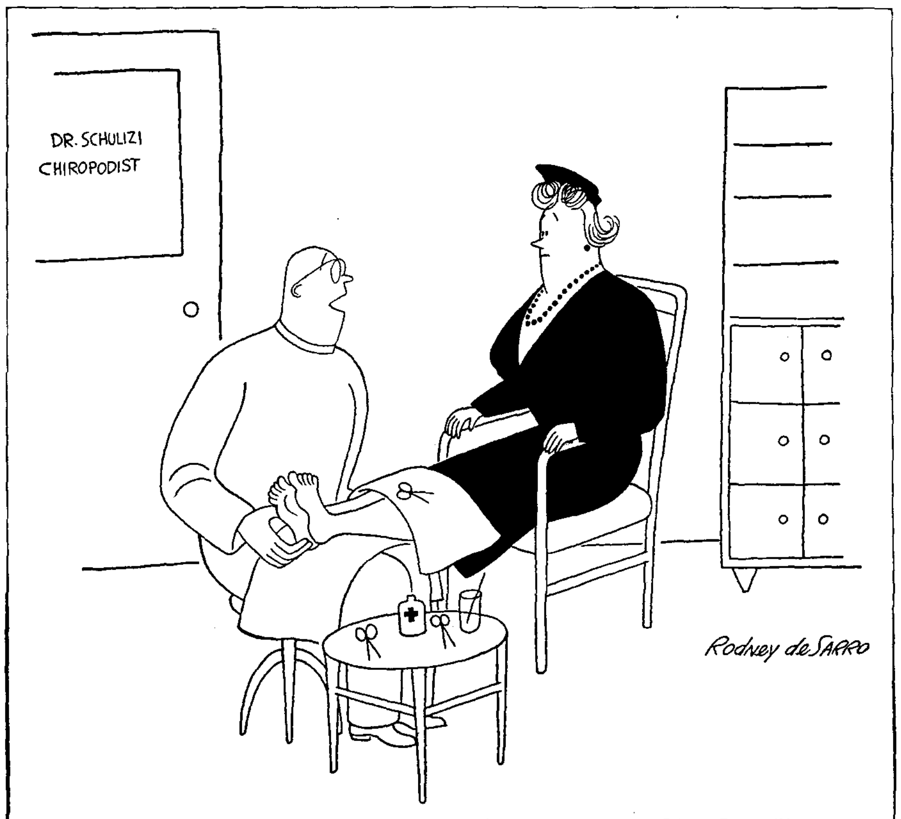


"How long have your dogs been bothering you, Mrs. Lake?"

would be wonderful. November? The folks would love it if we set the date then, on their own wedding anniversary."

"Wonderful," said John. "I'll tell Aunt Victoria—"

"We'll both tell her," said Helen. "Right away. John, isn't it marvelous?"

"Just marvelous," said John.

It was a week night. Work tomorrow. "Good night," he said soberly. "Dear."

"Good night. Darling."

He didn't quite thumb his nose as he rolled past the white clapboard house. *That was not a John Hendricks kind of* thing to do, and anyhow, there was no reason for the impulse. Why feel defiant when there's nothing to defy?

But—was there nothing?

John was a kindly person. Georgie was nothing but an irritant to him, but all the same he didn't want her to be hurt. She was such a vulnerable little person with her trusting wide blue eyes and her impulsiveness.

John had never stopped at the Stockbridge home without having some reason for it that did not in the least concern Georgie, but in her naïve way she might have figured that he'd come these several times because he was drawn to her. She might be building just a little on false hopes, erecting dream castles soon to be rudely shattered.

It was a poignant thought, persisting in John's mind till quitting time next day, Saturday. By then he'd decided that he had a duty to perform. He, personally, must see that Georgie was let down as gently as possible. A couple of deft sentences should do the trick.

However, at the Stockbridge door at six, his kindly impulse was bombed to bits and wrath replaced it.

"Oh, dear, I wish I'd known you intended to stop anyway," Georgie said, lips and eyes beaming up at him. Somehow it had worked out that he held both her hands instead of one. "I've been trying just everywhere to get you."

John dropped her hands. "Everywhere?" he said guardedly.

"Yes. I phoned the laboratory and you'd left, and I phoned your aunt and then I phoned the Perkins house."

John reeled. "You—you phoned the . . ."

"It must have been Helen Perkins that answered. Hasn't she a nice, cool voice? She said you weren't there, either."

"Georgie! Why on earth would you—the girl I'm going to marry!"

"Well, you aren't married yet, are you? And even if you were, is it so awful for good friends to want to see each other?"

John counted ten for self-control. He counted twenty more while all the implications of this attitude came crashing home. He could see Georgie periodically calling Helen and asking sweetly where Helen's fiancé was. Or Helen's husband. How conducive to matrimonial felicity that would be!

Something must be done. And fast.

And then the answer came—a lovely answer, though perhaps a trifle deadly.

He'd throw Georgie to his Aunt Victoria Smather.

He almost felt a qualm; it was like pitting a butterfly against a steam roller; but circumstances warranted it. Nothing else could crush Georgie back into her cocoon with such frozen finality. He'd be definitely purged of her.

"I wanted to ask you here to dinner tonight," Georgie was babbling on. "Sergeant Smith is coming, too."

"Smith!" exploded John. "That—" He cleared his throat. "That's odd," he said, with smiling guile. "I stopped to ask you to have dinner with me tonight. With my aunt and me. It's short notice, but . . . No, no—just as you are. Slacks will be perfectly all right." Which was diabolical. Even when she dined alone, Aunt Vic had dinners served, course by course, by her creaking butler, with unvarying pomp.

JOHN could afford to be pleasant with this rather lovely nuisance since she was so soon to be flattened from his life. He helped her gallantly from the coupé in front of the somber Smather home, and even smiled, instead of scowling, at the sight of her teetering up the walk. High heels—and slacks. There goes Georgie.

The butler, personifying gloomy etiquette, led them to what Aunt Vic still called the drawing room.

High ceiling, tall windows, 1890 furniture with prim lace doilies over everything. Strange and fearful lamps. And on the stiff, high-backed sofa near the black marble fireplace—Aunt Victoria.

It was perfect. It was just as John had visioned. Aunt Vic, heavy boned and regal, rose and swept toward them.

"I thought you wouldn't mind if I brought a guest for dinner," John said innocently.

"But of course," his aunt said, looking puzzled. She ruddered majestically to Georgie. John felt almost sorry for the small person in slacks and high heels. In a moment Georgie would be overwhelmed by this tidal wave of will and power.

"Georgie Stockbridge!" said Aunt Vic. "How very nice to see you!"

"Vickie!" Georgie cried, putting her arms around the formidable shoulders and kissing the terrifying cheek.

JOHN, from that moment, was more or less blacked out. . . .

He was still figuratively staggering when he came back to the big house for a few minutes after taking Georgie home. He walked up and down before his aunt. He said dazedly:

"I didn't know you knew Georgie Stockbridge."

"You never asked me," said his aunt. "Do sit down, John. Stop pacing."

John sat down. For a moment.

"Did you have to greet her like a long-lost daughter?"

"How should I have greeted her?" said Aunt Vic. "As far as that goes, she might have been my daughter."

She said: "Stop gaping, John. In all the time this was your home, didn't you ever hear me speak of Eldon?"

"Oh, my gosh!" said John. "Of course! But I never connected it with Stockbridge. You mean, you? Georgie's father?"

"Yes," his aunt sighed. She didn't look normal. Her face was almost soft. "I was going to marry Eldon, but a frivolous little chit named Nancy took one look at him and decided that she wanted him. She got him. I worked, too." She sighed again, reflectively, then said, "Poor Johnny!"

"Now look here," stormed John. "You know that Helen Perkins and I have an understanding. In fact, it's more than that, now."

"It *was* more than that," Aunt Vic corrected. "When you phoned this morning and coyly said there'd be a dinner guest, I somehow didn't think it would be Georgie Stockbridge."

John faltered, "When I phoned? This—? *Helen!*"

"That's who I thought was coming," said his aunt.

John's exclamation was past spelling. He jumped for the phone. A glacial voice at the Perkins residence informed him that Miss Helen Perkins was not in, late as it was.

John moaned. To forget one date with Helen was bad enough. To forget two in one week, and the second a dinner at which they'd meant to announce their wedding day, was insane.

They'd tell his Aunt Victoria "right away," Helen had said last night. This morning he'd phoned her and set tonight as the time. Then he had phoned his aunt to expect a guest.

And this afternoon he'd forgotten the whole thing!

That Georgie! She was strictly a disease. Like brain fever.

He sped to Elizabeth next morning at his full thirty-five miles an hour, but it was in a spirit of complete hopelessness that he stopped in front of the Perkins mansion. The hopelessness was justified at the door.

"Miss Perkins is not in," said the Perkins houseman.

John could hear Miss Perkins' laugh, very gay and punishing, somewhere inside. Probably in the breakfast room. "No, sir, she will not be home all day."

JOHN sat dejectedly in his coupé for a moment, then turned grimly for Gracemoor. Georgie! This was all her fault. That girl! He'd give her a piece of his mind. He thought he'd be able to keep from actually strangling her, if he exercised an iron self-control, but what he'd tell her—

"Johnny!" Georgie said. She kissed him. She had on the same disgraceful faded overalls she'd worn last Sunday. Last Sunday! Just a week ago! Before, he'd lived in neat contentment, ignorant of the existence of such a disruptive influence.

"How nice of you to surprise us!" She kissed him again. "Scrambled eggs and little gold sausages, Johnny. Come along."

"I didn't come here for—" Johnny began.

"Hi, Johnny," said Eldon Stockbridge, ensconced at the head of the Sunday breakfast board. He started dishing out a fourth plate of eggs and sausage. "Sit."

"I do hope you didn't have another puncture," said Nancy Stockbridge, who had decided at sight, many years ago, that her man was inexorably hers.

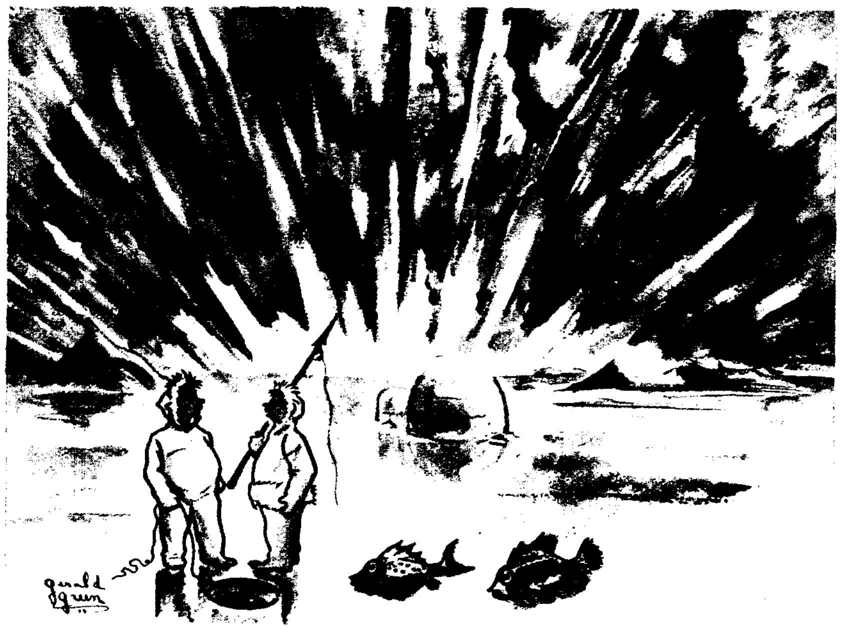
"No," said Johnny. "That isn't the reason I came in. I came . . . I . . ."

He sat down in front of the seductive plate.

"It doesn't matter," he sighed.

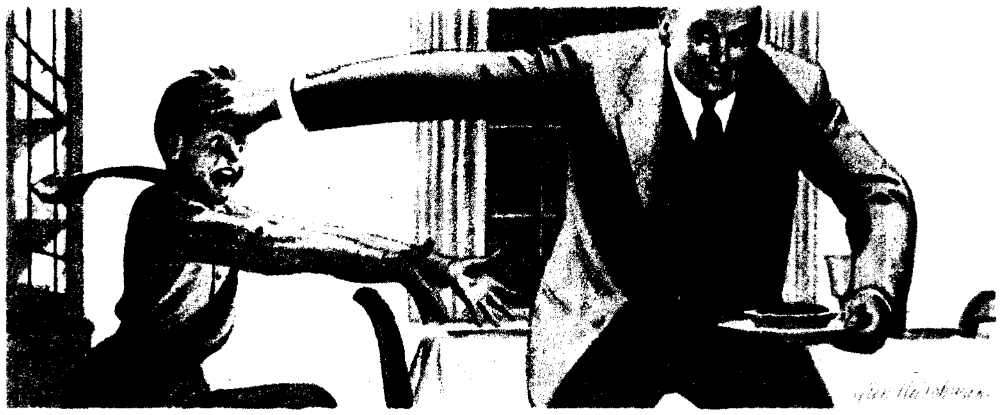
From across the table, wide blue eyes regarded him with comfortable possessiveness.

THE END



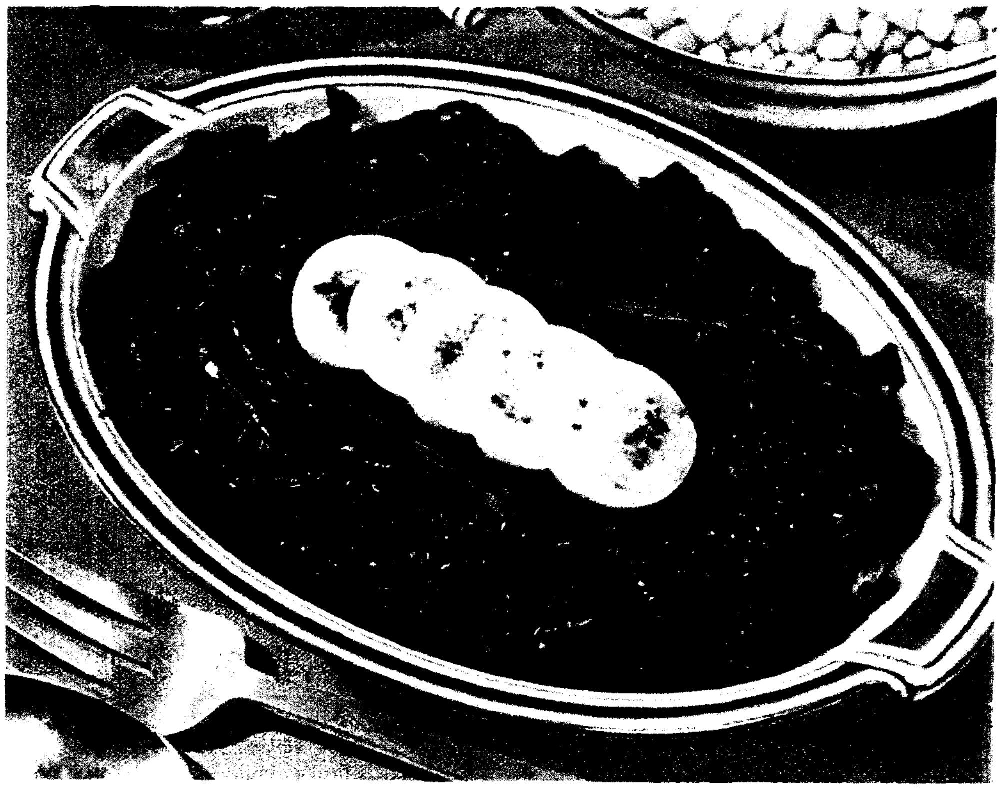
COLLIER'S "You can't tell these days whether it's the Aurora Borealis, or an R.A.F. raid over Germany" GERALD GREEN

A most delicious Spinach ...and NO SAND!



1. Here's a spinach whose flavor matches summer's tastiest. It's Birds Eye *Thick-leaf* Spinach . . . *garden-fresh right now!*

2. Quick-freezing captures the just-picked flavor, the vitamins and minerals, the instant the Spinach is cleaned.

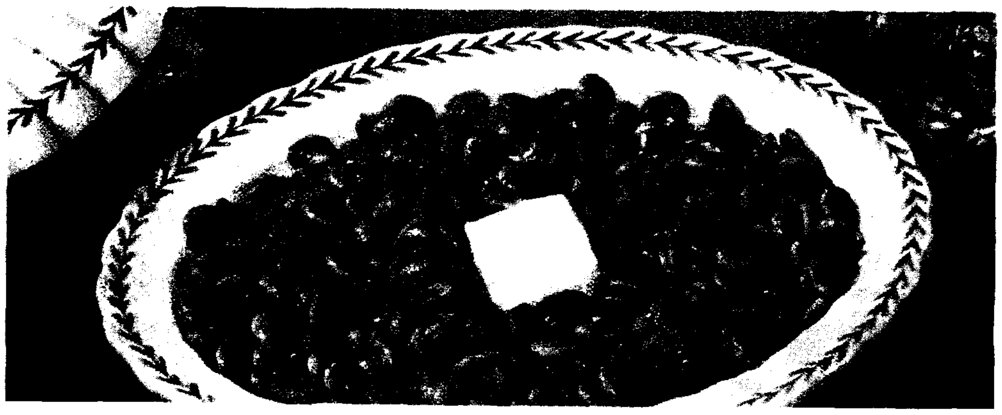


3. Work-free! We cut all the stalks, sort out droopy leaves, wash out *all* sand . . . *save you 20 MINUTES' work!* One box serves 4. Try it, today.

Uncle Sam, how's this for Nutrition?

VITAMIN	A	B_1	C	G	IRON	COPPER
THE SPINACH	3	1	3	1	3	2

1 (FAIR) 2 (GOOD) 3 (EXCELLENT)



4. Both luscious Limas are *garden-fresh*—and *great!* The *new* large, meaty Fordhooks and the small, *melt-in-your-mouth* Baby Limas you've always enjoyed.

5. These tender, tasty Lima Beans come *shelled, washed*—ready to cook. NO WORK! *Quick-Freezing* seals in all their goodness! 1 box serves 4!

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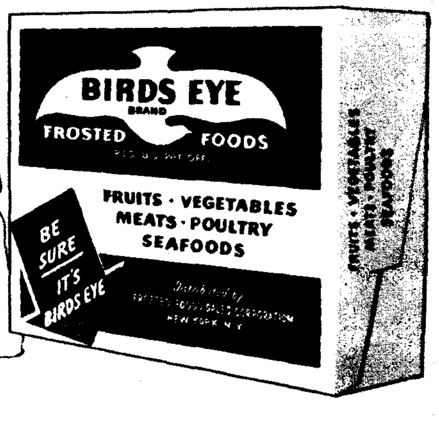

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MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

BY SOCONY-VACUUM

The Fearless Women of Russia

Continued from page 15

"*I'll* never forget my first bombing in its smallest details. It happened in Moscow on the night of the twenty-fifth to the twenty-sixth of July, 1941. My train was carrying a load of explosives, and as soon as the bombing of the city began I was ordered to move out of the station as quickly as I could. Of course, in view of what was happening, my train was a terrible menace. If hit by a bomb it might have blown up everybody and everything for miles around. So off I went full speed with semaphores and signals at clear all down the line—so anxious were the railroad officials to have me get away from the city as far as possible. Behind us the enemy planes were already attacking Moscow.

"All was going well when suddenly I noticed that a plane was following us. The next minute it threw a searchlight on my train, swooped low, circled several times and then dropped something that looked like fireworks. There was a terrific explosion, and a pillar of flame and dust rose in the field to my right. But it was too far off and did not hurt us. Gritting my teeth, I kept going full speed while on both sides of us the bombs continued to fall. Luckily, they never dropped too close, or I would not be here to tell you what happened next.

"Well, just as I was expecting to be blown to bits, the searchlights of Moscow caught the plane that was bombing us and held it in their beams while several of our own planes went after it like hawks. While they were attacking I got away and kept going until I was about fifty miles out. I stopped to catch my breath, started off again and finally reached my destination."

"And is that why you were decorated?" I asked.

She nodded gravely, "Yes, for that and three other *bombioshkas* (a new Russian word for bombardment) though I did not carry explosives the other times. Later on I was transferred from freight to passenger trains. At the present time, as you know, I am on the Moscow-Riazan line. By the way, did you notice my locomotive? It's a beauty. Its name is Sergo, short for Sergei Ordzhonikidze. You see, there are two series of the newest locomotives of that particular type: one is called Sergei Ordzhonikidze and the other Joseph Stalin. These locomotives are the finest, most powerful in the country."

"And how about your family life?" I asked.

The Lure of the Rails

"Oh, I am married but I have no children. My husband is a professor of philosophy; he writes books. Perhaps you've read some of them, they are really good. Usually I'm away for a few days and then I get back and spend a few days at home. During that rest period I live like everybody else: do my housework, read, go to the theater, see our friends. It has been suggested that I take the post of engineer instructor but I'd much rather remain on active duty."

She was very interested in American locomotives and genuinely distressed at my woeful lack of technical knowledge on the subject. However, when I began to describe as graphically as I could the famous Altoona horseshoe and the activities of passenger and freight trains on it, she brightened up considerably. She was very interested when I spoke of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and asked me to give them her warmest regards.

As we parted she promised to show me Sergo, her locomotive, and if possible take me along on a short run. "He shines like the sun and goes like the wind when he has not too heavy a load behind him," she said, "and I know that you'll never forget a ride on Sergo."

My next conversation was with Maria Mayachenko, a young guerrilla fighter or *partizanka* as they call them. I happened to run into her in the office of the Anti-Fascist Women's Committee where I had been collecting some material concerning the activities of this particular group. In a khaki uniform, with a jaunty cap on her blond hair, she looked like a little girl who was playing grown-up. Her face was round, her cheeks red, her eyes very blue and childlike. At a second glance, I noticed that her right hand was bandaged. On her blouse she had a little red stripe showing she had been wounded and had been decorated with the Order of the Red Banner. Introducing myself, I sat down next to her.

"Do you mind if I ask a few questions about yourself?" I said.

A Girl Guerrilla's Story

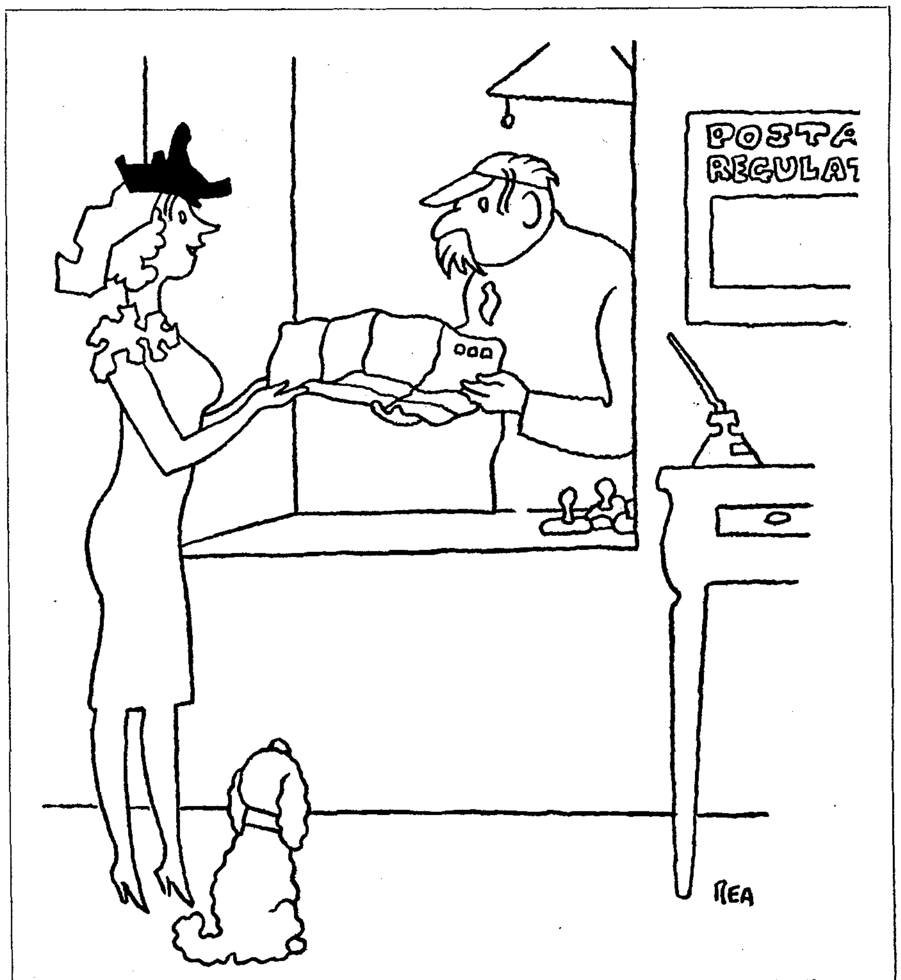
She blushed like a little girl and laughed. "Well, what can I tell you? My name is Maria Mayachenko. I am nineteen, a *partizanka*. I was wounded in one of our guerrilla fights with the Germans and sent here to a hospital. Now I'm nearly well and will soon be going back to my unit."

"Wait a minute. Not so fast, please," I begged. "Tell me where you are from, what guerrilla warfare is like, how you were wounded."

"Very well." She laughed again, then suddenly looked serious. In her eyes came the familiar pained expression of a schoolgirl about to stand up and speak her piece. Then she folded her hands, drew a long breath and began: "I come from Smolensk, where I worked in a veneer plant. On July fifteenth last year my plant was evacuated but I remained behind and went to work as volunteer nurse in one of the medical sanitary battalions which are called *medsanbat* for short. In October we were cut off by the Germans and then I became a *partizanka* in a guerrilla detachment whose headquarters were in a near-by forest. Soon I began to reconnoiter and went from village to village so as to become well acquainted with that part of the country. Sometimes I went alone; sometimes we would go in small groups.

"Well, one day I crept up to an occupied village where the peasants informed me that in a big hut the Germans were having a party, dancing and singing. The peasants also said that the Nazis were not armed. I ran back to our headquarters and told them what was happening. They returned with me, encircled the hut, and soon we had captured twenty German prisoners, whom we turned over to the nearest Red Army unit. From then on I did a lot of reconnoitering. In some cases it was safer to send a girl than a man.

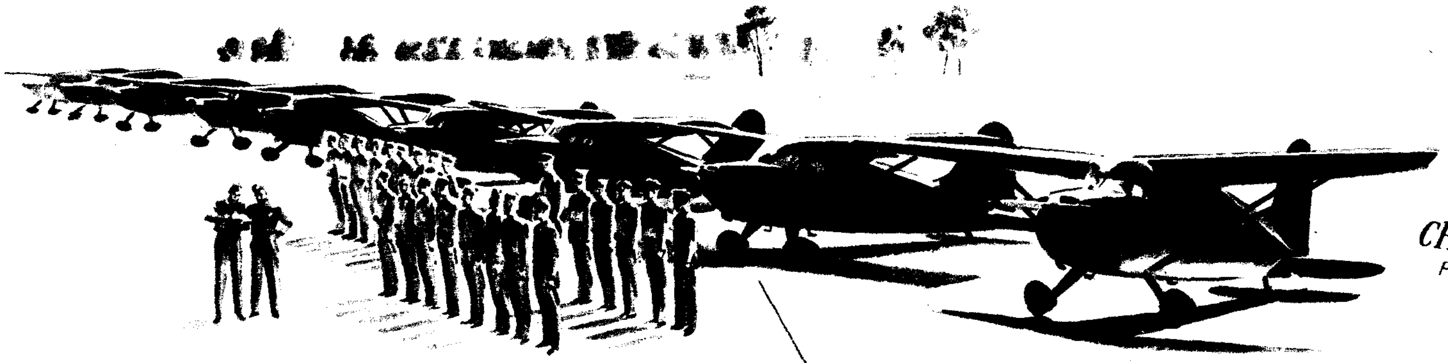
"One day, fighting broke out between our guerrillas and the Germans and I got caught between the two fires. As I crawled on my stomach, a German bullet hit me in my right hand and, as I thought then, another bullet hit me in my leg. I did not feel any pain—only something like a terrific bump followed by a lovely sensation of warmth that spread all over my body. You see, it was a very cold day and I was nearly frozen crawling on that icy ground. But the minute the bullet hit me I got warm all over. I could not move my leg and I was sure that I had been wounded there too. That was strange because later they told me that my leg had not been hit. I lay there very still for a long time and the Germans must have



"Try Iceland first, and if he's not there try France and Australia"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



The Civil Air Patrol is a typically ingenious American organization comprised of 55,000 men and women fliers from every walk of life, voluntarily united into a semi-military organization cooperating with our military air forces. Authorized to patrol shipping lanes on all coasts, the C.A.P. has established itself as one of the most useful and dependable branches of the O.C.D. Champion Spark Plugs are prime favorites with these pilots because they know they are absolutely dependable in their planes as in their cars.

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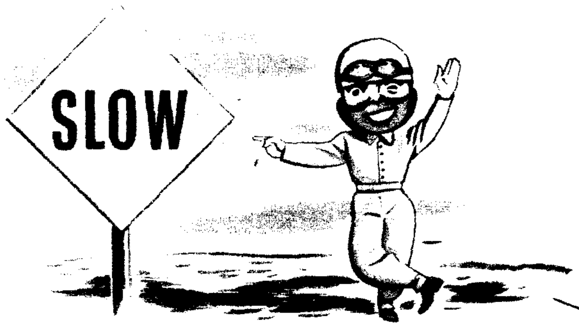

It's squarely up to you to make your car last for the duration. S-L-O-W down your driving habits to conserve your tires. — S-T-R-E-T-C-H the mileage you get from every gallon of gas, to the maximum. Check your spark plugs regularly. Have a Champion Spark Plug Dealer test and clean them every 4,000 miles. These economical practices are your patriotic duty.

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FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

thought that I was dead for they stopped firing at me. Then it grew dark and I started to drag myself toward my own people. It was hard work, but finally I crawled to a safe spot where my comrades picked me up. And that's all."

Next I obtained a permit to visit a military unit of about fifty young women whose organization is somewhat similar to that of our American Waacs. Soon after the outbreak of the war these women left their various civilian occupations as students, teachers, workers, and volunteered to join the Red Army which was then organizing auxiliary women's units. Extremely young, mostly eighteen to twenty-four, the girls I saw were the pick of candidates and had survived the rigid process of elimination.

Though not in the actual fighting ranks of the Red Army, where women are not allowed (guerrilla groups with women fighters are entirely independent), they have passed regular military training courses that have prepared them for special work. Though none of them actually man guns, they are trained in case of emergency to take the place of a gunner.

They Share Red Army's Hardships

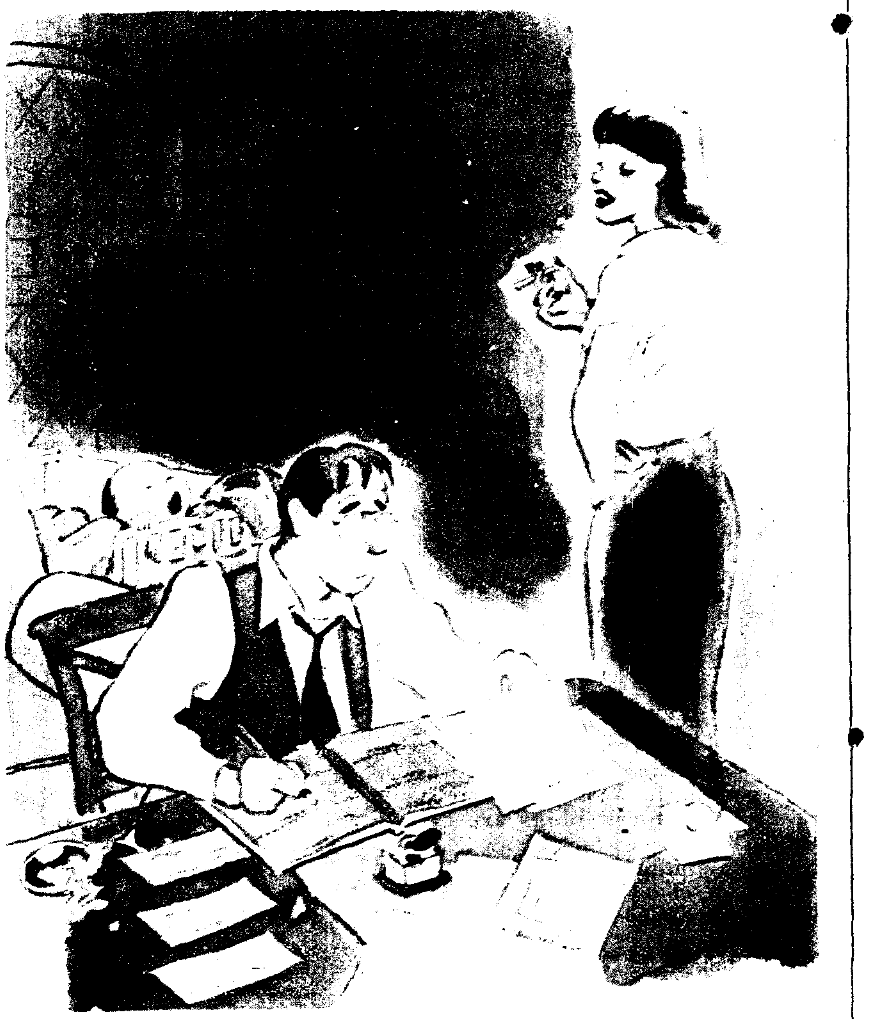
A young woman doctor who graduated at the Moscow Women's Medical Institute and is also a Red Army volunteer has full charge of the girls' health. They all live and eat together in their own special barracks, but they are under Red Army control and, like soldiers, have to conform to the strictest routine. If deserving they can be promoted to commanding officer ranks.

Speaking of women doctors, there is an outstanding one by the name of Nina Notareva, who is the head of one of the principal departments of a large Moscow hospital. Pale and thin after having been badly wounded, she has only recently returned from the front where she was decorated for her work under fire. The outbreak of war found her at Brest Litovsk where she organized one of the first medical sanitary battalions (*medsanbat*), a field hospital that closely followed the army. At times, from five hundred to two thousand wounded would pass through her hospital during a day and night before being evacuated to the rear. With bombs falling on all sides and with many of her staff killed and wounded, Doctor Notareva continued her work until she was wounded herself. Wherever the army went she followed, sharing all its hardships and bitter sufferings. There was so much work for her to do—operations, transfusions, supervising the work of others, seeing that there would be enough medicine for the wounded, enough blankets, enough food.

When Hitler was near Moscow during the Battle of Tarutino, Doctor Notareva carried out on her shoulders more than thirty wounded. But though she is working hard here at the hospital Doctor Notareva wants to return to the front.

"That's where I belong," she said wistfully. "After all, when you've been through it once, something keeps pulling you back there again."

Maria Ivanovna Kuznetzova may be middle-aged and comfortably homely but she is a *stakhanovka* and that to her is of vast importance. Born and reared in a village near Kazan she was the eldest of a large family. When her father moved to Moscow to work in a factory and then sent for his family, Maria started working in his factory where, she told me with pride, they made the most beautiful kerosene lamps. Later she left that factory for another even more interesting one where automobiles were made. And that is where she is working



"But Tom, I think we're lucky to be able to live beyond our income, the way prices have gone up"

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and where she became a *stakhanovka*, or a worker who during the same working hours, say from eight to five, accomplishes more than her companions. She herself devised a new way to speed up the production of the automobile parts she was turning out. Her method was technically verified, approved and adopted by others.

"A great deal, of course, depends on the instruments and material," she said, "but a true *stakhanovka* has to work out all by herself her own system in which she will use the minimum energy to produce a maximum result. My contribution to the war," she told me, "is the fact that I produce twice and occasionally even three times as much as my norm demands during my working hours.

"In the evenings most of the women of our factory get together and we sew for the soldiers at the front. Besides that, we have special classes where we learn to become chauffeurs, nurses' assistants, stretcher-bearers and so on."

Maria is not married, therefore she has plenty of time for all kinds of activities, public work included, and is a deputy of the regional soviet. She was chosen unanimously for the post because of her outstanding work as a *stakhanovka*. During the bombing of her factory she stuck to her job, "which was not very difficult," she explained, "as the noise of my machine drowned the noise of the bombs."

Julia Poliakova is an entirely different type of woman. About twenty-eight, slender, with pretty, distinctive features, big black eyes, a flashing smile and a warmhearted manner. She held out both hands in a gesture of welcome when I entered her office. To judge by her appearance, one would never have guessed that she was president of the executive committee of a Moscow district soviet. Extremely feminine with her shoulder-length bob, sweater and short skirt she looked very much like an American girl. On her desk stood a vase with flowers.

"You wanted to see me. What can I do for you?" she asked in a low, warm voice. When I explained the object of my visit she seemed very pleased and even made a little speech. "If you are interested in our activities in wartime, believe me, we are very much interested in yours," she said, "so please convey the heartiest greetings of the women of Russia to the women of America and tell them that we know they are doing great things for our common cause—the war and victory." After that slight formality she told me about herself.

A Blacksmith's Daughter

"I come from a village in the Ural mountains. My father is a blacksmith and so was my grandfather. My great-grandfather worked for the Demidov Iron Works which, as you know, were famous the world over. My earliest recollections are connected with our forge. I used to bring my father his dinner, and he would talk to me seriously, as though I were grown up, and tell me about the beauty of iron and of the precious metals of the Ural. He always wanted me to study metallurgy, and under his influence that is exactly what I did. Eventually I went to Moscow and entered the Institute of Nonferrous Metals and Gold. For five years I studied there and became a metallurgist in the aviation industry. At our factory I was elected deputy to one of the Moscow district soviets where my activities were connected principally with the life of the factory workers of my district. Later I was made member of the executive committee of that soviet, and finally president—and that's what I am now. You might call me the mayor of this district, and my duties consist mostly in organizing the population for the defense of this part of Moscow. Blackouts, fire brigades, shelters, roof-watchers, medical and sanitary service—these all come under my jurisdiction.

"When the enemy was twenty-five kilometers out of Moscow we had twelve thousand women volunteers working for the defense. One seventy-year-old woman worked so well that she was rewarded by the government. From August tenth to eleventh, 1941, the Germans dropped an unusual number of bombs, but nothing of importance was burned in our district during an air raid. I could tell you any number of stories connected with those days. For instance, one night during a raid I went on a roof and noticed an elderly woman watcher with something very peculiar on her head. Curious, I went up to her and saw that she was wearing a large frying pan instead of a helmet. When I asked her why, she explained that, being a professional cook, she had far more faith in the protective material of her trusted old iron pan than in those newfangled helmets (which personally she did not trust) to shield her properly from the flying bits of shrapnel. From time to time she took the pan off her head and waved it angrily in the direction of the German planes. A few days later she was found dead, still clutching her frying pan.

The Man Who Almost Lost Love

"And there is the case of the man who had been severely maimed and did not want his wife to see him or even know where he was. 'She would stop loving me and I could not stand that,' he explained. 'Nothing is half so important to me as losing her love; so I'd rather she never saw me again, but remembered me as I used to be.'

"Meanwhile, his wife was frantically looking for him everywhere. And then one day when she had almost given up hope, she found him sitting in front of a hospital, bundled up in a wheel chair. With a cry of joy she rushed to him and began kissing and hugging him. She told me she could not understand at first why he did not put out his arms and hug her too. Then suddenly she realized that there was something the matter and pulled off his blanket. Both his arms and legs were gone.

"She said she will never forget the look on his face. It was that of a frightened little boy, ashamed and hurt. He burst into tears shouting, 'Go away, go away.' But she instantly understood what he was thinking and feeling and, throwing herself down on her knees beside him, swore that it made no difference to her. On the contrary, she would love him ten million times more. She took him home and carefully nursed his pride and his wounds. Now, with his mechanical legs and arms, he looks like a human being once more and is gradually coming back to life. Eventually, he will even be able to teach, for that was his profession before the war."

These are but a handful of the stories I heard from some of the women I talked to at random; all of them played down the roles that were thrust upon them by the war. Every woman has a story to tell, whether she is a president of a soviet, typist, housewife, streetcar driver, hotel maid or worker. For they are of the people, and their lives taken collectively are the life of Russia today.

The women of Russia know no fear. They are fighting shoulder to shoulder with their men for their homes in towns and villages. They have pledged all their strength to the destruction of the enemy. Millions of Russia's women have proved their strength, their power of endurance, their contempt of death, and their will to help bring about the final decisive victory.

THE END

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Ring Twice for Laura

By Vera Caspary

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

LAURA HUNT, a brilliant figure in New York City's advertising world, is murdered, shot to death, in her apartment. Assigned to the case, Mark McPherson, a well-known police official, learns that on the previous afternoon the girl (who had no known enemies) had left her fiancé, Shelby Carpenter, to dine with a noted newspaper columnist: Waldo Lydecker; that, instead of meeting Lydecker, she had taxied to the Grand Central Station, and there disappeared.

Like Carpenter, Lydecker has a weak alibi; and, like Carpenter, he is closely watched by the police. . . . Laura is cremated. A short time later, Mark pays a visit to Laura's apartment. There he finds —*Laura Hunt!*

Almost too astonished to talk, Mark tells her of her "death." Then he gets her story —she says that she had gone to Connecticut; that she had read no newspapers while there; that her radio had been out of order. Remembering the condition of the corpse, when he had examined it (the face had been rendered unrecognizable), Mark asks the girl who the victim had been.

Laura says that the murdered girl must have been Diane Redfern, an attractive model, to whom she had loaned her apartment. . . . Leaving Laura with strict instructions to communicate with no one, Mark reports to police headquarters; he insists that what he has just learned be kept out of the newspapers. Then (following another session with Laura, whose answers to his questions convince him that she is hiding something) he pays a call on Mrs. Susan Treadwell.

Mrs. Treadwell is Laura's aunt. Her home is on Fifth Avenue, and Shelby Carpenter is her guest there. She tells Mark that, early that morning, she had listened in on a telephone conversation between Carpenter and a clerk from the hotel where he had formerly been staying. She says that the clerk had told Carpenter that someone had been trying to get him "on a life and death matter"; she says that Carpenter had dressed hurriedly and gone out. . . .

Mark pays another call on Laura. Obedient to his orders, Bessie Clark (Laura's maid who had found the body, a few hours after the murder) comes to the apartment. Her screams, when she sees Laura—alive!—convince Mark that she had really thought her mistress dead. A few minutes later, Waldo Lydecker comes in. He fixes his gaze on an antique vase (which he says belongs to him, and which he says he intends to carry away, police or no police); and he does not see Laura until she makes a slight sound. Then, turning, he faces her.

Mark now goes on with his description of the effect which this shock has upon Lydecker.

IV

WALDO did not stagger or fall but stood paralyzed, his arms raised toward the vase. He was like a caricature, pitiful and funny at the same time.

We were quiet. The clock ticked.

"Waldo," Laura said softly.

He seemed not to have heard.

She took hold of his rigid arms and led him to the couch. He moved like a mechanical doll. She urged him to a seat, gently pushed down his arms, handed me his hat and stick. "Waldo," she whispered in the voice of a mother to a hurt child, "Waldo, darling."

His neck turned like a mechanism on springs. His glazed eyes, empty of understanding, were fastened on her face.

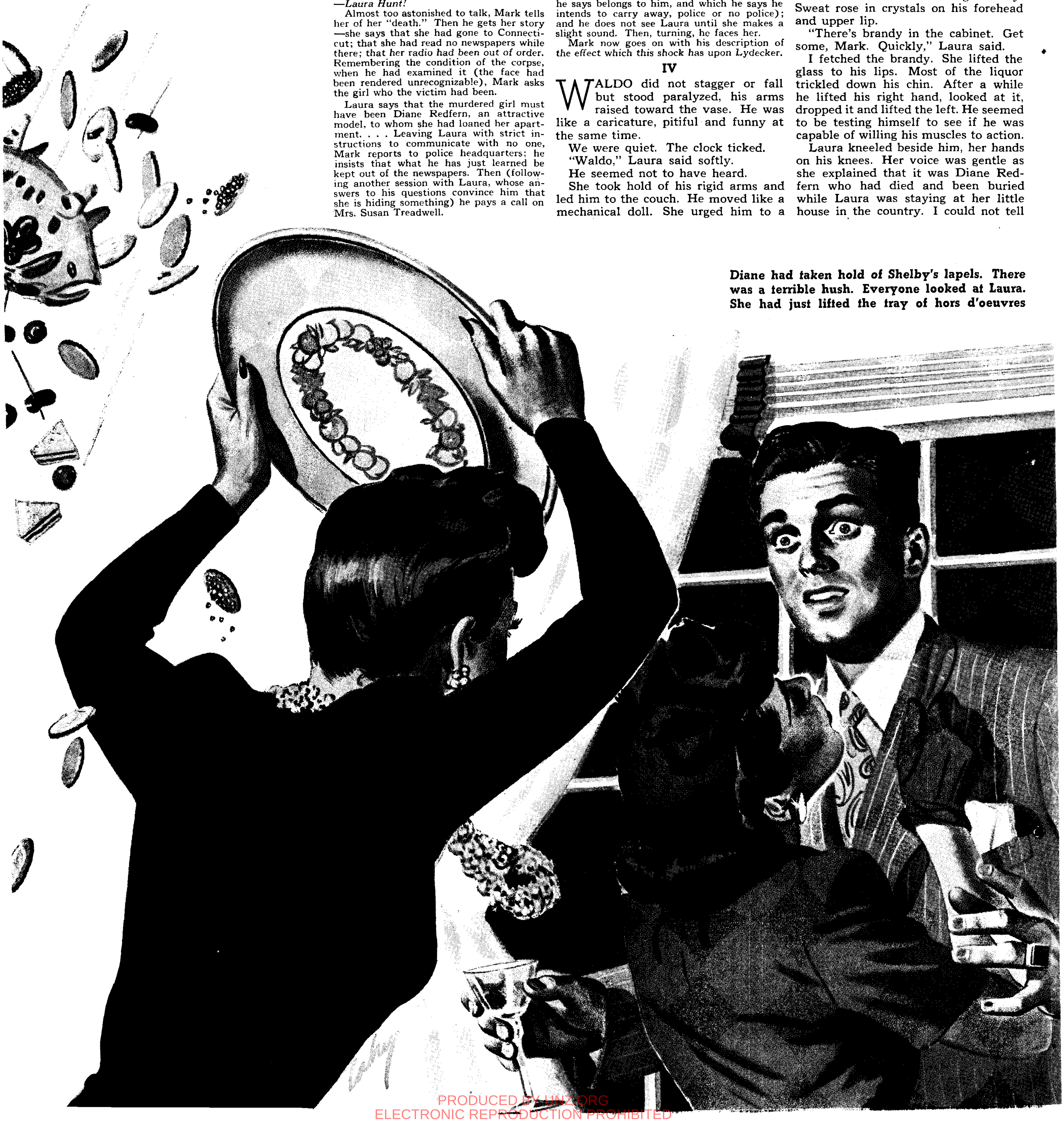
"It's all right, Mr. Lydecker. She's alive and well. There's been a mistake."

My voice touched him but not in the right place. He swayed backward on the couch, then jerked forward with a mechanical rather than willful reaction. He trembled so violently that some inner force seemed to be shaking his body. Sweat rose in crystals on his forehead and upper lip.

"There's brandy in the cabinet. Get some, Mark. Quickly," Laura said.

I fetched the brandy. She lifted the glass to his lips. Most of the liquor trickled down his chin. After a while he lifted his right hand, looked at it, dropped it and lifted the left. He seemed to be testing himself to see if he was capable of willing his muscles to action.

Laura kneeled beside him, her hands on his knees. Her voice was gentle as she explained that it was Diane Redfern who had died and been buried while Laura was staying at her little house in the country. I could not tell



Diane had taken hold of Shelby's lapels. There was a terrible hush. Everyone looked at Laura. She had just lifted the tray of hors d'oeuvres

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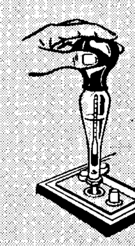

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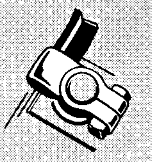
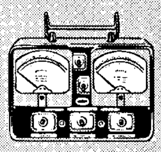
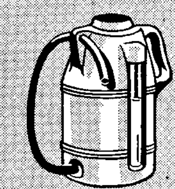


CLEAN TERMINALS to prevent corrosion and to secure good electrical connections. Insures full power from battery for cranking, winter or summer.



CHECK GENERATOR CHARGING RATE to prevent overcharging or undercharging of battery. Either shortens battery life. Overcharging is indicated by excessive need for water.



ADD WATER to prevent damage to plates and separators, thereby prolonging life of battery. Electrolyte level should be checked every month.

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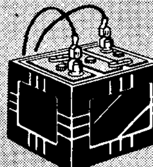

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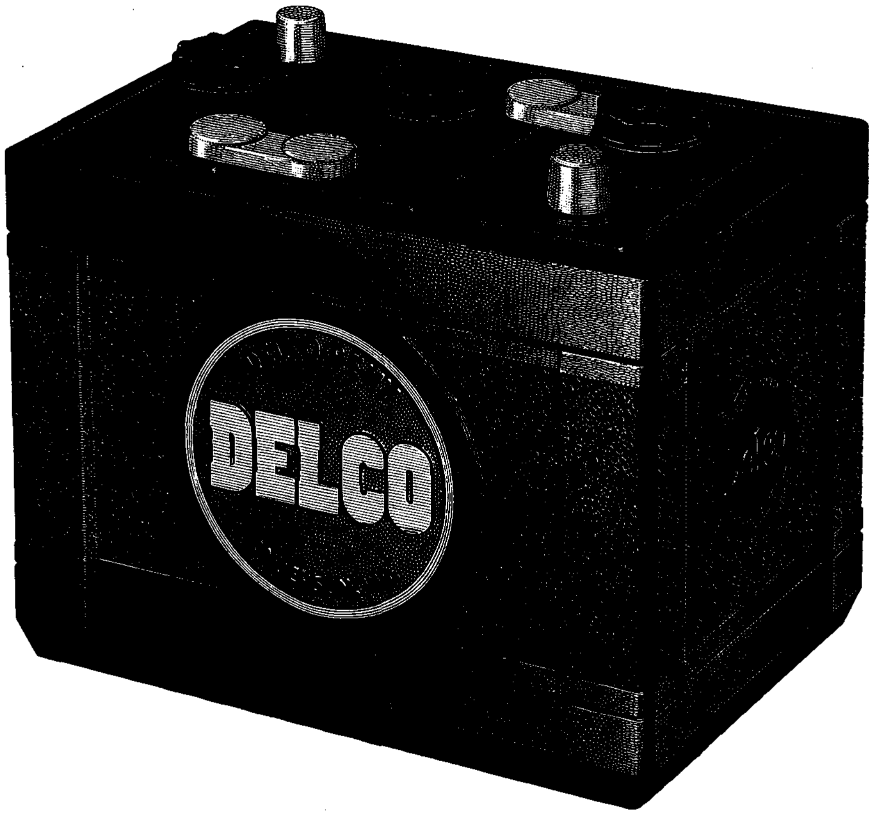

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whether he heard or whether it was her voice that soothed him, but when she suggested that he rest on the bed, he rose obediently. Laura took him into the bedroom, helped him lie down, spread her blue and white cover over his legs. He let himself be led around like a child.

When she came back she asked if I thought we ought to call a doctor.

"I don't know," I said. "He's not young and he's fat. But it doesn't look like any stroke I've ever seen."

"It's happened before."

"Like this?"

She nodded. "In the theater one night. He got angry that we'd called a doctor. Maybe we'd better let him rest."

"I'm sorry," I said. "If I'd known it was Waldo, I'd have warned him."

"You're still planning to do it to Shelby, aren't you?"

"Shelby's nerves are stronger."

Her eyes were narrow with anger.

I said, "Look here, you know that Shelby's lied. I'm not saying that he's committed murder, but I know he's hiding something. There are several things he's got to explain."

"He can, I'm sure he can. Shelby can explain everything."

She went into the bedroom to see how Waldo was getting on.

"He seems to be sleeping. He's breathing regularly. Maybe we'd better just leave him."

We sat without speaking until the doorbell rang again. "You'll have to see him first and tell him," Laura said. "I'm not going to let anyone else go through that shock." She disappeared behind the swinging door that led to the kitchen.

The bell rang again. When I opened the door, Shelby pushed past.

"Where is she?" he shouted.

"Oh, you know then?"

I heard the back door open, and I knew that he had met Bessie on the stairs.

THEN Laura came out of the kitchen, and the lovers' meeting was perfect. They embraced, kissed and clung. An actor after a dozen rehearsals would have groped for his handkerchief in that same dazed way. An actor would have held her at arm's length, staring at her with that choir-boy look on his face. There was something prearranged about the whole scene.

I turned my back.

Laura's voice was melted syrup: "Happy, darling?"

He answered in a whisper.

My pipe had gone out. If I turned and got a match from the table, they would think I was watching. I bit on the cold stem. The whispering and muttering went on. I watched the minute hand creep around the dial of my watch. I thought of the night I had waited for Pinky Moran to come out of his sweetheart's house. It had been four above at ten o'clock and by midnight it was below zero. I had waited in the snow and thought about the gangster sitting comfortably inside. I turned and saw Shelby's hands feeling, touching, moving along the tan material of Laura's dress.

"How infinitely touching! What inexpressible tenderness! Juliet risen from the grave! Welcome, Romeo!"

It was, of course, Waldo. He had not only recovered his strength, but his bounce.

"Forgive me," he said, "for a wee touch of epilepsy. It's an old family custom." He jerked Laura away from Shelby, kissed both cheeks, whirled around with her as if they were waltzing. "Welcome, wench! Tell us how it feels to return from the grave."

"Be yourself, Waldo."

"More truly myself you have never seen me, you beautiful zombie. I, too, am resurrected. The news of your death had me at the brink of eternity. We are both reborn, we must celebrate the miracle of life, beloved. Let's have a drink."

She started toward the liquor cabinet but Waldo barred her way. "No, darling, no whisky tonight. We're drinking champagne."

LAURA sat with three men drinking champagne. It was a familiar scene to them, Old Home Week. Even Bessie took it like a veteran. They seemed ready to take up where they had left off last week, before someone rang the bell and blew a girl's face away with a charge of BB shot. That's why I was there, the third man.

When they drank a toast to Laura, I took only a sip of the wine.

"Aren't you drinking?" Waldo asked me.

"I happen to be on a job," I said.

"He's a prig," said Waldo. "A proletarian snob with a Puritan conscience."

Because I was on a job and because Laura was there, I didn't use the only words I knew for describing him. They were short words and to the point.

"Just because you're gettin' moidered don't make you no bum, Frankie"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

"Don't be cross with us," Laura said. "These are my best friends in the whole world and naturally they want to celebrate my not being dead."

I reminded them that Diane Redfern's death was still a mystery.

"But I'm sure we know nothing about it," Shelby said.

"Ah-hah!" said Waldo. "The ghost at the feast. Shall we drink a respectful toast?"

Laura put down her glass and said, "Waldo, please."

"That's in questionable taste," said Shelby.

Waldo sighed: "How pious we've all grown. It's your influence, McPherson. As walking delegate for the Union of the Dead . . ."

"Please shut up!" said Laura.

She moved closer to Shelby. He took her hand. Waldo watched like a cat with a family of mice.

"Well, McPherson, since you insist upon casting the shadow of sobriety upon our sunny reunion, tell us how you're proceeding with the investigation. Have you cleared the confusion surrounding that bottle of Bourbon?"

Laura said quietly, "It was I who bought that bottle of Three Horses, Waldo. I know it's not as good as the stuff you taught me to buy, but one night I was in a hurry and brought it home. Don't you remember, Shelby?"

"I do indeed." Shelby pressed her hand.

They seemed to be getting closer together and shoving Waldo out into the cold. He poured himself another glass of champagne.

"Tell us, McPherson, were there any mysteries in the life of the little model? Have you discovered any evil companions? Do you know the secrets of her gay life in Greenwich Village?"

Waldo was using me as a weapon against Shelby. It was clear as water out of the old oaken bucket. I felt fine. He was shooting right up my alley.

"My assistant," I said with an official roll in my voice, "is on the trail of her enemies."

Waldo choked on his wine.

"Enemies," said Laura. "She?"

"There might have been things about her life you didn't know," said Shelby.

"Pooh!"

"Most of those girls live very questionable lives," Shelby said firmly. "For all we know, the poor girl might have got herself mixed up with all sorts of people. Men she'd met in night clubs."

"How do you know so much about her?" Waldo asked.

"I don't know. I'm merely mentioning possibilities," Shelby said.

"Poor Diane," Laura said. "She wasn't the sort of person anyone could hate. I mean . . . she didn't have much . . . well, passion. Just beauty and vague dreams. I can't imagine anyone hating a kid like that. She was so . . . I mean . . . you wanted to help her."

"Was that Shelby's explanation?" Waldo asked. "His was a purely philanthropic interest, I take it."

Bright spots burned on Laura's cheeks. "Yes, it was!" she said hotly. "I'd asked him to be kind to her, hadn't I, Shelby?"

SHELBY went to the cupboard for a log. He was glad for the excuse to move around. Laura's eyes followed him.

"Had you asked him to be particularly kind to her last Wednesday, darling?" Waldo pretended to ask the question innocently, but he was slanting curious glances at me.

"Wednesday?" she said with an effort to appear absent-minded.

"Last Wednesday. Or was it Tuesday? The night they did Toccata and Fugue at the Stadium, wasn't that Wednesday?" He rolled his eyes toward the fireplace and Shelby. "When was your cocktail party, Laura?"

"Oh, that," she said. "On Wednesday."

"You should have been here, McPherson," Waldo said. "It was too, too jolly."

Laura said, "You're being silly, Waldo."

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But Waldo wanted to put on a show and nothing could stop him. He got up with the champagne glass in his hand and gave an imitation of Laura as hostess to a lot of cocktail drinkers. He did not merely speak in a falsetto voice and swing his hips the way most men do when they imitate women. He had a real talent for acting. He was the hostess, he moved from guest to guest, he introduced strangers, he saw that the glasses were filled, he carried a tray of sandwiches.

"Hello, darling, I'm so glad you could come . . . you must meet . . . I know you'll simply adore . . . don't tell me you're not drinking . . . Not eating! . . . come now, this tiny caviar sandwich wouldn't put weight on a sturgeon . . . you haven't met . . . but how incredible, everyone knows Waldo Lydecker, he's the heavyweight Noel Coward . . . Waldo darling, one of your most loyal admirers . . ."

IT WAS a good show, and all the time that he moved around the room, imitating Laura and carrying that imaginary tray, you knew she had been watching something that was going on at the bay window.

Now Waldo strode to the bay window. He changed his movements and his gestures became manly. He was Shelby being gallant and cautious. And he was a girl, looking up at Shelby, blinking her eyes and tugging at his lapels. He caught Shelby's voice perfectly, and while I had never heard her voice, I'd known plenty of dolls who talked as he had Diane talking:

"Oh, but, darling, you are the best-looking man in the room . . . Can't I even say so?" "You're drunk, baby, don't talk so loud." "What harm can there be, Shelby, if I just quietly worship you?" "Quietly, for Pete's sakes, kid. Remember where we are." "Shelby, please, I'm not tight, I never get tight, I'm not talking loud." "Sh-sh, honey, everyone's looking at you." "Let 'em look, you think I care?" The doll-voice became shrill and angry.

Shelby had left the fire. His fists were clenched, his jaw pushed forward.

Laura was trembling.

Waldo walked to the middle of the room, said in his own voice, "There was a terrible hush. Everyone looked at Laura. She had just lifted that tray of hors d'oeuvres."

Everyone in the room must have felt sorry for Laura. Her wedding was to have taken place in a week and a day.

Waldo crossed toward the bay window with catlike, female steps. I watched as if Diane were there with Shelby.

"Diane had taken hold of his lapels . . ."

Laura, the real one, the girl on the couch in the tan dress, said, "I'm sorry. How often do I have to say I'm sorry?"

Shelby raised his clenched fists and said, "Yes, Lydecker, we've had enough. Enough of your clowning."

Waldo looked at me. "What a shame, McPherson. You've missed the best part of the scene."

"What did she do?" I asked.

"May I tell him?" said Waldo.

"You'd better," said Shelby, "or he'll imagine something far worse."

Laura began to laugh. "I conked her with a tray of hors d'oeuvres. I conked her!"

We waited until Laura's hysteria had died down. She was crying and laughing at the same time. Shelby tried to take her hand but she pulled away. Then she looked at me with shame on her face and said, "I'd never done anything like that before. I didn't dream I could do such a thing. I wanted to die."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"All!" said Shelby.

"In my own house," Laura said.

"What happened afterward?"

"I went into my bedroom. I wouldn't let anyone come in and talk to me. I was so ashamed. Then after a while Shelby did come in and he told me Diane had left and that I'd simply have to come out and face my guests."

"After all," said Shelby.

"Everyone was tactful, but that made me feel worse. But Shelby was a darling, he insisted that we go out and get a little tight so I wouldn't think about it and keep reproaching myself."

"How kind of him," I couldn't help saying.

"Shelby's broad-minded, he forgives easily," added Waldo.

"Shelby couldn't help it if Diane fell in love with him." Laura ignored the other two, she was explaining it to me. "He'd been kind and polite and thoughtful as he always is. Diane was a poor kid who'd come from the sort of home where they beat up women. She'd never met a . . . a gentleman before."

"Oddzooks," Waldo said.

"She wanted something better than she'd had at home. Her life had been terribly sordid. Even her name, silly as it sounded, showed that she wanted a better sort of life."

Laura took a cigarette. Her hands were unsteady. "I'm not so different. I came to New York, too, a poor kid without friends or money. People were kind to me," she pointed with the cigarette at Waldo, "and I felt almost an obligation toward kids like Diane. I was the only friend she had. And Shelby."

It sounded simple and human as she stood there, so close that I could smell her perfume. I backed away.

She said, "You believe me, don't you, Mark?"

"What was this lunch on Friday? An armistice?" I asked her.

She smiled. "Yes, yes, an armistice. I went around from Wednesday evening until Friday morning feeling like a heel. And I knew if I didn't see Diane and say I was sorry, my whole vacation would be ruined."

"A softhearted slob," said Waldo.

Shelby picked up the poker but it was only to stoke the fire. My nerves were on edge and I saw violence every time a cigarette was lighted. That was because I craved violence. My hands itched for a fat neck.

I took two steps forward and was close to Laura again. "Then it was at lunch that you smoked . . ."

I stopped right there. She was whiter than the white dress that Diane had been buried in.

"Smoked," she whispered the word.

"Smoked the pipe of peace," I said, "and offered her your apartment."

"Yes, the pipe of peace," Laura said. She had come to life again. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with color. Her thin, strong fingers lay on my coat sleeve. "You must believe me, Mark, you must believe that everything was all right when I offered her the apartment. Please, please believe me."

Shelby didn't say a word. But I think he was smiling. Waldo laughed aloud and said, "Careful, Laura, he's a detective."

Her hand slipped off my coat sleeve.

LATE dinner again that night with Waldo. Ask me why. I asked myself as I looked at his fat face over a bowl of bird's nest soup at the Golden Lizard. It was raining. I was lonely. I wanted to talk. I wanted to talk about Laura. She was eating steak and French fries with Shelby. I clung to Waldo. I was afraid of losing him. I despised the guy and he fascinated me. The deeper I got into this case the less I seemed like myself and the more I felt like a greenhorn in a new world.

My mind was foggy. I was going somewhere but I'd lost the road. I remember asking myself about clues. What were clues, what had I looked for in other cases? A smile couldn't be brought into court as evidence. You couldn't arrest a man because he had trembled. Brown eyes had stolen a peep at gray eyes, so what? The tone of a voice was something that died with a word.

The Chinese waiter brought a platter of egg roll. Waldo reached for it like a man on the bread line.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of her now that you've met her?"

I helped myself to egg roll. "It's my job . . ."

He finished for me. ". . . to look at facts and hold no opinions. Where have I heard that before?"

THE waiter brought a trayful of covered dishes. Waldo had to have his plate arranged just so, and until he had tried each dish with and without beetle juice, there was no more talk at our table.

At last he stopped for breath, and said, "I remember something you said when you first came to see me on Sunday morning. Do you remember?"

"We said a lot of things on Sunday morning. Both of us."

"You said that it wasn't fingerprints you'd want to study in this case, but faces. That was very dull of you."

"Then why did you remember it?"

"Because I was moved by the sorry spectacle of a conventional young man thinking that he had become radically unconventional."

"So what?" I said.

He snapped his fingers. Two waiters came running. It seems they had forgotten the fried rice. There was more talk than necessary, and he had to rearrange his plate. Between giving orders to the Chinamen and moaning because the ritual (his word) of his dinner was upset, he talked about several other well-known murder cases.

"And you think this is going to be the unsolved Diane Redfern case?" I asked.

"Not the Redfern case, my friend. In the public mind and in the newspapers, it will be the Laura Hunt case forevermore. Laura will go through life a marked woman, the living victim of an unsolved murder."

He was trying to get me angry. There were no direct hits, only darts and pinpricks. I tried to avoid his face but I could not escape that doughy smirk.

"You'd die before you'd let that happen, my gallant Hawkshaw? You'd risk your precious hide before you'd let that poor innocent girl suffer such lifelong indignity, eh?" He laughed aloud. Two waiters poked their heads out of the kitchen.

"Your jokes aren't so funny," I said.

"Woof! Woof! How savage our bark is tonight! What's tormenting you? Is it fear of failure or the ominous competition with Apollo Belvedere?"

I could feel my face getting red. "Look here," I said.

Again he interrupted, "Look here, my dear lad, at the risk of losing your esteemed friendship. . . . Don't lose your head. She's not for you."

"Mind your business," I said.

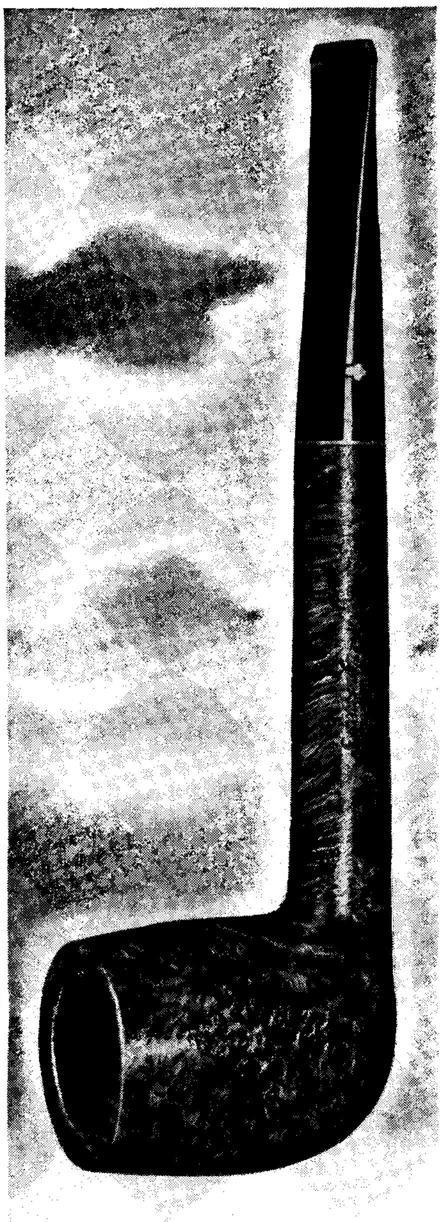
"Some day you will thank me for this. Unless you fail to heed my advice, of course. Didn't you hear her describing Diane's infatuation for Shelby? A gentleman, oddzooks! Do you think that Diane has died so completely that chivalry must die, too? If you were more astute, my friend, you would see that Laura is Diane and Diane was Laura."

"Her real name was Jennie Swobodo. She used to work in a mill in Jersey."

"It's like a bad novel."

"But Laura's no dope. She must have known he was a heel."

"Long after the core of gentility is gone, the husks remain. The educated



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The world's best smoking pipes have been made from this briar for over 100 years. More and more pipe-smokers have adopted the Kaywoodie Pipe, until today it is the best-known, most-liked pipe in the world.

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The pipe in this picture is a "Canadian" shape Super Grain Kaywoodie, $5

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woman, no less than the poor mill girl, is bound by the shackles of romance. Romantics are children, they never grow up." He helped himself to another round of chicken, pork, duck and rice. "Didn't I tell you the day we met that Shelby was Laura's softer, less-distinguished side? Do you see it now, the answer to that longing for perfection? Pass the soy sauce, please."

Romance was something for crooners, for the movies. The only person I ever heard use the word in common life was my kid sister, and she'd raised herself by romance, married the boss.

"I was hopeful once that Laura'd grow up, get over Shelby. She'd have been a great woman if she had, you know. But the dream still held her, the hero she could love forever immaturely, the mold of perfection whose flawlessness made no demands upon her sympathies or her intelligence."

I was tired of his talk. "Come on, let's get out of this dump," I said. He made me feel that everything was hopeless.

While we were waiting for change I picked up his cane.

"What do you carry this for?" I said.

"Don't you like it?"

"It's an affectation."

"You're a prig," he said. He snatched it out of my hands. "Give it back to me."

"What's eating you? Nobody wants your silly stick."

THE Chinaman brought change. Waldo watched out of the corner of his eye, and I added a quarter to the tip, hating myself but too weak to give him a reason to sneer.

"Don't sulk," he said. "If you need a cane, I'll buy you one. With a rubber tip."

I could have picked up that ball of blubber and bounced him like a ball. But I couldn't take any chances of losing his friendship. Not now. He asked where I was going, and when I said downtown, asked me to drop him at the Lafayette.

While we were driving along Fourth Avenue, he grabbed my arm. The car almost skidded.

"What's the idea?" I said.

"You must stop! Please, you must. Be generous for once in your life."

I was curious to know the cause of his excitement, so I stopped the car. He hurried back along the block to Mr. Claudius' antique shop.

Mr. Claudius' last name was Cohen. I knew him because he had once had a partner who was a fence. Claudius was an innocent guy, absent-minded and so crazy about antiques that he had no idea of his partner's double-crossing. I had been able to keep him out of court, and in gratitude he had given me a set of the Harvard Classics.

It was natural that he and Waldo should know each other. They could both go into a trance over an old teapot.

What Waldo had seen in Claudius' window was a duplicate of the vase he had given Laura. It was made like a globe set upon a pedestal. To me it looked like one of those silver balls that hang on Christmas trees. And I understand that it is not so rare and costly as many of the pieces that cause collectors to swoon. Waldo valued it because he had started the craze for mercury glass among certain high-class antique snobs. In his piece *Distortion and Refraction* (in his book, *February, Which Alone*) he had written:

"Glass, blown bubble thin, is coated on the inner surface with a layer of quicksilver so that it shines like a mirror. And just as the mercury in a thermometer reveals the body's temperature, so do the refractions in that discerning globe discover the fevers of temperament in those unfortunate visitors who, upon entering my drawing room, are first glimpsed in its globular surfaces as deformed dwarfs."

"Claudius, you dolt, why in the sacred name of Josiah Wedgwood, have you been keeping this from me?"

Claudius took it out of the window. While Waldo fussed over the vase I looked at some old pistols. The conversation went on behind my back.

"Where did you get it?" Waldo asked.

"From a house in Beacon."

"How much are you going to soak me for it, you old horsethief?"

"It's not for sale."

"Not for sale! But, my good man . . ."

"It's sold," Claudius said.

Waldo pounded his stick against the skinny legs of an old table. "What right have you to sell it without offering it to me first? You know my needs."

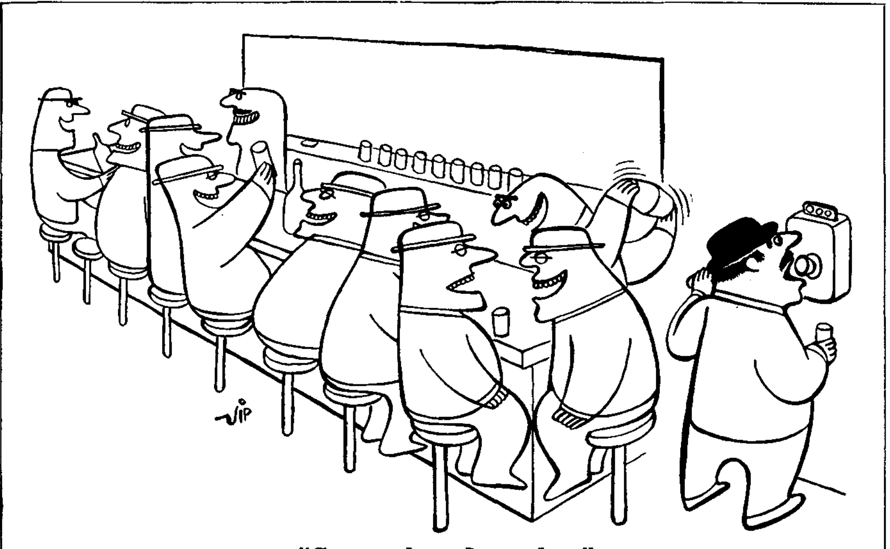
"I found it for a customer. He'd commissioned me to buy any mercury glass I found at any price I thought was right."

"You had it in your window. That means you're offering it for sale."

"It don't mean that at all. It means I like to show the public something nice. I got a right to put things in my window, Mr. Lydecker."

"Did you buy it for Philip Anthony?"

There was a silence. Then Waldo shouted, "You knew I'd be interested in anything he'd want. You had no right not to offer it to me."



COLLIER'S "Guess where I am, dear" VIRGIL PARTCH

His voice was like an old woman's. I turned around and saw that his face had grown beet-red.

Claudius said, "The piece belongs to Anthony. There's nothing I can do about it now. If you want it, submit an offer to him."

"You know he won't sell it to me."

THE argument went on like that. I was looking at an old muzzle loader that must have been a relic when Abraham Lincoln was a boy. I heard a crash. I looked around. Silver splinters shone on the floor.

Claudius was pale. Something human might have been killed.

"It was an accident, I assure you," Waldo said.

Claudius moaned.

"Don't make such a fuss. I'll pay whatever you ask."

From where I stood, the shop looked like a dark cavern. The antique furniture, the old clocks, vases, dishes, drinking glasses, China dogs and tarnished candlesticks were like a scavenger's storehouse. The two men whispered. Waldo, with his great body, his black hat and heavy stick, Claudius with his pear-shaped head, reminded me of old women like witches on Halloween. I walked out.

Waldo joined me at the car. He had his wallet in his hand. But his mood had improved. He stood in the rain, looking back at Claudius' shop and smiling. Almost as if he'd got the vase anyway.

MOONEY'S report on the murdered model hadn't satisfied me. I wanted to investigate for myself.

By the time I got to Christopher Street he had already interviewed the other tenants. No one had seen Miss Redfern since Friday.

The house was one of a row of shabby old places that carried signs: Vacancy, Persian Cats, Dressmaking, Occult Science, French Home Cooking. As I stood in the drizzle, I understood why a girl would hesitate to spend a hot week end here.

The landlady was like an old flour sack, bleached white and tied in the middle. She said that she was tired of cops and that, if you asked her opinion, Diane was staying with a man somewhere. She wouldn't be a bit surprised if Diane turned up in the morning.

I left her chattering in the vestibule and climbed three flights of moldy stairs. I felt sorry for the kid, being young and expecting something of her beauty, and coming home to this suicide staircase. And I thought of Laura, offering her apartment because she had probably lived in these dumps, too, and remembered the smells on a summer night.

Even the wallpaper, brown and mustard yellow, was familiar. There was a single bed, a secondhand dresser, a sagging armchair and a wardrobe with an oval glass set in the door. Diane had made enough to live in a better place, but she had been sending money to the family. And the upkeep of her beauty had evidently cost plenty. She'd been crazy about clothes; there were hats and gloves and shoes of every color.

There were stacks of movie magazines in the room. Pages had been turned down and paragraphs marked. You could tell that Diane had dreamed of Hollywood. There were some of those confession magazines, too, the sort that told stories of girls who had sinned, suffered and been reclaimed by the love of good men. Poor Jennie Swobodo!

Her consolation must have been the photographs which she had thumbtacked upon the ugly wallpaper. They were proofs and glossy prints showing her at work: Diane Redfern in Fifth Avenue furs; Diane at the opera; Diane pouring coffee from a silver pot; Diane in a satin nightgown with a satin quilt falling off the chaise longue in a way that showed a pretty leg.

I sat on the edge of her bed and thought about the poor kid's life. Perhaps those photographs represented a real world to the young girl. All day while she worked, she lived in their expensive settings. And at night she came home to this cell. She must have been hurt by the contrast.

Laura's apartment must have seemed like a studio setting to Jennie Swobodo, who hadn't been so long away from Paterson and the silk mills. Laura's Upper East Side friends must have been posing all the time in her eyes, like models before a camera. And Shelby . . .

I saw it all then.

I knew why Shelby was so familiar. I'd never met him while I was pursuing crooks. He'd never mixed with the gents I'd encountered in my professional life. I'd seen him in the advertisements.

Maybe it wasn't Shelby himself. There was no record of his ever actually having been a photographer's model. But the young men who drove well-known cars and wore certain shirts and paid their insurance premiums and clipped coupons were Shelby. What had Waldo said? *The hero she could love forever immaturely, the mold of perfection whose flawlessness made no demands upon her sympathies or her intelligence.*

I was sore. First, at myself for having believed that I'd find a real clue in a man who wasn't real. The king of the artichoke racket had been real; the pinball gang had been flesh and blood men with hands that could pull triggers; even the Associated Dairymen had been living profiteers. But Shelby was a dream walking. He was God's gift to women. I hated him for it and I hated the women for falling for the romance racket.

I HAD expected Laura to be above that sort of nonsense. I thought I had found a woman who would know a real man when she saw one; a woman whose bright eyes would go right through the mask and tell her that the man underneath was Lincoln and Columbus and Thomas A. Edison. And Tarzan, too.

I felt cheated.

There was still a job to be done. Sitting on a bed and figuring out the philosophy of love was not solving a murder. I had discovered the dream world of Jennie Swobodo-Diane Redfern, and so what? Not a shred of evidence that she might have also been playing around with the kind of pals who used sawed-off shotguns.

The trail led back to Laura's apartment and Shelby. I found evidence in Diane's green pocketbook.

Before I left the house, I checked with the landlady who told me that Diane had carried the green pocketbook on Friday. But I knew without being told. She had respected her clothes; she had put her dresses on hangers and stuffed shoetrees in twenty pairs of slippers. Even at Laura's, she had hung her dress away and put her hat on the shelf and her pocketbook in the drawer. So I knew she had dressed in a hurry for her date on Friday night. Green hat, gloves and pocketbook had been left on the bed. Her shoes had been kicked under a chair.

I had seen the same thing happen at home. When my sister used to get ready for a date with her boss, she always left stockings curled over the backs of chairs and pink step-ins on the bathroom floor.

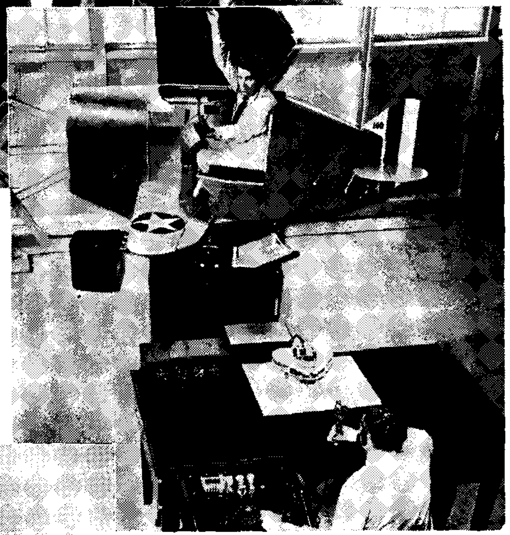
I picked up the green pocketbook. It was heavy. I knew it should have been empty because Laura had showed me the black purse she had found in her drawer, the purse into which Diane had put her compact, her lipstick, her keys, her money and a torn straw cigarette case.

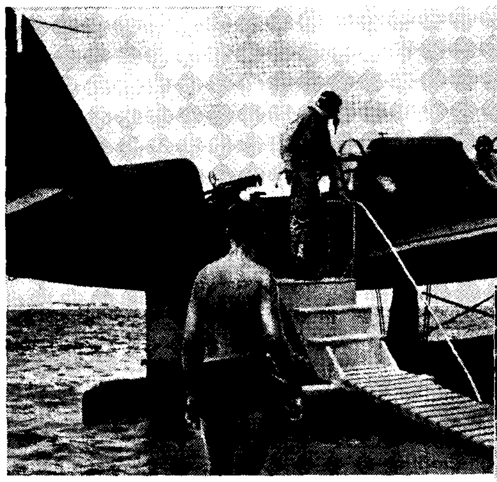
There was a cigarette case in the green pocketbook. It was made of gold and it was initialed with the letters S. J. C.

(To be continued next week)

ACTION in the making

with men who wear the Navy WINGS OF GOLD





(*above*) Naval Aviation Cadet preparing for test "hop" in Link trainer. Naval Aviators must be skilled in blind flying by instruments.

(*left*) Naval Aviation includes training in varied types of planes, both seaplanes and land planes.

IN every corner of the world, today, men who wear the Navy Wings of Gold are proving, in action, the value of their *full year's* training in aviation—a technical education unequaled in any other service!

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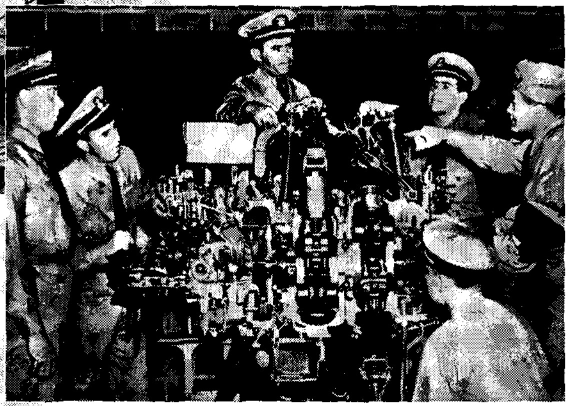
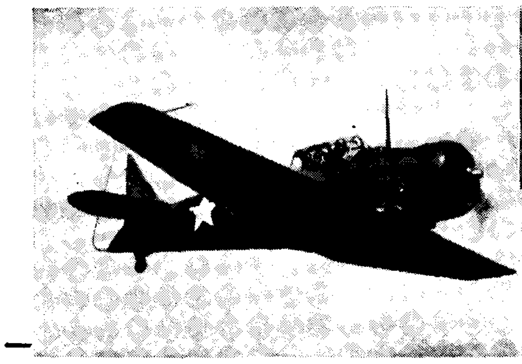
Visit your nearest Navy Recruiting Station or Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board, or mail coupon today!





(*above*) Naval Aviation Cadets are trained to know their planes—inside and out . . . are prepared for future big-pay jobs in civil aviation.

(*left*) Marine Corps Aviators fly Marine Corps planes . . . wear the cherished Navy Wings of Gold.

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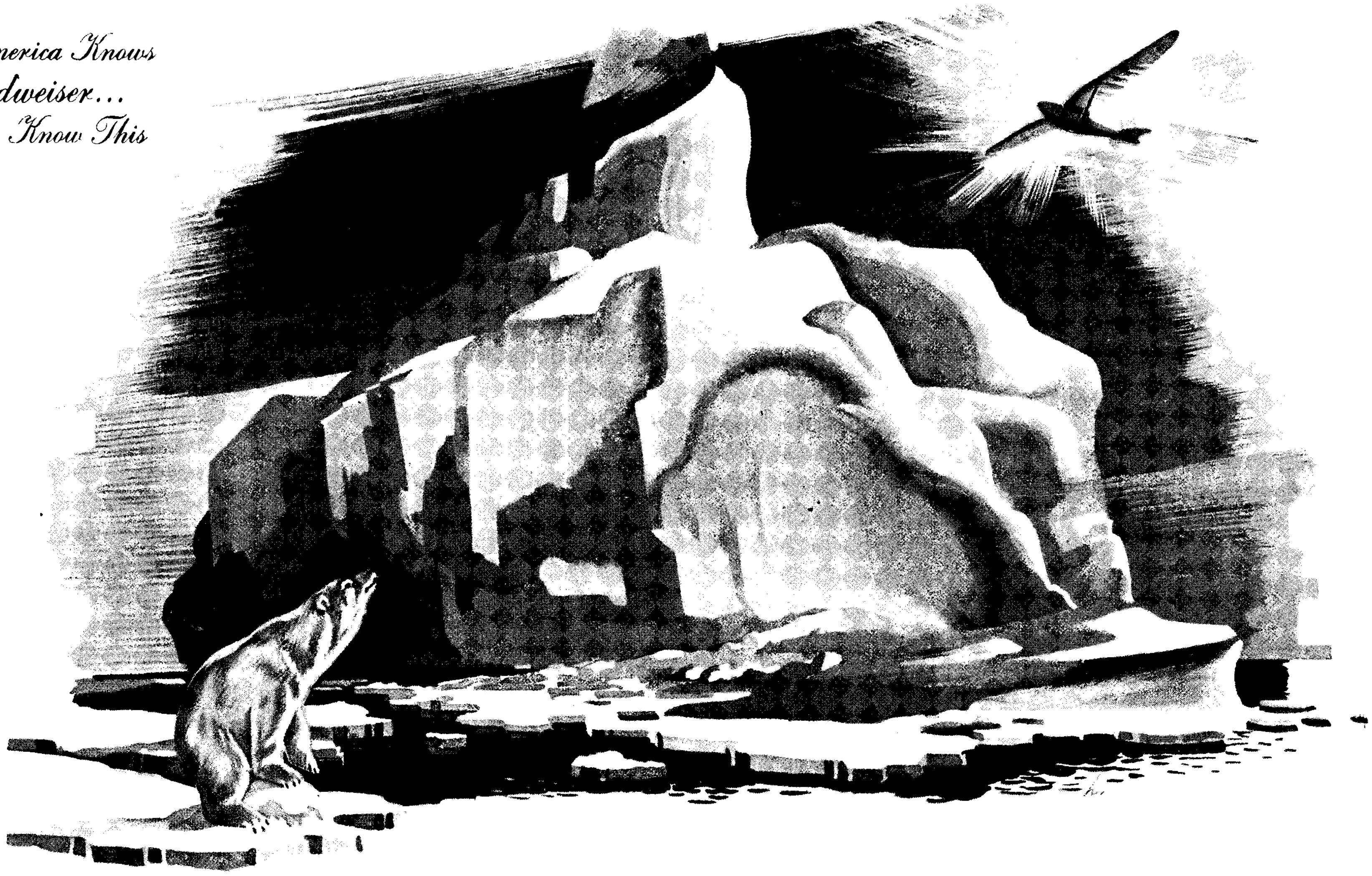
HOW TO WIN YOUR NAVY "WINGS OF GOLD"

Fly WITH THE FINEST... FITTEST... FIGHTINGEST—THE NAVY

All America Knows
Budweiser...
but Few Know This



FROM GLACIERS TO GLIDERS

Thousands of retailers of ice cream and frozen foods are using equipment made by our Refrigeration Division—a manufacturing activity which was developed from our years of experience in making ice in glacier-like quantities needed for the brewing of Budweiser.

This equipment is helping to keep America's foods fresher and more nutritious.

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Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Our plant is one of the world's largest sources for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Anheuser-Busch produces enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

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CORN SYRUP—many millions of pounds annually for America's candy industry.

SYRUPS—for food, table and confectionery uses and special syrups for medicinal purposes.

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VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—We are America's biggest supplier of yeast vitamins used to fortify animal feeds.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS

Nine Young Men

Continued from page 16

has to work for him, he says, while he sits out there in a nice glass sun parlor and enjoys the ride. And it's all for him: all the months of construction, the hundreds of thousands of dollars that went into the big bomber; the precision of the instruments, the training of the crew are for the sole purpose of transporting Lieutenant Hennessy to his objective, so he can set his bomb sight, peer through its rubber eyepiece, cross the hairlines over the target—and kick off his load.

But that brief moment when Tiny works is the result of weeks and months of painstaking preparation at bombardier school. Tiny had to have special qualifications to get in there: co-ordination of mind and muscles, good serial reaction, a phlegmatic temperament that would not get rattled in an emergency. At Midland, in Texas, he sat hour after hour atop one of the 12-foot motorized bomb trainers, guided it across the hangar floor, dropped mythical explosives on an elusive electric "bug" that crawled across his course at various speeds to simulate the wind drift of a bomber over its objective.

Gradually his reaction time grew better, his handling of the bomb sight almost automatic. After nine plugging weeks of ground-school and classroom instruction, he went up at last in a fast twin-engine AT-11, flew with an instructor and practiced dropping hundred-pound dummy bombs on wooden targets, both day and night. Tiny qualified as a first-class bombardier. A cinch, he says, with a bomb sight like this. "Puts it between the goal posts every time."

The Sealed Canvas Bag

The bomb sight's his special baby; not even the pilot may handle it. He removes it from the safe himself, carries it out to the plane in a sealed canvas bag, wears a .45 automatic at his hip in case anyone tries to come near. Now and then he's seen to pat the canvas bag affectionately. Tiny's eyes are blue and he has a deceptively mild smile; but the roommate who played four years of college football with him was down at Bataan, and was machine-gunned lying in a hospital there. When Tiny thinks of that, his big hand closes over the grip of the bag until the knuckles are white and he smiles almost dreamily. Adeline can count on her bombardier. . . .

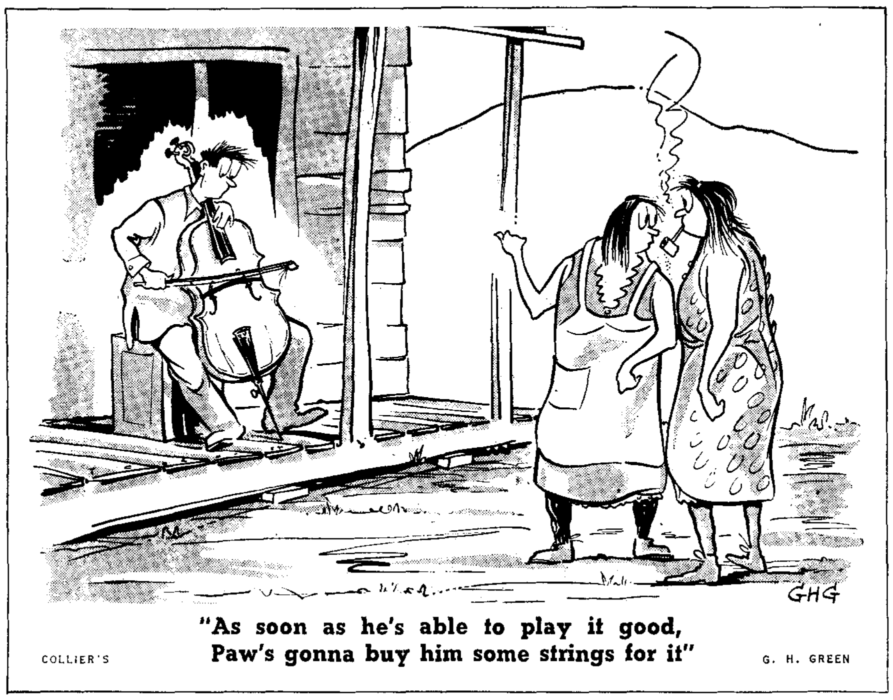
Second Lieutenant J. R. Cleveland of Erie, Pennsylvania, is the navigator. Quarterback, Tiny calls him. Not that he's built like a quarterback; Cleve's long and lanky, all knees and elbows, and sits down like a folding deck chair; was a pretty good hurdler at Penn; became a construction engineer. Navigation was always his passion; used to sail every week end out of Chesapeake Bay and would spend his whole time in the cabin doing the plotting. After the regular preflight course, he went direct to Navigation School at Monroe, La., where he spent fifteen concentrated weeks.

Here he gained an intimate acquaintance with the myriad tools of his trade: octant, drift meter, hydrographic tables, polaris, plotter, computer, dividers, compass ruler, straightedge, pencil and eraser—mostly eraser. He learned to sit in the nose of a plane and sight the sun with his octant; a good navigator depends more on celestial navigation than dead reckoning to set his course. He learned meteorology, invaluable during flights over enemy territory when weather reports are unobtainable. He learned the navigator's motto: "Get 'em there and get 'em back."

The two men at the controls are Lieutenant James Leland Holland, 22, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Second Lieutenant D. K. Bowen, 23, of Rockingham, North Carolina. In a bomber, the pilot is plane commander; sits on the left-hand side of the cockpit, guides the ship on the course set by the navigator, takes orders from the bombardier when they're over the target. The copilot is responsible for all the details of operation, checks the instruments during flight, handles the wing flaps, works the retractable landing gear, mans the top turret gun in a tight spot. On long flights, he relieves at the controls.

Jim and Deke both learned to fly at the same Primary School at Carlstrom Field in Arcadia, Florida. Jim soloed at Primary after only five hours; Deke was up eleven hours before his instructor let him take it around by himself.

Deke has always done things the hard way; had to quit college in his second year, when his father died, and try to salvage what was left of the family's cotton-mill business in Rockingham. He's stocky, red-faced, conscientious; writes everything down and never takes it for granted, always asks questions afterward. A plugger.



"As soon as he's able to play it good, Paw's gonna buy him some strings for it"

COLLIER'S G. H. GREEN

Jim the Debonair

Jim's just the opposite: Socially prominent family in Cincinnati, four years at Dartmouth, was in his first year of Harvard Law when the war happened. He's polished, facile, self-assured; well-bred; rather bony face, eyes set deep in their sockets, a pleasant, reserved smile; taps his cigarette with a quick, positive gesture. He's always bumming cigarettes from Deke. "Got a cigarette, Deke, I'm fresh out . . ."

Deke plugged through endless hours of slow rolls and chandelles and lazy eights, just squeaked through his final sixty-hour check, and he moved on to Basic School at Shaw Field in Sumter, South Carolina. After the simple safe 200-h.p. primary trainers, the big 450-h.p. motor of a BT-17 had a roar like an express train, and the complicated instrument panel looked back at Deke with a hundred inscrutable eyes. He mastered it, though; and nine weeks later, he went on to Advanced School at Turner Field. Day after day he practiced coming in on the beam, flying in V and echelon formations, carrying out night cross-country missions, solving intricate interception problems. He kept plugging; more than anything else in the world he wanted his wings, wanted to handle one of the big bombers. . . .

He and Jim were together this noon when they read the list posted on the bulletin board. Deke couldn't believe his eyes. "Copilot," he read, "Lieutenant D. K. Bowen." He turned to Jim. "We're together," he said slowly.

"Sure!" Jim grinned. "Otherwise, what would I do for cigarettes, then?" And they strolled to the line together.

The job of defending Sweet-Adeline should enemy planes attack, is in the hands of the five enlisted men of her crew. Each of them is assigned his own gun to man in combat; and their perfectly co-ordinated cover of fire, making a shield of flaming steel around them in the sky, is worth any bombardier's secret sight, any navigator's octant, any pilot's skill at the controls. It is to these gunners that Adeline will owe her life.

Aerial engineer is Sergeant Wesley Tilton of Ossipee, New Hampshire; in combat, he handles the top turret gun just behind the pilot and copilot. The radio operator is Sergeant Jo Brock of Ogden, Utah; when enemy aircraft are sighted, he leaves his post behind the engineer and rushes aft to man one of the .50-caliber machine guns in the waist of the ship. The other waist gun, on the opposite side of the fuselage, is handled by the assistant aerial engineer, Private Harry Levi of New York City.

The assistant radio operator, Corporal John Sessoms of Aurora, Tennessee, mans the bottom turret gun. Into this glass-and-steel torture chamber Corporal Sessoms must cram his five-feet-nine and be lowered through the floor of the ship into space; here for hours he lies on his back, coiled like a mummy with his knees drawn up under his chin, sighting between his legs and twisting the turret around and down to make it fire in any direction. The rear gunner, of course, is Corporal Furnish; his normal task is to photograph the damage done to enemy objectives, but in time of combat he leaves his camera and crawls out all alone into the bomber's stern, to man the all-important machine gun in the tail.

The same satisfied grin's on all their faces now as they climb into the big bomber and take their positions. The door slams with a final clang and there is the querulous whine and sudden positive thunder of her four motors, blending into a synchronized drone as the heavy ship lumbers out onto the black runway, rolls to the end of the strip, turns and roars back into the wind in a gathering wash of sound until, with the faintest lift, she is airborne. Crawling out into the tail, Corporal Furnish watches silently as the fences and scrub pines and palms race under him and fall away in the distance, the airfield dwindles into a child's sandbox full of toys, the swamps and bays of Florida are only a page in a geography book. The big ship seems to pulse with power, every part of her responds to the touch, a voluptuous thrill runs through her body; and Corporal Furnish heaves a wistful sigh.

"My Adeline," he murmurs to himself, "was never like this!"

A bomber's a cumbersome thing on the ground; but in the air, as she soars higher and higher into the sun, she becomes a thing of rare and fragile beauty. The mechanics in her ground crew, standing on the strip and shading their eyes, follow her flight with a critical and jealous devotion. This is their ship, too; these eleven men have been assigned to Adeline alone; from now on, her existence is in their grease-stained hands. They have been trained in Army technical schools to tear down and build up radial engines blindfold; in their heads they carry a working blueprint of every connecting rod and tappet and feed line; they can detect the slightest off-key rumble in her motors.

Off on Their First Flight

From the veteran crew chief to the buck private with a grease gun, they take a personal pride in keeping her in front-line order, checking and double checking every rivet in her hundred-and-twenty-foot wings, inspecting her miles of complicated wiring, testing her massive hydraulic landing gear.

Nor does Adeline depend on these eleven men alone. With the sister ships in her squadron, she shares the services of a supplementary supply crew who load her bomb racks, tend her radio and instruments and superchargers, rig her parachutes, repair her armament, check her props. Two special service men furnish her with oil, two more fill her huge gas tanks, a weatherman and a dispatcher give her last-minute instructions when she takes off on a mission. All told, twenty-nine pairs of jealous eyes watch, as Adeline glides through the white puff-clouds and disappears.

It's getting cold at fifteen thousand feet. The nine men in her crew have put on their oxygen masks; the green rubber sacks dangling at their throats swell and deflate with each breath, like puffing bullfrogs.

Twenty thousand feet; all at once they look at one another in silent comprehension. This is it. This is their first flight. They are all alone together. Jim and Deke, side by side, exchange quick glances; Sergeant Tilton looks back confidently at Jo Brock and pats the Browning lightly; Cleve raises his eyes from his navigator's chart for a moment and Tiny Hennessy, watching him, winks.

Twenty-five thousand feet. They shiver now and rub their hands to keep warm. The clouds are tiny dots below them; only the limitless blue ocean stretches out to the eastward. That way is tomorrow. They're facing tomorrow together.

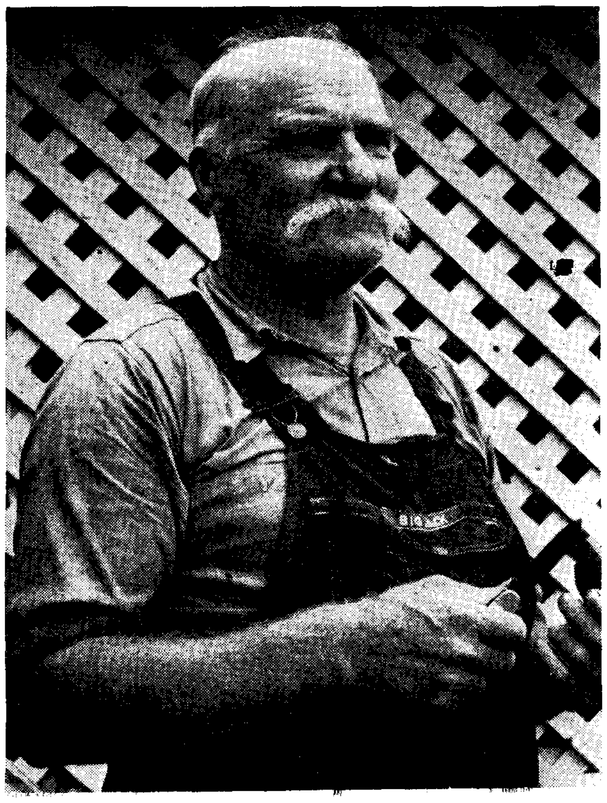
THE END

Above: Spencer lives spaciously, eats well. Frequent box suppers promote neighborliness, raise more money for the town. Below: Censorship being what it is, we can't tell you what business is before this meeting of the Board of Aldermen. Present are Mrs. E. C. Lewis, Mrs. D. L. Bouldin, Mayor Gordon, Police Chief Laura Cook, Mrs. J. L. Graham, Mrs. Edgar Roscoe and Mrs. T. F. Page

When Spencer sings, which is often, the folks stick to something they know about—Heaven. H. E. Northcutt carries the tuning fork

Above: Sammie Hutchenson (right) and her ki
sister. Sammie is town's champion ice-crea
eater and belle. Outside folks have wanted t
adopt her, bidding up to $1,000 for the privileg
Below: Town money also comes from fiddli
contests and the boys get a little practic

The Whittlin' Mr. Dishmon says the women ar
doing a right good job of running the tow



WOMEN RULE A CUMBERLAND TOWN

By Carroll Van Ark

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THINGS being the way they are in this mismanaged world, it's likely you've missed the news from Spencer, Tennessee. Mother Gordon's just been re-elected mayor. And the Widow Cook—Laura with the firm chin and the sturdy belief that right's got to be right—is chief of police again. Re-elected too are Spencer's five aldermen, all women and members of the Garden Club.

Spencer's an innocent, fresh-air hamlet high up in the cobalt Cumberland Mountains, ninety-three miles from Nashville, the county seat of Van Buren County. It's as American as corn fritters. Five hundred and twenty-seven people live there in unity, peace and concord.

Three years ago, old Mayor Kell died. Spencer carried his body to Li'l Brick, the Baptist Church, sang the hymns he loved, wept through the churchyard and went back to its workin' and whittlin'.

The time grew nigh when Spencer had to think of electing a new mayor. Things had been going all right. Mayors and the government they set up mean taxes for salaries and money for the fancy ideas that men in office get. Guess they'd let good enough alone, get along without a mayor.

The Garden Club was meeting that day at the home of Mrs. J. M. Gordon, and somehow the women got to talking. One of them had heard that Spencer's cut of the state beer tax (old-age pensions) was in jeopardy because Spencer didn't have a mayor and a council to receive it.

Next morning when the men gathered under the loafin' tree, in front of the courthouse there was a sign on the bulletin board. Women—the Garden Club women—wanted to run the town. They had a platform too: "No taxes, no salaries, a Community House, more fun for all."

The men laughed some, said sho, and got about their whittlin' and chawin' and jawin' and goin' off to their work. If the women wanted to run the town, it was all right.

So Mother Gordon was elected mayor—without opposition. The Garden Club took over. Financially, Spencer was busted. The girls got busy, thinking of the Community House and more fun for all. They held a pie supper and took in eighteen dollars and fifty cents. They staged a fiddlin' contest along with a ten-cents-a-vote for the prettiest girl and the ugliest man.

Folks from all over Van Buren came in fiddlin', twangin', prinkin', laughin', making comical faces. They had a mighty good time and seventy-five dollars was added to the Community House fund.

Then the girls started a Fat Hen Drive. Every family except two contributed their fattest hen. In the city, the hens brought a hundred dollars. The men quit laughing, said it wasn't right for enterprising money like that to be spent on something they could do themselves, with their own hands. So the men are supplying the logs and the labor for the Community House.

Mother Gordon and her cabinet kept right on anyway. They started quilting parties, making a quilt a day. They're snapped up by outsiders for nine dollars apiece—and cheap at the price. Sugar got scarce and instead of pie suppers they held box suppers.

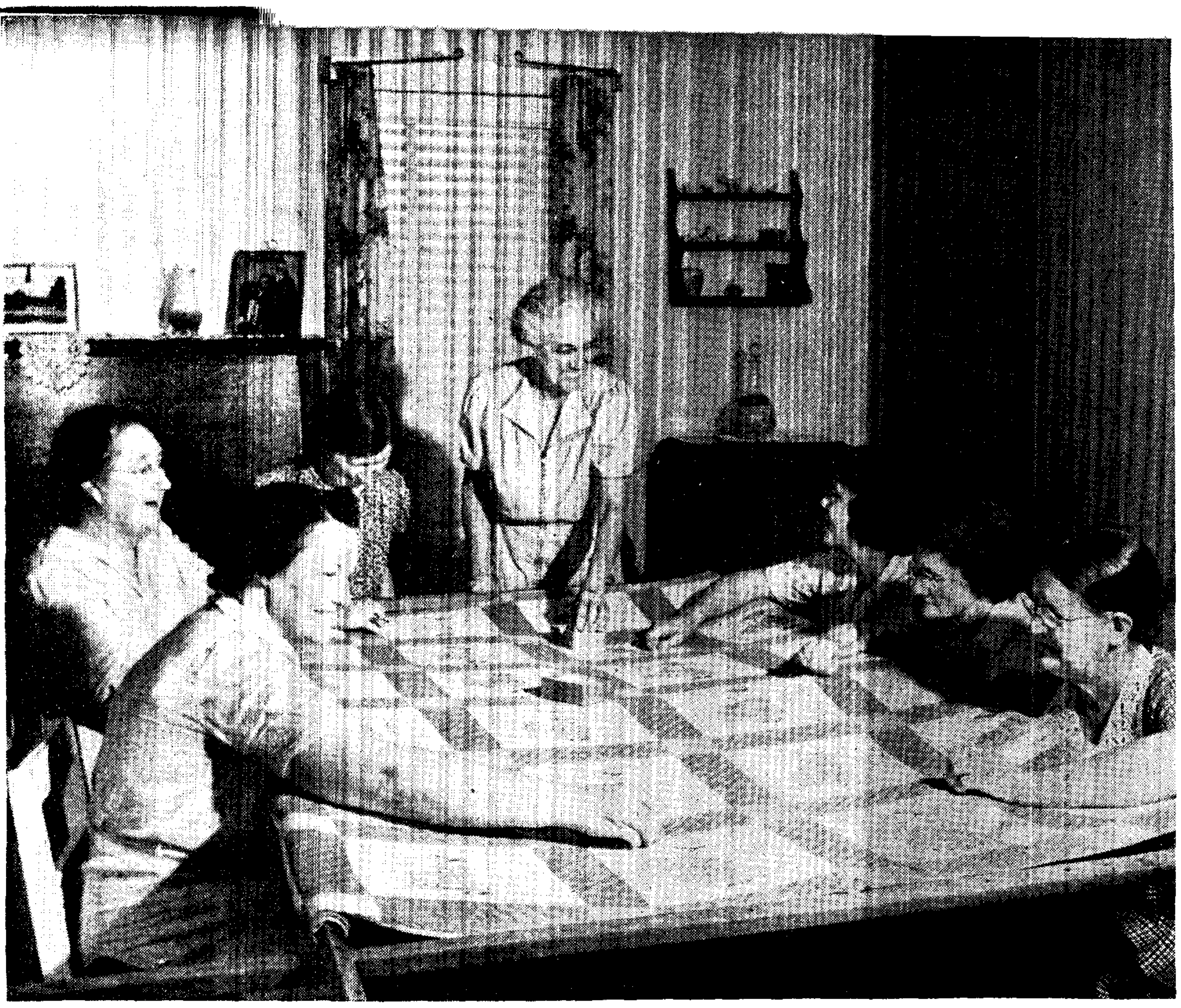
They sang at the suppers, led by H. E. Northcutt who has a tuning fork and "the biggest singin' voice in Tennessee." Prayer would be said by Preacher John Templeton who came to the mountains thirty years ago because he "could eat so much better up there in the high air." L. R. Dishmon would be there doing his championship whittlin', which he says is "jest shavin's." He's as healthy as a mountain torrent—"seventy-seven years old and ain't missed a meal or tasted doctor's medicine in my life." Then there'd be ice cream from Doc Holman's drugstore. Doc doesn't sell ice cream in dishes but in cones because it's against the law to sell ice cream in dishes where there's no piped-in running water, and there's no piped-in running water in Spencer.

Chief of Police Cook hasn't had much to do. Of course the men would help if anything right bad happened. About a year ago, R. D. Hutchenson who runs a café on Main Street started selling beer. Chief Cook and Mayor Mother Gordon went down to see him. Nobody was going to sell beer in Spencer they said. At first, Hutch got sore, threatened to get into politics himself, run for mayor maybe.

But Hutch calmed down, said he'd quit selling beer. Hutch had tears in his eyes too. Said he guessed it wasn't right to have little Sammie, his baby, growing up around where beer was sold.

Little Sammie's beautiful. A lot of people have wanted to adopt her. One woman, a tourist, offered Hutch a thousand dollars if he'd let her have Sammie. Hutch swore and said he wouldn't take a million—holding little Sammie to his heart.

That's the news from Spencer except, maybe, that the girls have $1,050 in the treasury. ★★★



Above: Quiltin'. Girls make a quilt in a day, sell it for nine dollars. Town gets the money

Right: Mayor Gordon (right) and Police Chief Cook will have no trifling with law or order

Below: Town's only telephone is in Holman's drugstore on Main St. Hotel is on the hill

Good Neighbors

Continued from page 17

Uncle Pete pulled a florid gold watch from his pocket and studied it.

"All right," he said. "Let's go."

When they drove up in the driveway at home, Uncle Pete got out of the car and walked across the yard to the porch. As he mounted the steps, the cook, who had just finished placing the last steaming dish on the table and was standing in the back hall door with the bell in her hand waiting the signal of his step on the porch, rang the bell and turned and disappeared into the kitchen.

Uncle Pete hung his hat on the rack, walked into the dining room to his place at the head of the table, and surveyed his layout of special cutlery and utensils and food: his tall, thick, water glass set due south of his plate; his dish of okra to the southeast; the bowl of pot likker to the west; and his gaze came to rest on his knife. He picked it up and sighted down the edge.

"Minnie," he bellowed toward the kitchen.

"Suh?" said Minnie, popping her head in at the door between the dining room and kitchen.

"This is not my knife."

"Oh, Lawd. Oh, Lawd," said Minnie, scurrying back to the sideboard drawer and clattering about among the spare knives and forks and spoons.

"She just does that to aggravate me," said Uncle Pete with a huge frown.

Minnie hurried in with another knife, and Uncle Pete took it and examined it and, satisfied, went to work preparing his food.

THE phone bell tinkled while they were still at the table and the son answered it. After a brief conversation, he came into the dining room.

"That was the marshal," he said to Uncle Pete. "He's got two prisoners he wants you to take to Holly Springs this evening. Wants you to catch the one o'clock bus with them."

"By Joe! Won't give a man time to eat," said Uncle Pete.

He finished his dinner and rose and spoke to his son's wife, who kept house for him since his own wife's death. "I may not be back tonight," he said. "I never know how long I might be gone on these trips."

"All right," said the son's wife. Then in a lower voice to the son, "I'll be sure to have a small steak for him at six sharp."

The son took Uncle Pete back to town and the marshal was seated opposite the two prisoners when he entered the office.

"These the prisoners?" said Uncle Pete.

"Hello, Uncle Pete," said one of them, rising and holding out his hand. "Remember me?"

"Well now." Uncle Pete took the hand and peered into the prisoner's face. "Can't rightly say I remember you, boy."

"I'm Luke Jenkins. Remember? You took me to Atlanta seven year ago."

"Well, by Joe!" said Uncle Pete. "How you been getting along, boy?"

"First rate," said Luke.

"How's your paw?" said Uncle Pete.

"Fine," said Luke. "He was talking about you jest the other day."

"I'd like to see old Abe again," said Uncle Pete. "Who's this you got with you?"

"You don't know him," said Luke. "He lives on the place next to us but he ain't been there but about ten year now."

"That's the old Logan place," said Uncle Pete. "I remember—"

"Here, here," said the marshal. "You get on down to the bus station or you'll miss that bus."

Uncle Pete glanced up at the wall clock. "We might, at that," he said, then to the two prisoners, "Come on. We better be going."

He walked out the door and down the steps to the sidewalk. The two prisoners rose and followed along in his wake.

"Say, is that the way he carries prisoners around?" asked one of the two prohibition agents who had brought the prisoners in.

"Yes," said the marshal.

"Why, some prisoner is going to knock him in the head one of these days," the agent said.

"There hasn't anyone done it yet," said the marshal dryly.

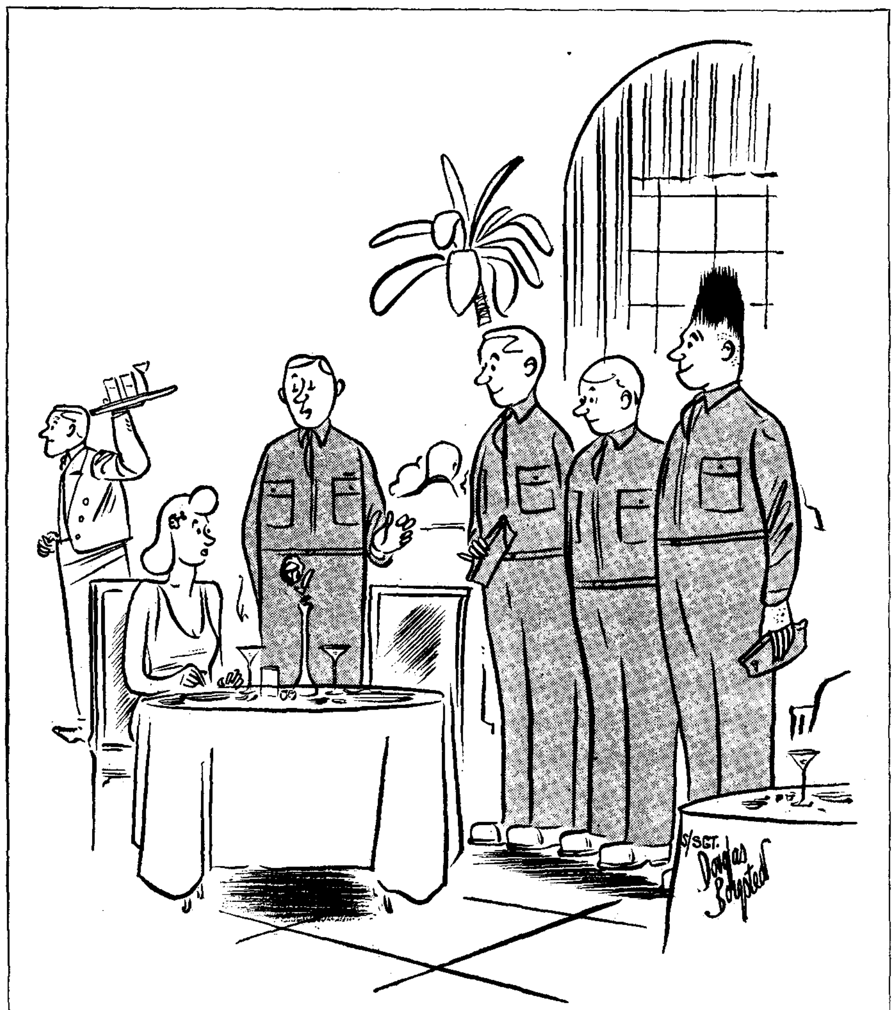
"That's no sign they won't," said the agent. "That's what I say about keeping an old dodo like him around. Here we've got to go over below Charleston and catch those two Fullers and we need a third man with us. Those boys are dangerous. Got to risk mine and Ed's life just because old man Pete knows some senator. It ain't right."

"You tell that to the senator," said the marshal. "He's the one that appoints us here in the marshal's office. If you find you need reinforcements, I guess you can get them."

"Huh!" snorted the agent.

"When are you leaving for Charleston?" said the marshal.

"Tonight," said the agent. "The Fullers live about twelve miles the other side and we aim to go in on 'em about dawn. Hope to catch 'em at breakfast."



"This is Pvt. Gregory of the Infantry, Pvt. Mitchell of the Field Artillery—and Pvt. Quinn of the Paratroops"

COLLIER'S SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

When Uncle Pete got back from his Holly Springs trip that evening, the prohibition agents were gone. The marshal had just entered the office with the evening mail which contained a huge stack of notices for posting the reservoir district. When Uncle Pete left the office at closing time that evening, the marshal watched him going down the steps with the pile of notices in his arms.

"I bet, by George, he won't get home tomorrow night," the marshal said to the office deputy.

"How many did you give him this time?" said the deputy.

"Everything that was left in the reservoir," said the marshal.

"Great day!" said the office deputy. "We won't ever see him again. That stuff runs all the way from Coldwater to way below Charleston."

Uncle Pete and Joe left at daylight next morning. As soon as it got light enough to see, they stopped the car, got out, and spread the notices on the ground. Between them, they knew every path and pig trail in north Mississippi, and they went over the notices and arranged them in a route that swung around in the hills and small creek bottoms, then looped and twisted out into the edge of the Delta. At last, Uncle Pete was satisfied.

"We'll never get back home tonight," said Joe, shaking his head.

"We'll have to do some stepping," said Uncle Pete.

"You don't hope to get all that stuff posted before dark, do you?" said Joe.

"Well, you can't tell," said Uncle Pete.

"Oh, Lord!" said Joe. "Oh, Lord!"

"Huh," said Uncle Pete.

Just about this time, the two prohibition agents were holding a hurried conference behind old man Fuller's barn. They had slipped in as silently as they could with their car, leaving it, they thought, a safe distance down the road. But the keen ears of old Josh Fuller had detected the faint vibrations in the air even before he could hear the sound of the motor. He had risen from the shuck mattress where he slept beside his wife and, slithering across the floor on callused feet, poked his head in the door of the lean-to behind the kitchen where his two sons, Hank and Lon, slept. He brought them upright with a cautious hiss.

"Git into your clothes and come on," he said. "They's some'un a-coming."

The two sons slid from beneath their patchwork quilt and stood like two cranes in their too-short winter underwear. They slid into their overalls and flipped the galluses expertly over their shoulders, then donned their jumpers and placed their wide-brimmed hats on their heads. With shoes in one hand and rifles in the other, they went into the front room where old Josh stood in the open door, listening to the small waking sounds of morning. They crossed the floor to him and he held up his hand for silence.

"They are coming across toward the barn," old Josh said after a long wait.

The two boys placed their shoes noiselessly on the floor and crossed to the side of the room that faced the barn. They slid their rifle barrels through punched-out spaces in the chinking and peered intently into the waking day.

THE prohibition agents thought they had used due caution and they breathed triumphantly as they gained the shelter of the barn and still heard no sounds of awakening from the house.

"We got 'em this time," whispered Harry, the senior agent, exultantly. "They ain't even awake yet. All we got to do now is wait till they get up and all get in to breakfast, then move in and taken 'em. Shucks, we don't even need old man Pete."

"It wouldn't hurt to have a couple of men on the other side of the house," said Ed, the other agent. "Just in case they try to run."

"Tell you what we'll do," said Harry. "Let's slip on up to the house and I'll get at one kitchen window and you get at the opposite one, and then when they come in to breakfast, we'll have 'em from both sides."

"You think they won't see us cross the yard?"

"They ain't even awake yet."

So, led by Harry, they eased out from the corner of the barn and started their stooped-over approach toward the house. The first notice they had that they had been detected was a yellow knife of flame from the nearer wall of the house and the unmistakable whip of a high-powered bullet close above their heads. They made a mad dash back to the barn and fell in a panting heap around behind the corner.

"Gosh!" said Ed. "Who done that?"

"The so and sos," said Harry. "They been watching us all the time."

"What we going to do now?" said Ed.

"Call on 'em in the name of the law to surrender," said Harry.

"You reckon that'll do any good?"

"Hello, the house," said Harry in a full-voiced bellow. "Surrender. In the name of the law."

They strained their ears into the silence and Harry tried again.

"Wonder why they don't say something," said Ed.

"They're too smart," said Harry. "As

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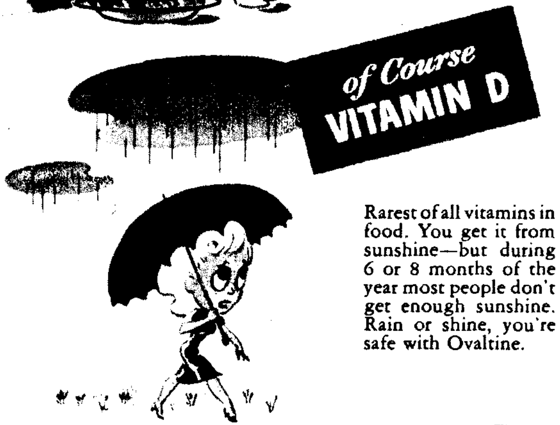

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long as they don't say anything, we can't even swear they heard us."

They crouched behind the barn for thirty minutes, but no sound from the house broke the stillness of the morning.

"This ain't getting us nothing, just setting here," said Harry at last. "We'll slip back in that ditch that runs back of the barn and separate, and come in on them from two directions. Maybe we can fool 'em into thinking there are more than two of us. You go up the ditch and I'll go down. When you get to those woods on the other side of the house, crawl out of the ditch and I'll crawl out down here. When I whistle, shoot into the air a couple of times and holler like you're hollering at two or three men. When they run out on my side of the house, I'll catch 'em. You got that? All right. Let's go."

As they wriggled back through the weeds to the ditch and disappeared over the edge, Hank left his hiding place in the corner stall of the barn to which he had slipped in the confusion of the agents' precipitate flight from the first shots and, bending over at the waist, strode rapidly across the yard to the house.

"Two," he reported to old Josh.

"Jest two, huh?" said old Josh. "I knowed they'd be traveling in pairs. They allus travel in pairs."

"You want we should catch 'em while they're separated like?" said Hank, after he had repeated the agents' plan to old Josh.

"Wouldn't know what to do with 'em ifen we had 'em," said old Josh. "Give 'em time to git outen the ditch, then cut loose a few shots through them low branches."

The boys cut loose a few shots even before Ed had time to get out of the ditch or holler, and, with the clipped leaves and branches dropping about him, he made another precipitate flight down the ditch to the rear of the barn. He met Harry there.

"What the dickens do you mean shooting at me?" said Harry before Ed could speak. "And why didn't you holler?"

"You didn't give me time," said Ed. "You started shooting before I could even get out of the ditch."

"Why, I *never* shot at you," said Harry. "I never even shot at all."

"I didn't neither," said Ed.

They stared at each other, then Harry peered through the weeds toward the house. "They must have found out what we were doing somehow," he said.

They crouched in silence for a while.

"We've got to have a third man," said Harry at last.

"We could use two or three more," said Ed.

"One more would have been enough this morning," said Harry. "If we had just had somebody around on the other side when we first surprised 'em—if they would just get rid of old man Pete and give us somebody that could do something—"

"You reckon we had better go back in to Charleston and get some reinforcements?" asked Ed.

"I guess we might as well," said Harry. "This is a lot of expense for the government to just catch two moonshiners. When I get back to headquarters, I'm going to see if I can do something about that old dodo."

They wriggled back down the ditch and made their roundabout way through the cypress and tangled thickets back to their car.

OLD man Josh and his two boys listened to the whir of the car starter and the sound of the motor as the agents drove away down the bottom road. The old man nodded his head in grim understanding. "They'll be back," he said.

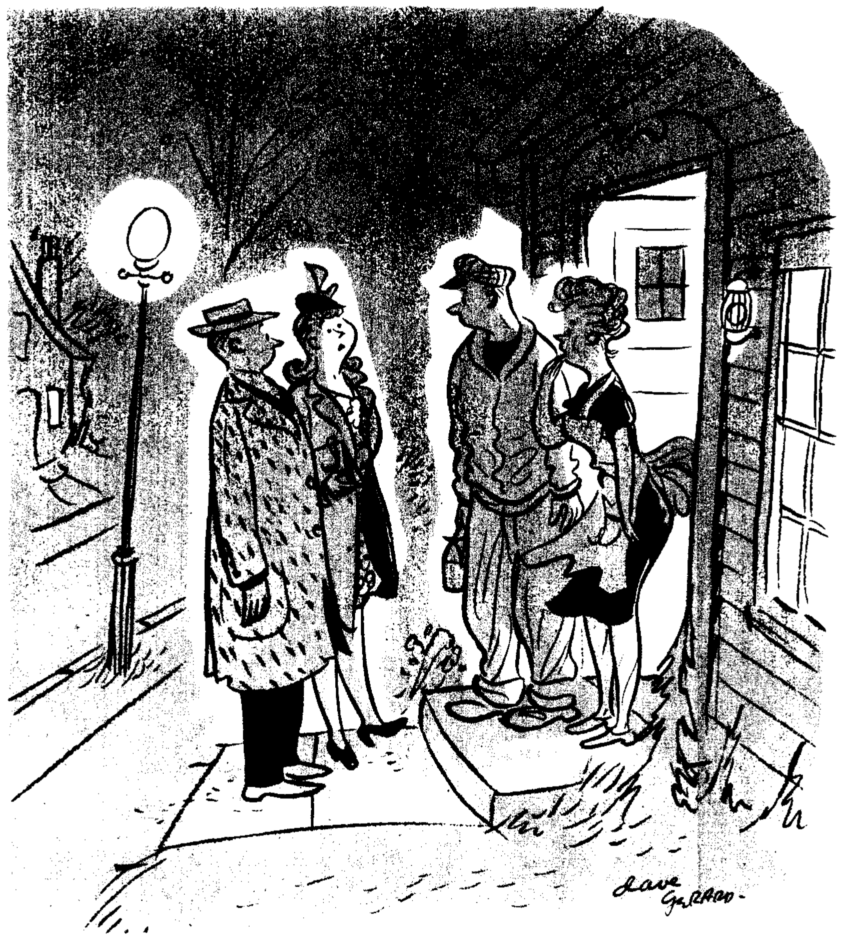
"How you know they both left?" Hank said.

"They allus travel in pairs," said Josh.

"What did they leave fer?" said Lon.

"Gone to get help," said old Josh. "They'll be back, come sundown."

"We going to jest set here and wait fer 'em?" said Hank.



COLLIER'S "Oh, heavens, I forgot to tell you—we have dinner in the morning! George is on the night shift" DAVE GERARD

THE BUGGY BRIGADE

No sooner does my little chap
Knock off for a reluctant nap
Than dear old ladies on the street
Start making passes at his feet.

They voice sweet nothings right above him,
They yearn to yank him out and love him,
They pat his little derrière,
They compliment him on his hair.

And when they've got him wide awake
And definitely on the make,
They flutter off to find another
Defenseless, pram-propelling mother.
MARGARET FISHBACK

"I been a-setting here waiting fer 'em fer fifty year," said old Josh, standing his rifle in the corner by the fireplace. "You boys go tend the stock and turn 'em out to pasture."

"Had we better take our rifles with us?" said Lon.

"Won't hurt nothing," said old Josh. "But you won't need 'em."

Hank and Lon, with their rifles in the crooks of their arms, walked across the yard to the barn and fed the stock, then turned them out to pasture and returned to the house. Old Josh was seated in the sun on the porch when the two boys came around the corner of the house and dropped to seats on the top step. Mrs. Fuller called them to breakfast, and they ate, and then returned to the porch.

It was almost dinnertime when they heard the car motor returning across the bottom. The two boys looked up quickly at old Josh. Old Josh eased the up-tilted front legs of his chair back to the porch and leaned an ear toward the sound. He listened closely as the sound grew louder and closer, then he rose and, followed by the two boys, entered the door and barred it.

The three of them watched through the holes between the logs, where the chinking had been punched out, with their rifle barrels thrust through the holes to cover the approaching road.

THE car drew nearer and broke from cover at the edge of the yard and pulled to a stop in the yard at the front of the house. Three rifles covered Uncle Pete as he clambered from the car and turned to face the house.

"Josh," he bellowed. "Oh, Josh. Got any biting dogs?"

"Well, I swan," said old Josh, lowering his gun. "Hit's old Pete."

He set his gun down by the door and unracked the bar and swung the door open.

"Come in, Pete," he said, stepping out on the porch. "Come right in."

"It's been a long time since I was last here," said Uncle Pete as he mounted the steps and pumped old Josh's hand.

"Yes, hit has," said old Josh; then quickly, "Who's that getting out of your car?"

"That's Joe, my driver," said Uncle Pete.

"Oh," said old Josh. "You in the marshal's office now, ain't you, Pete?"

"Yes. Been there going on seven years now."

"I heared some'un say so a while back."

"Can you give me and my driver some dinner, Josh?"

"Course. Course," said old Josh. "Old woman is just about ready to dish it up. You want to wash first?"

"Wouldn't hurt, I reckon," said Uncle Pete.

"Hank," called old Josh. "Hank. Go git Pete a fresh bucket of water. Come on through to the back porch. The washpan's on the back shelf."

Uncle Pete called to Joe and followed Josh through the house to the back porch, stopping to speak to Mrs. Fuller on the way. Hank came with the fresh bucket of water from the well, and Uncle Pete and Joe washed their faces and hands and combed their hair in front of the cracked mirror nailed to the wall above the shelf.

Mrs. Fuller called them to dinner and the menfolks filed into the dining room in solemn procession and took their seats at the table.

Uncle Pete sat down, then squirmed about, hitching himself forward to the edge of his chair as he reared up on one hip and fumbled at his hip pocket. He finally pulled a pistol and a pair of handcuffs out and looked around for a more comfortable place to keep them through dinner.

"Here," said old Josh. "Give 'em to Lon. You, Lon. Take them things fer Pete and put 'em on the mantel."

Uncle Pete handed the handcuffs and pistol to Lon and turned to his plate of spareribs and turnip greens and pone bread.

AFTER dinner, the menfolks retired to the front porch while Mrs. Fuller cleared the table and ate her dinner. After half an hour's reminiscing, Uncle Pete rose and consulted his watch.

"Well, Josh," he said, "I guess we better be going."

"Wait jest a minute, Pete," said old Josh.

He went into the house and called Hank and Lon.

"You boys git your hats and go with Pete," he said. "I never thought about 'em sending him out here fer you. It ain't right to make him git out on them kind of trips. I'm a-going to say something to the senator about hit the very next time I see him. Y'all take keer of Pete now, and don't try to git away. You likely won't git but three or four years, and that ain't wuth gitting Pete hurt over."

Old Josh went back onto the porch. "The boys are going in with you, Pete," he said.

"Well now," said Uncle Pete. "That's going to crowd us a right smart. I don't know whether we got room for them."

"You're jest saying that 'cause you don't want to take 'em," said old Josh. "They ain't going to take up much room an' they might come in handy ifen you git stuck. I'd druther they went in with you than them other fellers."

"Well, if they are going anyhow, I might as well take 'em," said Uncle Pete.

Hank and Lon had returned with their hats on and were standing on the porch waiting. They followed old Josh and Uncle Pete and Joe out to the car and waited again while Uncle Pete and Joe got into the front seat.

"Well, you boys move them suitcases over to the side and get in the back," said Uncle Pete. "It's right crowded."

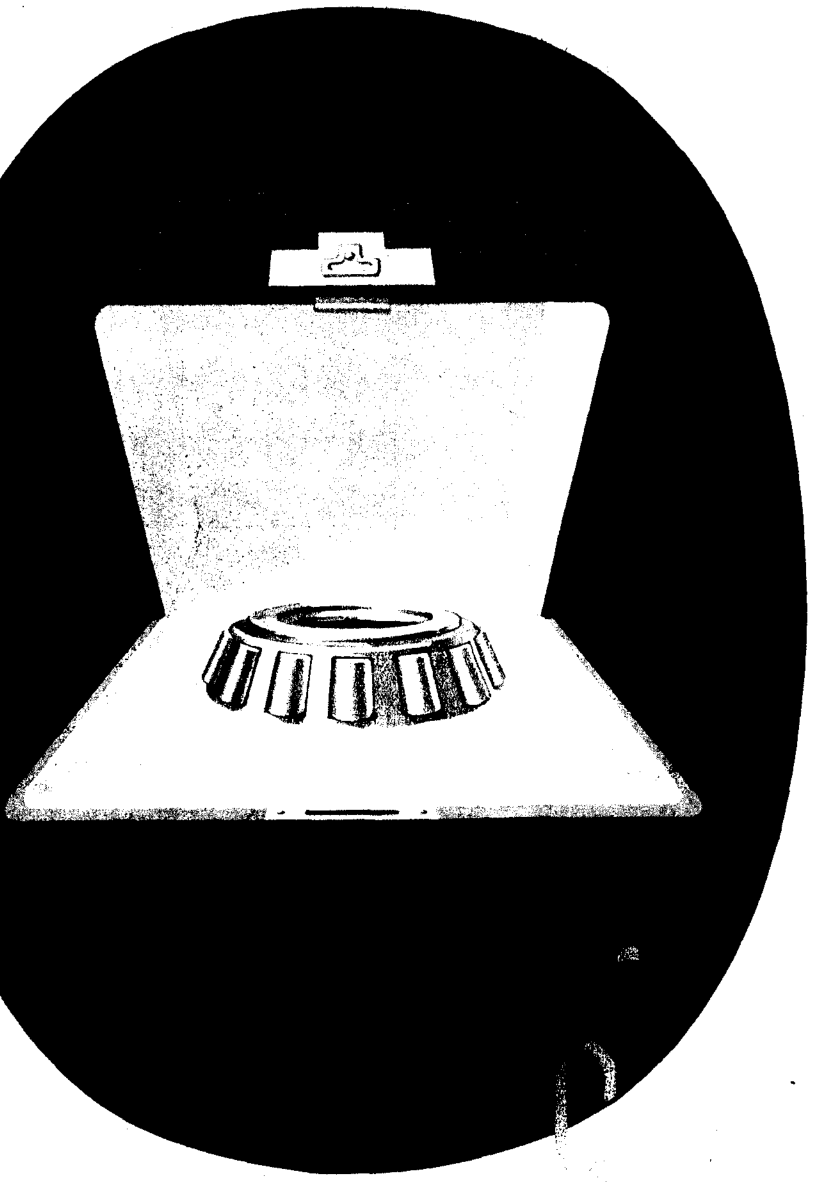
"That's all right, Uncle Pete," said Hank. "We'll make it all right."

"Well, so long, Josh," said Uncle Pete when they were all seated in the car. "Take care of yourself."

"Same to you, Pete," said old Josh.

Old Josh stood in the front yard and watched the car turn and move off down the rutted bottom road.

They had gone about a hundred yards down the road when Uncle Pete sat up suddenly on his seat and slapped his hip



They might as well be

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pocket. "Joe. Joe. Stop a minute," he said.

He felt his other pockets. "By thunder, I forgot my pistol and handcuffs."

"Want to turn around and go back for 'em?" said Joe.

"I hate to do that," said Uncle Pete.

"I'll run git 'em, Uncle Pete," said Hank, and he slid over the back door and trotted back down the road to the house and soon returned with the handcuffs and pistol. Uncle Pete took them with a gruff word of thanks and the car got under way once more.

"What's old Josh doing now?" said Uncle Pete, turning to Hank and Lon on the back seat.

"Paw's done got too old and stove up to do anything much," said Hank.

"Jest lays around the house mostly," said Lon.

"I remember one time," began Uncle Pete. "Let me see. It must have been about ninety-eight. Yep. That's when it was. Ninety-eight. I come through here horseback and spent the night with Josh. You boys weren't born then—"

ABOUT this time, the two agents were waiting in their car in front of the telephone office in Charleston. When they left Josh's that morning, they had driven straight to the telephone office and Harry had put through a long-distance call to the marshal.

"This the marshal talking? . . . We've got to have help over here . . . Yes. We've got them hemmed up but two men ain't enough to handle 'em. If we

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO ME

BY COLIN MACKENZIE

AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

SANDY GANDY

I THOUGHT I was in for a good night's sleep. The air was soft and warm and I made my bed over the forward hatch, tucking in the sheets and blankets military fashion. A few minutes later I was asleep. Dreams came easy that night. In my dream I had the pleasant sensation of sailing through space and then suddenly I awoke and that's just what I was doing. The next second, I was in the water, somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic.

When the torpedo struck, it had blown me, bunk and all, some hundred feet away from the ship. I struggled to free myself from my bedding which was dragging me down, and then swam around looking for a piece of wreckag or, better still, a lifeboat. Finally noticed that the ship was still afloat, a though listing badly, and with what mained of my strength, I swam to it a pulled myself aboard.

It was good to feel the ship under once more. Lying exhausted on t deck, I discovered two things: That ankle was broken, and (far more i portant) that I had company. The ca tain was still there, and so were t engineer and the radioman, who conti used to send out his S S S and the shi position. There was no lifeboat le however, and the only life raft inta was held securely by a pin that h had of had one more man this morning, we would have them now. That's all we needed. Just one more man . . . What's that? . . . You're sending a couple of men? . . . Good. Tell 'em we'll be waiting here at the telephone office in Charleston. And tell 'em to make it snappy. Send plenty of ammunition. Those men are killers."

The car with the reinforcements came at last and the two cars roared out to Josh's. The men surrounded the house and wriggled on their bellies through the weeds. When they came to the edge of the clearing in which the house sat and peered through the last weeds, there sat old Josh, tilted back in his chair on the front porch with his hands folded in his lap.

"Surrender. In the name of the law," called Harry from the weeds. "Raise your hands."

Old Josh raised his hands obediently but remained seated in his chair. The four agents, bristling with firearms, rose from the weeds and approached to the edge of the porch, keeping a wary lookout on the house all the while.

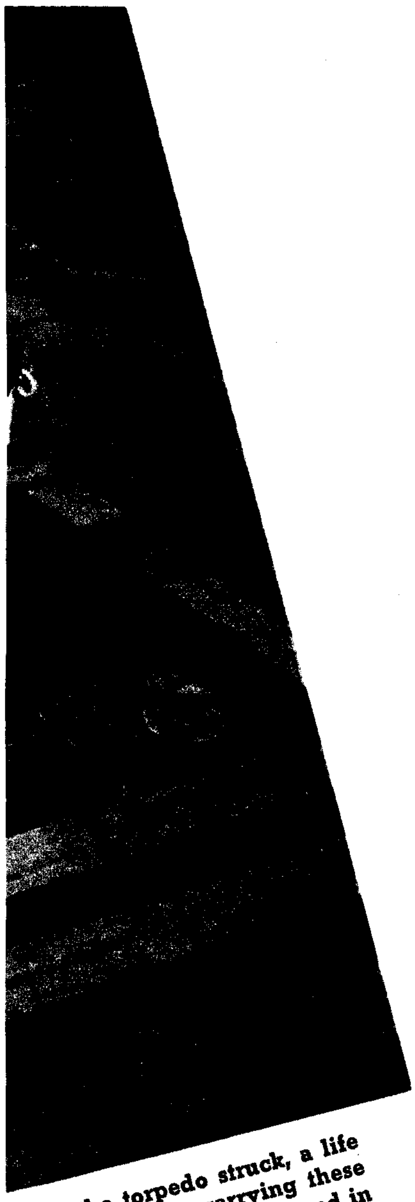
"IN THE name of the law, I command you to produce Henry and Alonzo Fuller," Harry said.

"I cain't," said old Josh. "Pete come by fer 'em about noon and tuck 'em with him."

"Pete? You mean old man Pete from the marshal's office?"

"That's him."

"Good gosh!" said Harry., "Old man Pete and those two killers? Let's go,



When the torpedo struck, a life raft broke loose, carrying these signal flags with it. Wrapped in one of them, the author, above, nearly came to a premature end

med in the explosion. "Sparks" and engineer and I worked frantically to en it. Just then another torpedo ck, and I looked up in time to see of the tanks carried in our cargo ing right at us.

gave the engineer a push, and we fell to one side as the tank crashed ugh the deck where we had been ding. The impact threw us into the er again but this time we were lucky. had our life jackets.

ll night long, the three of us tried eep from getting separated in the er. None of us had any idea what happened to the captain, but we w that the ship had finally keeled over and disappeared in the darkness. Sticking close together gave us courage, and in a short time we were going to need it. Sharks!

During the night we debated whether to slip out of our life jackets and get it over quickly or stick around and take our chances with the sharks. Sparks settled it by saying that he for one intended to hang on. He claimed that an answer had come to his S S S and before dawn, by way of further cheering us up, he broke into a medley of tunes. Sparks was quite a guy and only twenty years old!

But in spite of this display of spirit, the next morning no rescue ship was in sight. Then I saw a tiny speck on the horizon, and we decided to investigate. It was the captain, calmly seated on the life raft which had broken loose when the tank hit the deck.

We clambered aboard somehow, all of us exhausted. During the night, I had been violently ill from the oil and salt water I had swallowed, and now I lost consciousness. I came to just in time. My comrades, deciding I was dead, had wrapped me in one of the raft's signal flags and were preparing me for a sea burial.

Having escaped that fate, my troubles seemed about over, because a freighter suddenly loomed on the horizon, came alongside and took us aboard. They put me to bed and I sank back peacefully. I don't know how long I had been asleep when the freighter shook with a mighty blast. This time I knew it was no dream.

It was getting a little monotonous. This was the third time we'd been torpedoed in twenty-four hours. Floundering about in the water, I wondered whether I might not just as well give in to what seemed my inevitable fate. My only consolation was that about everything had happened to me that could possibly happen. That's what I thought. Just then there was a great surging of the water and I realized to my horror that the U-boat which had torpedoed our ship was surfacing under me.

I could easily have caught hold of the railings on the topside of the sub, but somehow I preferred to slide off her side and try to escape notice. The captain saw me, however, and in perfect English asked the usual questions about our ship's cargo and identity. Even with the sub's machine guns trained on me, I couldn't produce the right answers, being a stranger to the freighter myself. After directing me to a near-by lifeboat, the captain apologized, and the submarine submerged.

The next day an airplane spotted us and sent a ship to our rescue. The trip back to this country was happily uneventful. I hope to return to the Merchant Marine soon. At the beginning of the war, I tried getting into the Army, but the doctor rejected me. "A bad heart," he said. ★★★

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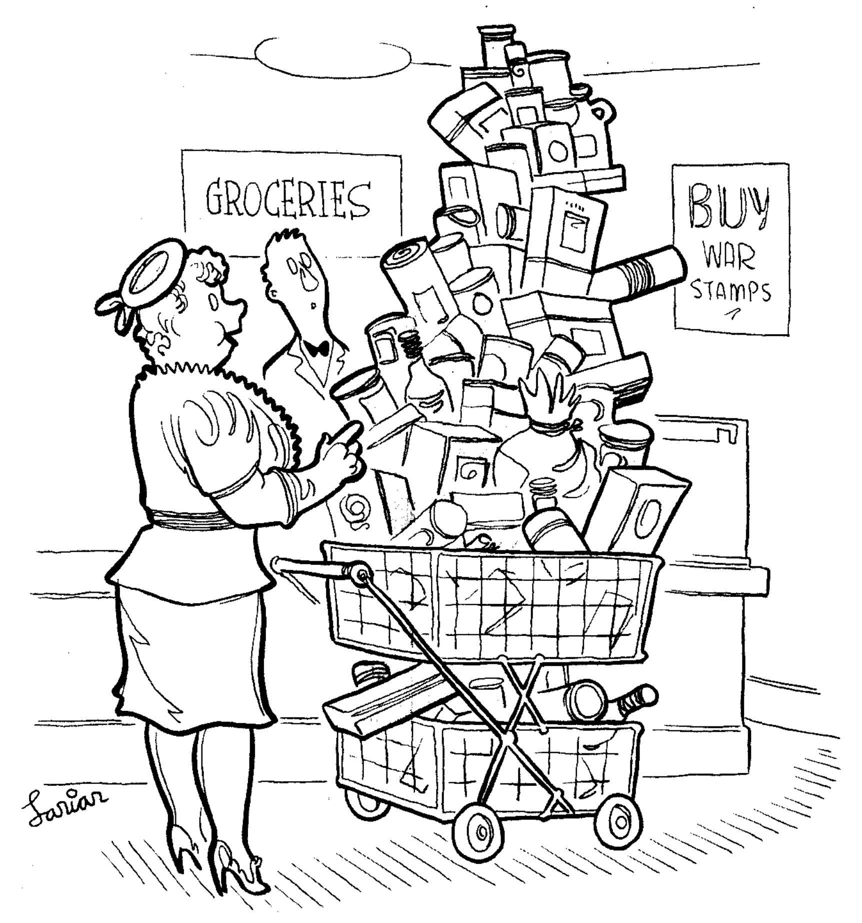

"Can I return these things later if no shortage develops?"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

men. Maybe we can get there in time."

Led by Harry, the men turned and plunged away from the house.

"Well, I swan," old Josh said. "Now what in the world you reckon come over 'em? Revenuers! Pitouey!" And he spat into the front yard.

The agents stopped again in Charleston and Harry jumped to the ground even before his car stopped rolling.

"Keep going. Keep going," he shouted, running up to the other car. "Keep on after 'em. We've got to save that old fool if we can. I'll go in here and call the marshal to send out a car from the office to meet 'em. It'll serve old man Pete right if he does get knocked in the head," he muttered to himself as the other car whirled away in a cloud of dust. "I wonder how he managed to capture 'em. Must have went in on 'em at dinner. And what was he doing messing around in this case anyhow? Must have heard us talking about him being too old the other day and set out to prove he wasn't. I bet the marshal blows up when he hears about it."

The marshal was more indignant than worried when he received the call from Harry that Uncle Pete was on his way in with the two Fuller boys.

"There's no use in him risking himself at something like that," the marshal said to his office deputy after he had talked to Harry. "We've got younger men for those kind of jobs."

"Why in the world do you reckon he did it?" said the office deputy.

"Why, to have an excuse to come in tonight," said the marshal. "I'm going to see that he spends one night away from home if I have to go out with him myself, and arrest him and jail him. But, wherever I arrest him, the jail will probably be full and I'll have to bring him back here to spend the night."

But when the car from the marshal's office met the car from Charleston without having encountered Uncle Pete, and the car containing Harry and Ed drove up to where the first two cars were stopped in the road and they all three returned to the marshal's office empty-handed, the marshal grew worried.

"What if those two men have done away with Uncle Pete and taken his car?" he thought. "I'd better put in a call to the Highway Patrol about him."

So the marshal called the Highway Patrol, and the description of Uncle Pete and Joe and the two Fuller boys, together with the description of the car they were in, went out to all the patrol cars. A state-wide search was under way, but dark came, and there was still no sign of Uncle Pete.

THE lights were turned on in the marshal's office and the room gradually filled with Uncle Pete's friends and the idly curious, their attention centered on the marshal hovered over the phone.

"I told you not to let that old dodo handle prisoners," said Harry.

The marshal looked up at him with worried eyes and opened his mouth to speak, but the town clock boomed the first note of nine and the phone bell tinkled at the same time. The marshal grasped the phone quickly to him and placed the receiver against his ear.

"Hello. . . . Yes? . . . Where are you, Pete? . . . At home? . . . Are you all right? . . . I said, Are you all right? . . . Why shouldn't you be all right? And you out all evening and up into the night with those two killers . . . What killers?—Those *Fullers*. . . . Wouldn't hurt anybody? . . . Sons of an old friend of yours? Where are they? . . . Out there at your house? Well, you get 'em right up here. . . . Yes. Now. . . . Asleep? . . . Worked pretty hard all evening? . . . Well, I'll be. . . . No. Nothing. I didn't say anything. . . . No. Don't wake 'em up. Just bring 'em up here in the morning. . . . Good night."

The marshal placed the receiver slowly back on the hook and looked up at the crowd about his desk.

"Pete's home," he said. "The Fuller boys are out there asleep. He'll bring 'em down in the morning when he comes." He turned to the office deputy: "He says the boys are pretty tired out. They worked pretty hard all evening helping him finish up posting that land."

THE END

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(*from a letter by* G. W. R., Philadelphia, Pa.)

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(*from a letter by* A. B., Shreveport, La.)

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(*from a letter by* D. W. R., Albany, N. Y.)

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(*from a letter by* H. E., Los Angeles, Calif.)

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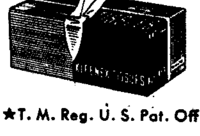

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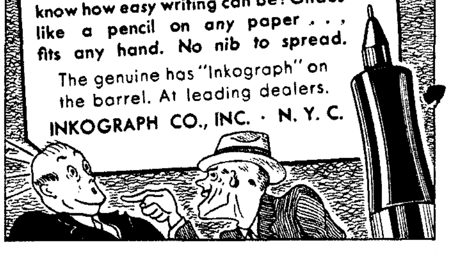

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African Danger Spot

Continued from page 13

leave little for the development of local leadership, *paracaidistas*—parachutists.

If Portugal ever is overrun by the enemy, it is reasonable to hope, according to the colony's leading citizens, that Mozambique would become the center of the Free Portugal movement just as some of the French colonies have become for the Free French.

None of this, however, obstructs Dr. Werz's work, for everywhere in Neutralia (that never-never land of it-can't-happen-here, which now includes only half a dozen of the world's fifty-odd nations), there are men who seek power through an Axis victory and there are others who can be bought and sold.

Important and Busy Port

Even Mozambique is no exception. Dr. Werz knows how to spend money. His agents spend considerable buying drinks for seamen in port. Lourenço Marques has become one of the most important ports on a continent which is sadly lacking in good harbors. Ten months ago, the cranes in Lourenço Marques lay idle with their arms folded, and the fine landlocked harbor was empty except for a few coastwise vessels and an occasional ship from Lisbon. Now it is one of the busiest of the East Coast ports, where United Nations freighters call for bunkerage and chandlering and pick up cargoes railed from South Africa's Rand.

More than two million tons of shipping passed in and out of Lourenço Marques between January and June, and the pace increased as the facilities of Cape Town and Durban were burdened beyond capacity. The docks are crowded with ships, and the water-front honky-tonks and cafés with sailors. Among them are Greek and Dutch seamen whose families remain in occupied territories.

Seamen are worth their weight in guns these days, and Dr. Werz has developed a system for depriving us of a few. His agents circulate among the disconsolate ones who are wondering whether their families are dead or alive. They win the seamen's confidence and offer to obtain news of their friends' or relatives' welfare.

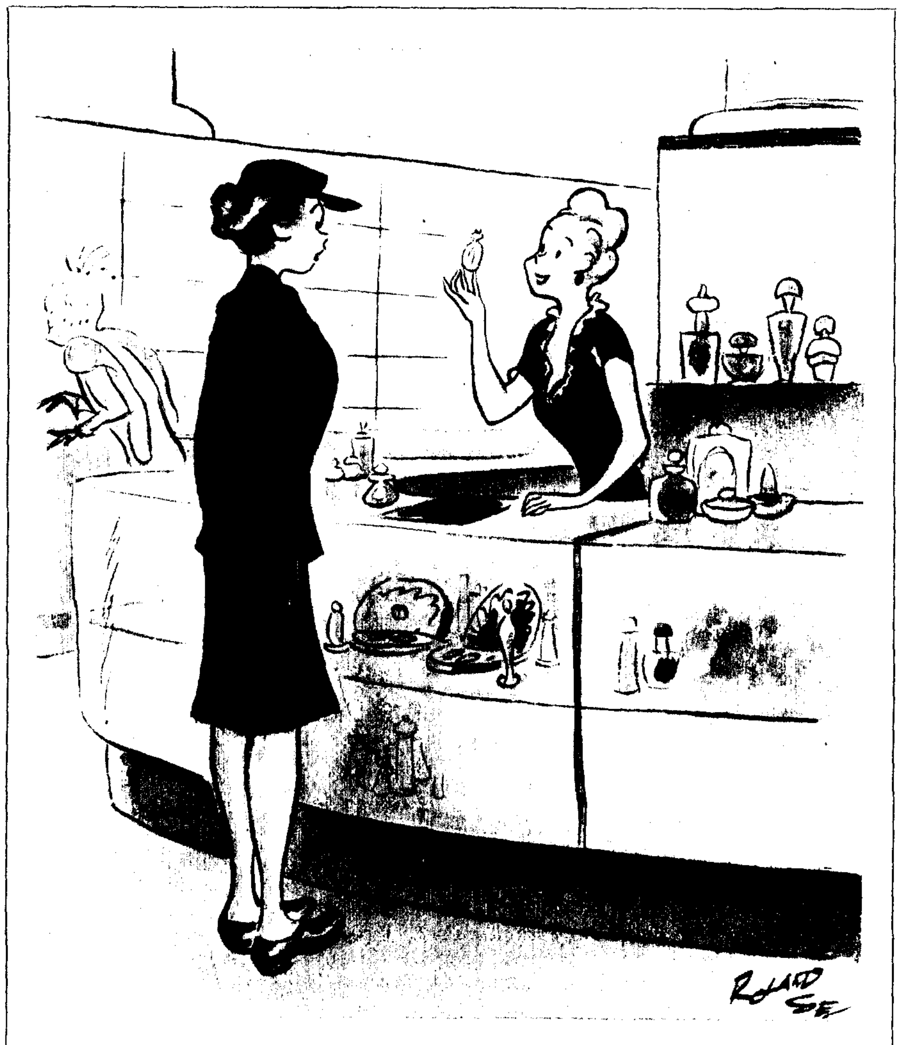
"Just give us names," they say, "and where you last knew them to be; we'll find out the rest."

Through the Gestapo in Berlin and in the occupied areas, Dr. Werz obtains the "information" the seamen desire, within as little as forty-eight hours. Whenever it is unfavorable, the message omits the ugly details. His agents meet the seamen and give them the information.

In return, Dr. Werz usually obtains the data he requires for what is probably the most important part of his work, naval intelligence. From sailors, he can learn their ship's last port of call, tonnage, cargo, and possibly its destination.

From personal observation, he can ascertain when ships leave Lourenço Marques harbor. That part is easy. All he has to do is look out of his window in the Polana Hotel, which is on a bluff overlooking Delagoa Bay. He cables Berlin his composite day-by-day picture of the comings and goings of ships. Berlin has a rapid means of communicating with U-boats and raiders operating in Mozambique Channel and in African waters.

That's not all. Seamen whom Dr. Werz has befriended are often influenced to quit their ships. Lourenço Marques



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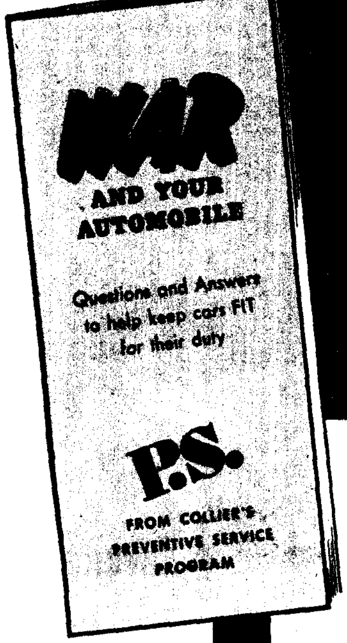
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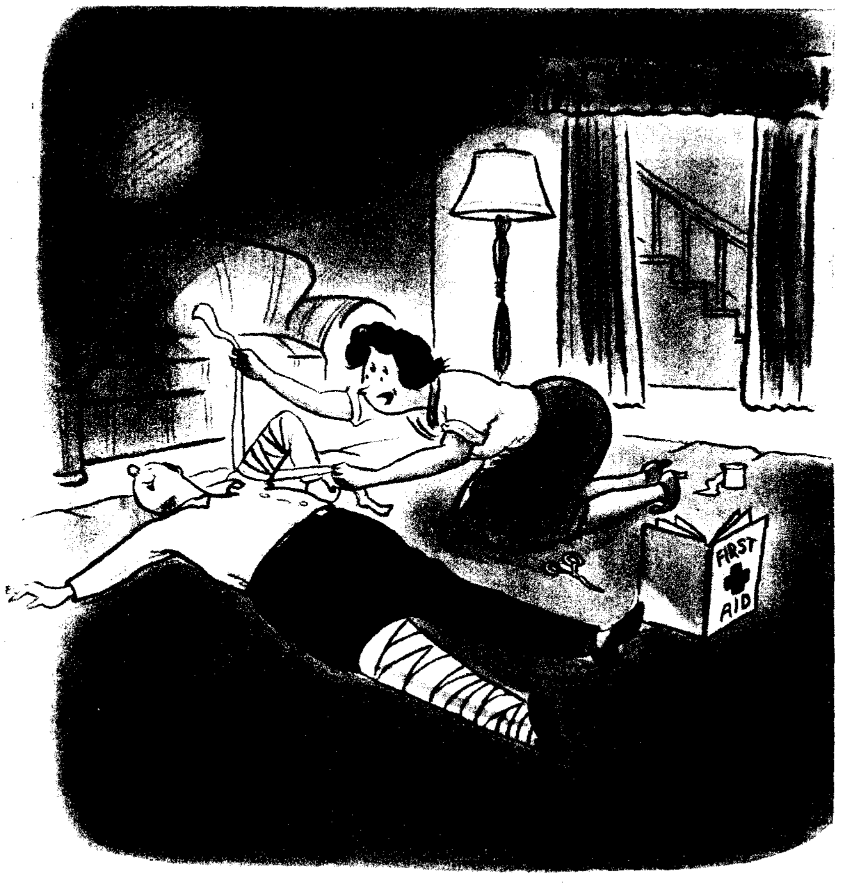


"For goodness sake stop saying, 'What happened?' and 'Where am I?' "

COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS

is full of seamen on the beach, men who have been bribed and otherwise influenced by Dr. Werz to desert, or others who have been shipwrecked. Many of the ships sunk in Mozambique Channel have been ships which had sailed from Lourenço Marques.

It is a study in macabre to watch a tall, heavy-legged Nordic with blond wavy hair, gray-blue eyes and a petulant mouth sit in the dining room of the Polana Hotel and scan the faces of ship captains who come in. They are awkwardly dressed in their newly bought store clothes, these survivors of sunken vessels who are sitting down to their first dinners after days in lifeboats or on rafts. At such moments, Dr. Werz's features assume an almost feline smugness.

The transmission and reception involved in the above work constitute at least part of Dr. Werz's daily budget of telegrams. He has become the best client of the Portuguese state-controlled cable and wireless service out of Lourenço Marques.

Every day the German vice-consul sends his khaki-uniformed black flunky to the one-room office of *Servico dos Telegrafos* with long telegrams addressed to the Reich's chancellery in Berlin containing sheafs of neatly typed figures which represent code groups. On the bottom, they are stamped with the eagle and swastika.

The flunky lays as many as twenty-four thousand escudo notes on the counter in payment for a single batch of telegrams, amounting to a thousand dollars at a clip. Dr. Werz's cable bills run into $15,000 monthly and he is known to have withdrawn from the *Banco Ultramarino,* the Portuguese colonial state bank, the equivalent of $100,000 at one time.

In Mozambique, the Nazis don't bother levying on some two hundred Germans who are residing in Lourenço Marques or the five hundred who own strategically scattered sisal plantations in the northern part of the colony near Porto Amelia or Mozambique City—the region bordering the old German colonies.

The amounts Dr. Werz spends for cables represent an enormous budget of what censors call "information valuable to enemy." He certainly isn't filling his cables with accounts of the life and times of Lourenço Marques, for this city, charming capital of Portugal's plum colony though it is, isn't exactly a world metropolis.

It's a busy week for the American consul, for instance, when he sends or receives two official telegrams. Our consul there, by the way, is a Buffalo boy named Austin Roe Presont. He is a grade-4 officer in a grade-8 post, who is handicapped by not being a consul general in a place where all nations except Japan maintain consul generals. He and his Australian-born wife, Marjorie, and their son; Austin, Jr., comprise the total American population of Mozambique.

They Leave Werz Alone

Lourenço Marques, the half-port, half-resort setting of this African espionage drama (which would be more farce than drama if the consequences to the United Nations' war effort were less serious), is a dull little place despite the tourist-literature rhapsodies about the city's silvery nights and golden days. Here, some 14,000 people of Portuguese extraction, about 3,000 other Europeans, 29,000 natives and 5,000 unidentifiables live dull little lives, with two movies, two so-called night clubs, one mediocre hotel and one terrible golf course. But so far, nobody has done anything about Werz.

A few English people amuse themselves by plotting Edgar Wallace schemes to rub him out, but Werz carries on undisturbed—if anything, relishing the notoriety he has acquired. He knows people indulge in backhand gossip about him and, if he isn't the local chief of the Gestapo, he gives an admirable impersonation of one. He bows affably to the Portuguese and does everything possible to ingratiate himself with them; he entertains them and flatters them. He's no superman, but something of a sissy.

Werz has developed a persecution complex. Once he fainted in his bathtub and, after the room boy had saved him from drowning, swore he had been assaulted by British agents. When he fainted again at the dinner table, he asserted later that he had been poisoned by his enemies. He hasn't any privacy, not even on the beach where he likes to stroll with his mistress. Lourenço Marques is a house without walls. It is a city where the Europeans live within the few square feet of the Polana Hotel's dining room, lounge and lobby. You need only dine there once or twice to know which husbands and wives play around, who's got money in the bank and who hasn't, and that Werz has a Portuguese mistress. She is Mozambique's most beautiful woman, with an oval face, sleek black hair, luminous brown eyes and a good figure.

A Dangerous Espionage Agent

Werz is a young man in his middle thirties, who came to Lourenço Marques after being bounced out of Pretoria when South Africa entered the war. There are those who suspect the obstructionist *Ossewabrandwag,* one of South Africa's antiwar groups, of being linked with Werz, but evidence of such a connection is very slim and largely hearsay.

There is no doubt, however, that Werz, in his expensive cables, feeds Berlin news originating in the Union, in Rhodesia and probably as far north as Cairo. Standing as he does on the flank of the Allies' important supply lane and along the British airline route from the Cape to Cairo, he is bound to come across plenty of material useful to Berlin. He'd be useful if only for the accounts he gets from Johannesburg and other South African newspapers concerning internal conditions of the country. His opportunities for effective espionage are too numerous to be overlooked by the wary and wily enemy, and Germany has proved she doesn't miss any opportunities.

It is reasonable to suppose that Werz operates as effectively from Mozambique as the Nazi Dietrich did from Mexico City, as the German agents did from Rio de Janeiro before Brazil entered the war and as they continue to do from Buenos Aires.

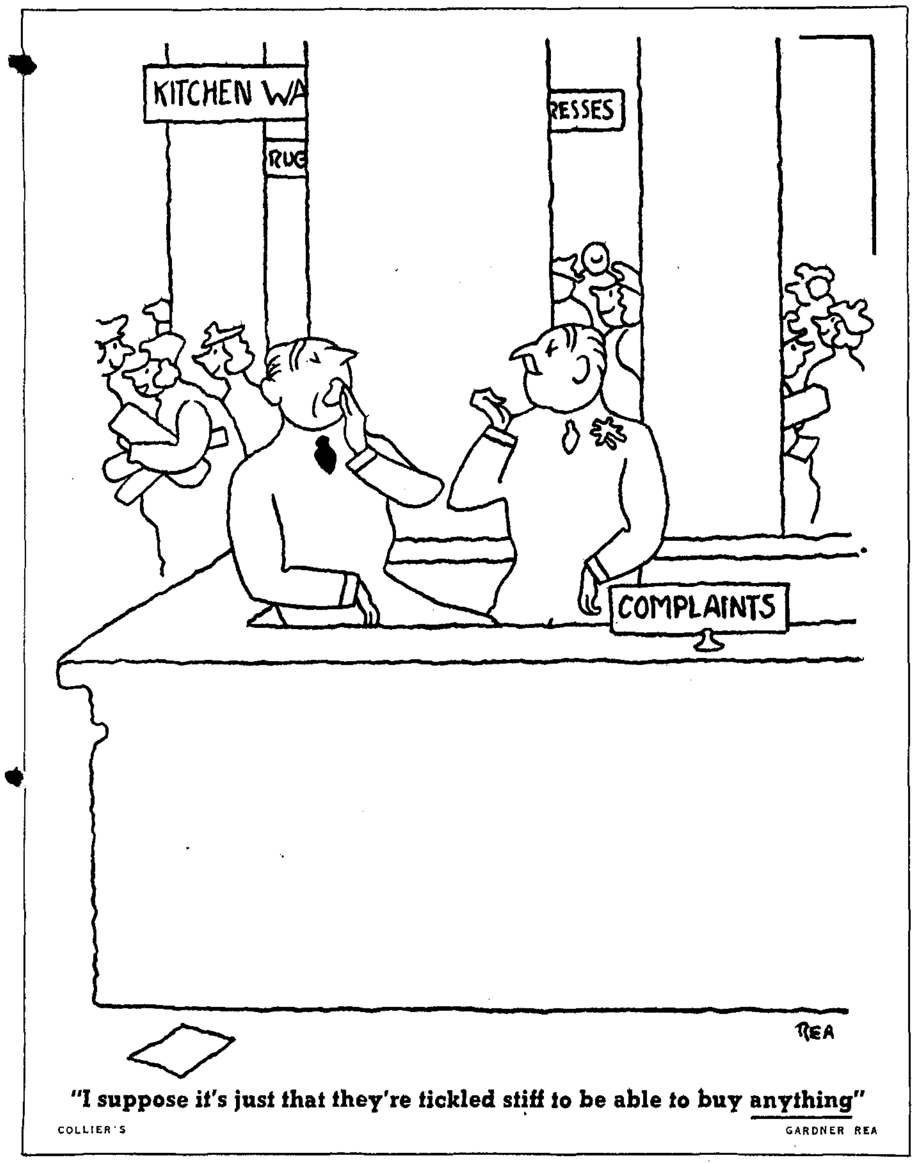
If anything, Werz's presence near the borders of the Union of South Africa, the most important nation on the continent whose contribution to the war effort proportionately ranks her with Great Britain and the United States, is more dangerous than the presence of Dietrich and others elsewhere earlier in the war.

It is the same old ugly story of a friendly nation—in this case a friendly colony—harboring an enemy agent for whom the rules of international law mean only protection for carrying on his war.

Mozambique, by the way, is potentially one of the richest tidbits in Africa, with gold, manganese, tin, copper and coal in its innards. Its healthy plains can grow corn, its marshes rice, its jungles rubber, quinine and tanbark. In the minds of many Portuguese loyal to democratic principles, there is some doubt about Germany's aspirations concerning Mozambique, but there can't be any in the shrewd mind of South Africa's premier Jan Christian Smuts.

He who envisions a postwar federation of African states south of the equator is perhaps thinking long thoughts about Mozambique. Of all the men of this war, he is the one most likely to come up with the solution to the problem of Mozambique and the problem of Herr Doktor Werz.

THE END



"I suppose it's just that they're tickled stiff to be able to buy anything"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

HEY! THE JOB'S ONLY HALF DONE
VOTE FOR JOHN DOE FOR SENATE
VOTE DOE

and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop oil pumping—

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Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!

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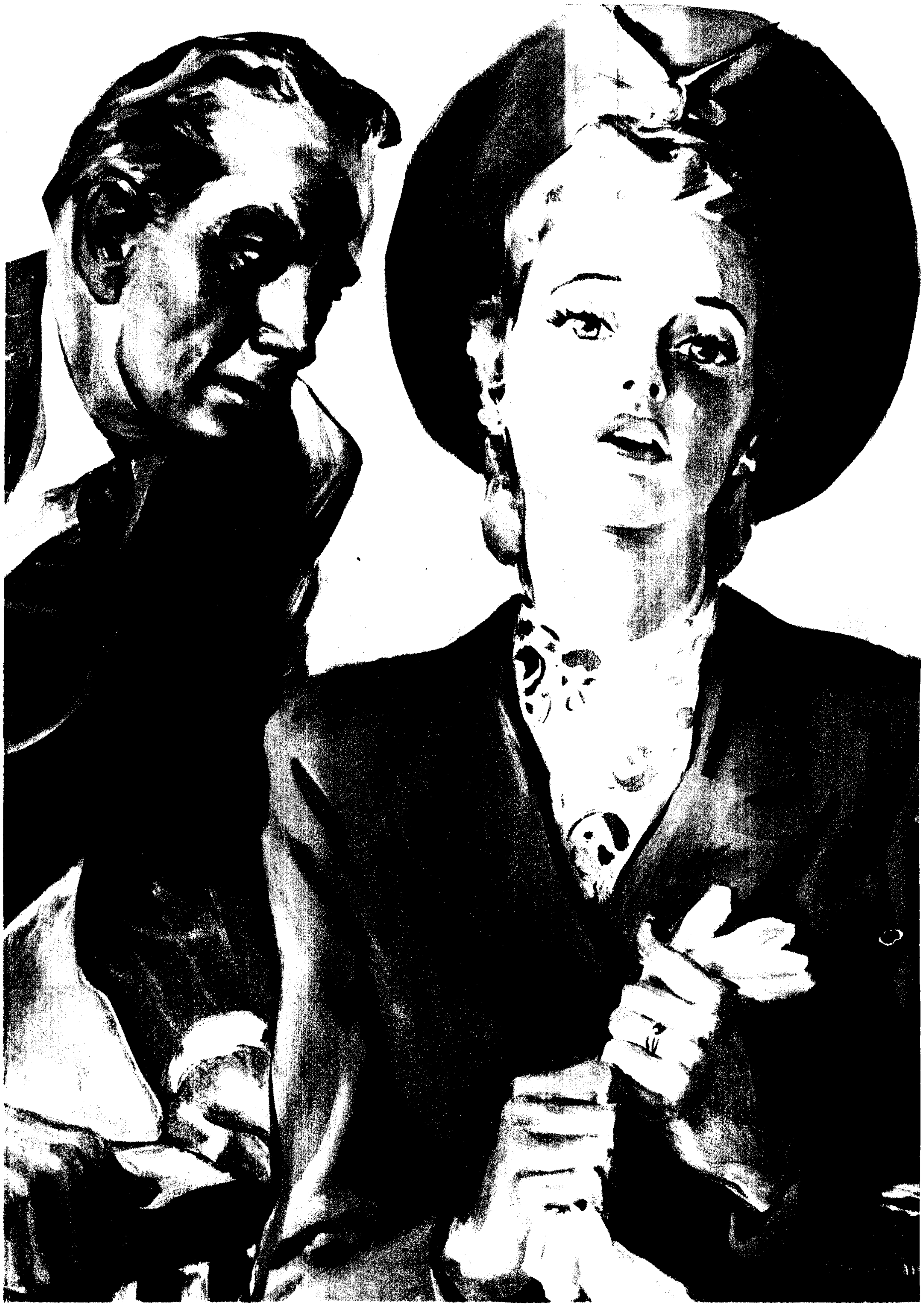
Halloween Assassin

By Frederick Skerry

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Brief history of a murder trial. It almost ended with an acquittal. Then the truth came out



Haltingly she began to tell of her own homecoming, but Durvin stopped her. "That's enough, Mrs. Falk. We all know what you found"

THAT November 7th was a day to remember. Things were slow and had been for some time. It looked as if the underworld was staying under; there had been no gang killings or pay-roll grabs or bank raids. Not that I—or Keith Durvin either—would wish such crimes to happen, but a criminal lawyer's living depends on such happenings, and Keith Durvin is one of the foremost criminal lawyers in the country—which, from me, is a very modest appraisal.

During this lull I had little to do but read the papers and kid Tracy, who is a literal-minded woman and a first-rank stenographer. I call her plain Tracy because she calls me Williams—Mr. Williams being too formal and "Chuck" too intimate. Although I have soaked up quite a bit of legal knowledge, I am not a lawyer and do not wish to be one. As Durvin's man Friday I make plenty of money and my ambition is to save enough of it to buy a place in the country and raise turkeys.

WELL, this November 7th was distinguished by two events, both of them extraordinary and related. The first was the arrival, about noon, of a young woman the like of whom the office never saw before. She was twenty-six or twenty-seven and just the right size and weight. If she wore make-up she certainly knew how to put it on without defacing a perfect example of the so-called American complexion. Since my gaze didn't go below her face, I can't describe her costume, but I did notice that she wore a real hat. She was tagged with respectability. I thought, "She's got into the wrong office."

But she said, "I'm Helen Thomas. I've an appointment with Mr. Durvin."

In her eyes, which were as clear as a couple of newly washed windows, I thought I saw anxiety. "Just a minute," I said. "I'll tell him." I went into Durvin's private office. "There's a dream girl out there," I announced, "who says she has an appointment. Miss Helen Thomas—I'm presuming the 'Miss.' I didn't know of any appointment."

"Miss Tracy did," Durvin said in his dry way. "Show the lady in, please."

I did that, closed the door behind her, and picked up the paper I'd been reading.

An hour passed before I heard the closing of the door to the building corridor from Durvin's room. Then the connecting door opened, and Durvin nodded for me to come in. He took his time lighting a cigar. "I'm undertaking the defense of Mrs. Harris Falk," he said through a cloud of smoke.

"Falk?" I was thinking of the only murder the city'd had in three months. "Isn't that the woman who was remanded the other day for poisoning her husband?"

Durvin nodded. "The same. The young lady who just left here is Mrs. Falk's sister."

I STARED at him. "Chief," I said, "if you take that case you'll queer yourself! According to the papers, there's nothing to it; just another woman getting rid of her husband."

"I wonder, Chuck. Anyhow I'm committed."

"Then," I said, "you must think the state hasn't a case."

"I don't know yet," he admitted. "But I may when I've talked with Mrs. Falk. I'm going to the jail after lunch. And you learn what you can about Harris Falk." He handed me a sheet on which he had scribbled some addresses.

That was the second extraordinary event.

While he was out I got my scrapbook and read over the newspaper accounts of the Falk murder.

On the face it seemed simple enough. On the evening of October thirty-first Richard Martan, who was tenant of Harris Falk's upper apartment and whose wife had gone with Mrs. Falk to the first show of a local picture house, went downstairs to pay his rent to Falk. Getting no response to his ring, he looked through the lace curtain on the inner door and into the kitchen, which was at the end of a passage, where Falk lay on the floor. From the veranda Martan climbed through a window and, finding no sign of life in Falk, telephoned the police.

The medical examiner, who arrived with the police, found that Falk had been poisoned. A plain-clothes man picked up two capsules and three uncooked beans from the dining-room floor. An autopsy disclosed cyanide of potassium in the stomach. Analysis of the beef stew which the Falks had for dinner resulted in finding the poison in the residue of Falk's portion but *not* in the stew which was left over. The two capsules contained cyanide of potassium. One stew dish, evidently that

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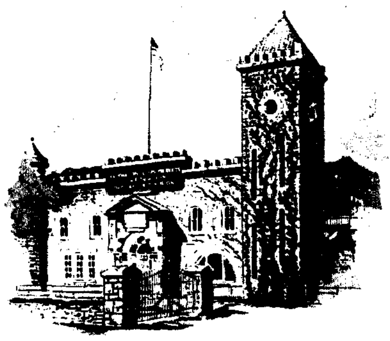

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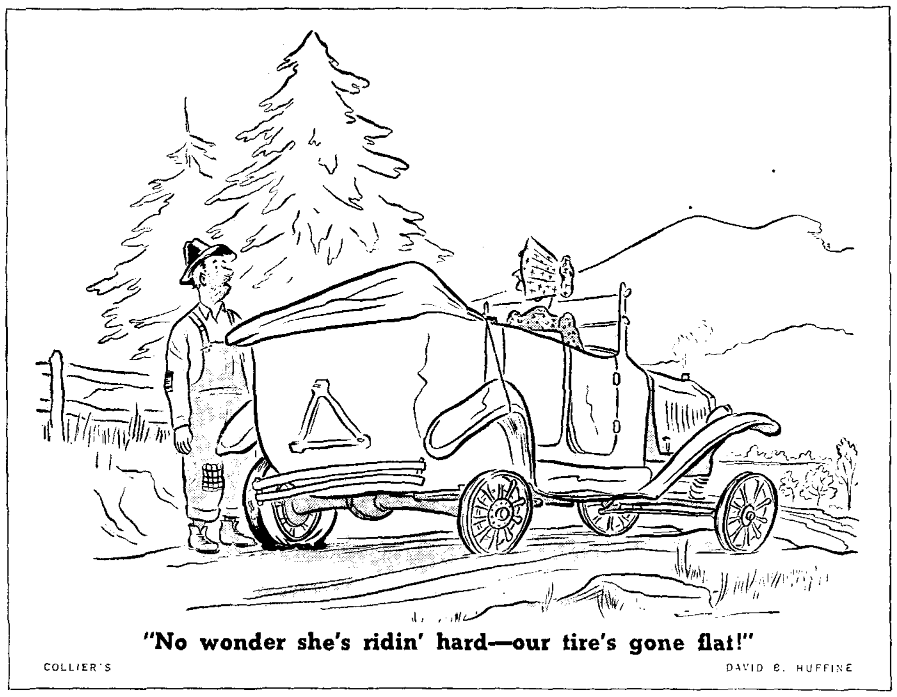
which Mrs. Falk had used, had been rinsed off. On the day after the funeral of Harris Falk, his wife was arrested for his murder.

Since it was unlikely, during the few minutes between Mrs. Falk's departure and Martan's discovery of the body, that anyone could have come in from outside and, unknown to Falk, put poison in his stew, and since only Falk's dish of stew was poisoned, the conclusion was either that Mrs. Falk had poisoned her husband or that he did it himself. Whichever way it was, I couldn't see anything in it for Durvin, except publicity—which might not be good publicity—because Mrs. Falk had no money.

I jotted down all of the names in the newspaper accounts of the affair. Then I went out for lunch.

After I'd tucked away a couple of feet of French bread and a veal scallopini in Carlo's I took the subway and then a trolley car out to Linwood. The Falk house was in one of the two rows that lined Van Derwick Street. Some building speculator had saved money on plans; the wooden, two-family houses were all exactly alike except for paint, close together, with only enough room between for a cement driveway to each double garage at the back. The dining-room bay window of every house faced the kitchen and bedroom windows of the next.



"No wonder she's ridin' hard—our tire's gone flat!"

COLLIER'S DAVID B. HUFFINE

I found Mrs. Martan, a snappy-looking brunette of about thirty-five, indignant at Mrs. Falk's arrest. According to her it was impossible to imagine Mrs. Falk doing *any* wrong, let alone such a horrible thing as murder. Mrs. Falk was a sweet and lovely woman, and the police were a lot of fools.

WHEN I asked if the Falks had been friendly with any of the neighbors besides her and her husband, she said that until a couple of months ago they called once in a while on Mr. and Mrs. Stubil, who lived next door, across from the Falks' living and dining room. Falk and Stubil worked for the same concern. But Stubil's wife had left him, and the Falks had stopped calling.

My afternoon's work uncovered nothing except that Harris Falk must have been a Class A citizen. He was a good deal older than his wife, having been a friend of her father and having taken care of the two girls after their parents had been killed in an automobile crash. Perhaps, in marrying him, Carol Thomas had been governed by the wish to repay his kindness. They had no children. Falk owned his house free and clear and owed no bills in the neighborhood. Mr. North, head of the North-Kingston Company, manufacturing druggists and chemists, where Falk had been chief accountant, declared himself poorer from the loss of an old and trusted employee. The annual medical check-up required by the company had given Falk a clean bill of health. A routine audit of the books had found Falk's accounts scrupulously correct. As far as I went I learned nothing to justify a suspicion of suicide.

TRACY had gone when I returned to the office, but Durvin was waiting for me. He had his feet up on a slide of his desk, and his cigar slanted upward like the boom of a derrick.

Durvin is around forty, one of those blond Greek god types. He dresses like a lord except when he's before a jury; then he's plainly, even soberly, dressed, as if clothes were the last things he thought of. He makes me think of a diamond—brilliant and polished, but hard.

"Well," I said when I got through reporting my inquiries about Falk, "that seems to ditch any idea of Falk's having done the job himself."

"It would look so, Chuck. But sometimes a man's reason for suicide isn't immediately apparent."

"What kind of a woman is Carol Falk, Chief?"

Durvin puffed thoughtfully for a moment. "Well, physically she's much like her sister in features and complexion, but slightly heavier, being five years older and married. Extremely attractive. I think she's the gentlest woman I ever met. Of course, she's sunk in grief and despair. But she appears to feel the death of her husband more than the shame of being charged with it. She'll make a very good impression on a jury."

Durvin talks many things over with me because, he says, you never know where an idea may sprout. I could never decide whether that was a left-handed crack or not. "She'll need to, Chief," I said.

"Innocence, Chuck, like some other virtues, has a way of showing itself at times."

"So you think she's innocent, do you?"

"I'm convinced of it. Not because she's a nice woman—apparently nice women have done murder before now—but because of the inconsistency of the circumstances. Imagine a woman who has planned to kill her husband: she goes to a lot of trouble to set the stage, washing windows and getting clean curtains ready to put up in the dining room so everything appears normal; having prepared the poisoned dish for him, she goes out immediately with a friend who is familiar with all her moods and manners, and conducts herself naturally, as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened. A woman with such perfect control of herself would never be so careless as to leave a couple of deadly capsules lying around for the police to find. No, no, Chuck, the gears don't mesh.

"Besides, I suggested suicide as an out for her, and she was indignant—bounded right out of her apathy at the idea. She insisted that Falk was a good man and had no reason for suicide; that the suggestion was an insult to his memory. Throwing overboard such a chance isn't the attitude of a guilty woman."

"But," I said, "somebody was darned careless with those capsules. Suppose Falk did bump himself off, he wouldn't care whether he dropped some capsules or not."

"Perhaps not, Chuck. But, being in the business he was and knowing that *one* capsule would do the trick, why should he bother with more than one? Unless—and I'm seeing him as a very practical, methodical man—he might have wanted to make it easy to discover what he had taken. But why those beans? They've been puzzling me."

"Yeah," I said. "Me too." Then, like a flash of lightning, came the answer. "I've got it, Chief!" I almost yelled. "Halloween! Kids! Peashooters! An unseasonably warm night—heaters going, windows down at the top to cool off the rooms, no curtains up in the dining room—why, kids blew beans at the windows, and the beans went into the dining room."

You'd think I was a cat that talked—the way he stared at me. Then he grinned. "Right on the nail, Chuck! Well, we won't have beans on the brain any longer."

"Have you given up the suicide theory, Chief?"

"Well, I didn't pursue the subject today. But on the premise that Mrs. Falk didn't kill her husband, and nobody else was there to kill him, he must have killed himself. That seems to be the logical defense. Getting her acquitted is the important thing."

OF COURSE the papers made a big play of Durvin's having undertaken Carol Falk's defense; that fact alone warranted their rehashing of the whole affair. And, whereas the state would ordinarily have been represented by an assistant district attorney, the chances now were that this notice of a battle would bring in the D.A. himself. Naturally the papers mentioned Durvin only as news. He *was* news. But the reaction of the public to this news would be conviction of Mrs. Falk's guilt; Durvin had got acquittals for too many crooks and murderers to avoid the reputation of being a last desperate resort.

Keith Durvin can ream out a little technicality until it looks as big as an open barn door. Judges don't doze on the bench when he's on his feet in court, and lawyers can learn from him.

Yet there was an angle to the case which was not known outside the office. Hitherto Durvin had taken many a case for clients whom he believed to be guilty—that's why he could get bundles of cash laid on the line before he would even talk to them. They knew that and brought the cash the first time. But now he'd taken a case for a client whom he believed to be innocent. That was something new. And if he got a retainer to start with I hadn't heard about it. I still held that he was gambling against long odds. I wondered if he had fallen for Helen Thomas. If so, and he lost the verdict, where would he be?

During the weeks which followed, an-

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other case had come in, and at times we had the usual lot of dead-pan, overdressed racketeers and a torpedo or two around the place. But from the fact that Durvin often changed his hour for lunch I figured that he was managing to see a good deal of Helen Thomas, who worked for a living and had a regular lunchtime. And I saw them once as they came out of the ultraswank Normandie. Well, he knew what he wanted when he saw it, anyhow.

The Falk trial in April was no thriller. I looked in every day of the five it lasted. Anyone who expected to hear how and where Mrs. Falk got cyanide of potassium in capsules was disappointed. If the crowd which packed the court waited for salacious details it wasted its time. The D.A. knew all we knew about Harris Falk, who apparently had no good reason for suicide, and he hadn't found the third party to make a triangle. But, since the state had to produce a motive for the murder, the D.A. assumed one: Mrs. Falk's desire for money.

As might be guessed, the state called but few witnesses, and those chiefly to establish the fact and circumstances of Harris Falk's death. Besides the Martans, the medical examiner, analysts, the dick who found the capsules (the three beans weren't even mentioned; they must have stumped the state), the only other witness was Falk's insurance agent.

Durvin cross-examined only Mrs. Martan—whom he turned into an excellent witness for Mrs. Falk—and the insurance man. The D.A. had brought out the fact that Harris Falk carried a ten-thousand, twenty-year endowment policy, with about five years more to run. And I had understood that there was no money in the case!

"Was the policy incontestable?" Durvin asked when the witness—the insurance man—was turned over to him.

"It was, yes," the man answered.

"Will you explain the meaning of the term 'incontestable?' "

The D.A. objected to the question as irrelevant, but the judge allowed it.

"Well." The witness hesitated. "Well, incontestable means that, except for nonpayment of premiums, the insurance is collectible no matter what may cause the death of the insured."

"Even though the insured may commit suicide?" Durvin asked the question very casually.

"Yes, sir."

"That's all," Durvin said, and thanked him.

Later Durvin called Helen Thomas. Not that she could testify to anything but the affection and respect of her sister for Harris Falk but because she made such a helpful impression; that respectability of hers was reflected by Carol Falk. The D.A. didn't bother to cross-examine her.

THROUGH it all Carol Falk sat quietly. Her bearing was that of a modest woman who has been put on exhibition in her undies, her gaze lowered before the staring crowd. I was sorry for her because, innocent or guilty, if she were acquitted her life would be blackened.

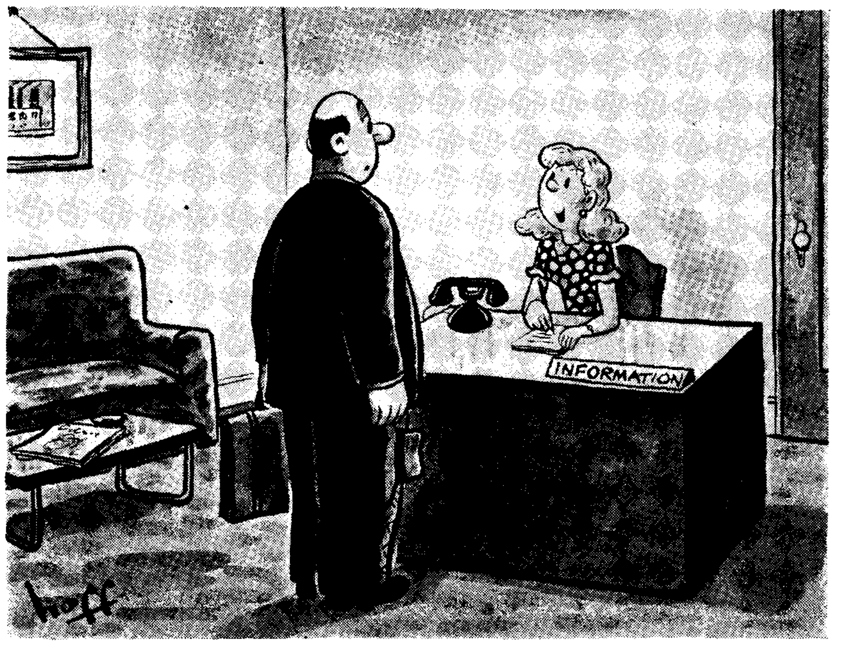
Durvin assumed an attitude of patience which fitted perfectly his side of the case. The trial flowed along like a quiet play with a grim undercurrent. I think there is something of the actor in a criminal lawyer—a love of the limelight, a glory in playing a part and swaying an audience. This time Durvin had no witnesses to fight, no fine points of law to argue, no occasion for emotional histrionics. Yet, merely by his manner, he showed plainly that he considered the whole business an outrage upon a decent woman.

There was a stir in the courtroom when he put Carol Falk on the stand. That showed how confident he was—or appeared to be. At least a dozen lawyers whom I knew were present. They knew the danger of putting the accused on the witness stand and they exchanged knowing glances and whispers.

"Now, Mrs. Falk," Durvin said, "tell the court exactly what happened in the late afternoon and early evening of last October thirty-first."

CAROL FALK sighed, as if weary from repeating what she had already told over and over. Without interruption from Durvin she told simply of her preparations for dinner and her plan to accompany Mrs. Martan to the pictures; of her husband's homecoming, which was earlier than usual so that he could remove the window screens before dinner; of this work having taken him longer than he had anticipated, and of her having eaten alone rather than chance missing seats at the first show, of his telling her that he would wash the dishes and clean up. Halting, and with visible effort, she began to tell of her own homecoming, but Durvin stopped her.

"That's enough, Mrs. Falk," he said gently. "We all know what you found when you came home."



"Mr. Pegasus can't see you till after armistice day—he's been drafted"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

Then the D.A. started to work on her. For an hour and a half he tried all the dodges of an expert to confuse her, to get her to contradict herself, but without success. Still, he managed to give the jury some ideas to mull over.

After recess on the fifth day Durvin began his speech to the jury. He stood before them, his hands on the back of a chair, and spoke in a conversational tone, as if they were a party of friends in his living room.

". . . There at the bar of justice sits a woman—a lady—who, but for the grace of God, might be the innocent wife of any one of you. From testimony you must have conceived a picture . . ."

That was all I heard. I was standing just inside the double doors and felt a tap on the shoulder. I stepped outside at the nod of a court officer. "Take a call from Durvin's office," he said.

It was Tracy. "The City Hospital called up," she said. "There's a man there who wants to make a deposition. He's on the danger list, so it's important. Where's Mr. Durvin?"

"He's summing up—just begun. Who's the man, anybody we know?"

"Nobody I ever heard of. Name's Henry Stubil."

Stubil—Stubil? Then I had it. Stubil was the name of Falk's next door neighbor—the man who worked for the same concern as Falk. "Listen, Tracy," I said. "Hop to the hospital—take your notebook and the portable. Also take a taxi. I'll meet you there in fifteen minutes. And step on it."

A sweet time for something to turn up that might help us! I caught a cruising cab and got to the hospital before Tracy did. The girl at the desk called Doctor Corbin, and he appeared just as Tracy came in the door.

"What's the matter with this man Stubil?" I asked when I had identified myself and Tracy.

"Stab wounds."

"In bad shape, is he?"

"Pretty bad. Lost a lot of blood."

"How long have we got?"

"Well, be as quick as you can; we want to try a transfusion."

"Does anybody know who stabbed him?"

"He must have told the police; they didn't leave a man with him—just dumped him here."

That was a break. The doctor took us to Stubil. A young nurse was there. With a word to her, the doctor left us.

Stubil was a narrow-faced guy, very pale—from loss of blood, I suppose—and with his black eyes and hair against the pillow he looked like a charcoal sketch. "Durvin?" he asked weakly.

"No, Mr. Durvin's in court," I said. "I'm Williams, from his office. And I'm a notary."

I pulled up a chair and put Tracy at his head. She had paper and carbon in the portable already. "I'll take it right on the machine," she said.

"Good girl!" I told her. "That'd be safer." I got another chair and sat as close as I could. "Now," I said to Stubil, "go ahead and talk. Take it easy." I wondered what was coming.

I DIDN'T have to wonder long. "Mrs. Harris Falk didn't kill her husband," Stubil said in almost a whisper. "I did."

What a jolt! I glanced at Tracy. She'd got it typed as he said it and was hunched tensely over the machine. She was like a machine herself—one made of steel wires. I took a breath. "Begin at the beginning," I told Stubil.

From then on, it came in pieces and in a tone so faint that we had to strain our ears. I was praying that the doctors would not come barging in with transfusion apparatus.

Henry Stubil had charge of the stock room for the North-Kingston Company.

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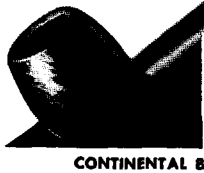

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ROYAL DUKE

He had been stealing heroin from the reserve supply, selling it to dope peddlers, and covering the deficiency by substituting similar-looking stuff. Harris Falk, somehow becoming suspicious, had investigated and discovered the thefts. He had advised Stubil to give up his job—or else. Meanwhile, after a quarrel over the queer people who came to the house at night, Stubil's wife had left him. Stubil, threatened by his customers with worse than exposure, was desperate. With the intention of doing away with himself, he had filled a few capsules with cyanide of potassium. He had these in his pocket on the evening of October thirty-first when, from his bedroom window, he happened to look down into the open and curtainless windows of the Falk dining room and saw Mrs. Falk finish her dinner and put a dish of steaming stew at her husband's empty place at the table. Boys blowing beans at windows had given Stubil an idea, and he decided to kill Falk instead of himself.

Taking a hollow curtain rod for a peashooter, and with a few beans that happened to be easily located, he waited for Mrs. Falk to leave her dining room. He blew the beans to get the range. Then he blew the capsules, missing the dish twice because the capsules were heavier than the beans. Replacing the curtain rod, he left the house. He had kept on supplying his customers, but his conscience bothered him. Poisoning Harris Falk on the spur of the moment, he hadn't considered the possible consequences to Mrs. Falk. Now he decided to wait for the verdict; if it went against Mrs. Falk, he would confess and then kill himself. But a quarrel with an infuriated customer had upset his plans.

Tracy had caught the words as they came from Stubil's mouth. At last she ripped the paper from the machine. I read it to Stubil and the nurse. Then, while the nurse and I held the cover of the portable over Stubil for a desk, he made a hand at signing it. Tracy and the nurse witnessed it, and I attested the signatures. Then I took a long breath.

"Well, Tracy," I said, when we were outside, "if this doesn't wind up that dull trial in a blaze of glory, I'm a poor guesser."

She nodded, her eyes big behind her glasses. "Especially if Mr. Durvin has got an acquittal." She was excited.

A taxi came along, and we climbed in. I told the driver to get to the courthouse in a hurry—Tracy could return to the office from there.

IT WAS half past four by this time—I hadn't realized that we'd been so long with Stubil—and the lighted courthouse corridors held but a scattering of the usual hangers-round. Both Durvin's and the D.A.'s speeches must have been short, for the jury was out. There were a few persons waiting in the courtroom, and Durvin and Helen Thomas sat on a front bench, silent. I tapped Durvin on the shoulder and asked him to step outside.

"Well, Chief," I whispered in the corridor, "you were right. She's innocent." I handed him the statement.

I never expected to see Keith Durvin lose his poise. His eyes bugged out as he read, and the paper shook in his hands. "Gosh!" he said when he'd finished reading. "Who'd have dreamed that it could have been done that way? Great work, Chuck?"

"And Tracy, Chief. How long has the jury been out?"

"Less than an hour. I don't think they'll be more than another hour."

"What do you think the verdict will be, Chief?"

"I believe they'll acquit Mrs. Falk. So does the D.A."

"Then," I said, "all you'll have to do is to hold that affidavit until after the—"

"No!" he burst out, with more heat than I ever knew he had in him. He turned away, but I stopped him. "But, Chief," I insisted, "if they bring in an acquittal, you'll have won your case. Afterward, with that statement—"

"The devil with that!" He was hot. "I won't have her suffer one minute more than she has to—or be smirched forever by a verdict of either kind. I'll use this right now." He started away, but turned back. "And listen; the police have to know about this Stubil rat. You go over and tell Headquarters. When you've done that"—he fished out his keys—"go get my car. Park it out back; there'll be a mob when this gets around."

IT WAS all over but the cheering when I'd parked the car and got back in the court. Mrs. Falk and Helen Thomas were with Durvin in the judge's room. The judge was just leaving as I went in. The eyes of both women glistened from red lids. Helen Thomas had an arm about her sister.

Durvin introduced me: "Mr. Williams—the last-minute man. Mr. Williams will join us, if he has no previous engagement."

"If I had, I'd break it," I said.

"Fine, Chuck! Now we'll give the curious and the reporters the slip and go to my place. You drive, Chuck; then the rest of us will be inconspicuous in the back seat."

I'd been once to Durvin's apartment. It's in one of those hotels where an imitation of Goering waits under a canopy to open car doors. I wondered why he needed so large an apartment. Maybe to hold all the stuff he has—and he has plenty. The women's eyes grew big when they saw the place. That told me what I couldn't tell myself—that the furnishings were right.

When Durvin came back from showing them where they could do themselves up a bit, I asked him, "You beat the jury to it, Chief?"

He nodded absently.

"Did you find out what they were going to bring in?"

"They'd been about to vote for acquittal."

"Well!" I was pleased. "Then everything is fine and dandy."

"Right, Chuck. Now I must telephone about dinner. While I'm doing that, you go and make some Martinis."

While we sat in the big living room Durvin did all the talking—and about everything but the trial. I never heard of anything that will soften a diamond, but something softened Durvin. He was another man, gay and warm, a fascinating entertainer. After about an hour a waiter came to the door and said, "Dinner is served, Mr. Durvin."

As we all stood up, Durvin said, "Just a word about business, then we'll forget it." He knew, of course, that the women were wondering how much he would soak them for his services. I'd been wondering that for a long time. But he said, "I've got from this case what no amount of money could possibly equal—so please put any thought of a fee out of your mind." And he flattened a hand and moved it from side to side, as if he were rubbing out something.

I glanced at Helen Thomas to see if she saw what I saw—and she was smiling at the other two, looking quite pleased. Then I got it; it was Carol Falk whom Durvin had fallen for. After one long, steady look at him Mrs. Falk blushed and lowered her gaze.

As a fortuneteller, I'd starve to death. When we took our places at the table I wondered if Helen Thomas might possibly develop an interest in a turkey farm—but as I gathered another eyeful of that streamlined girl something emphatically told me, "No!"

THE END

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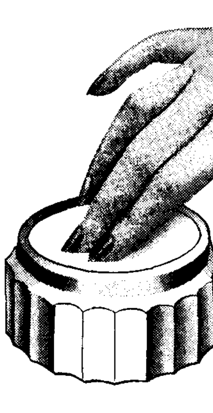

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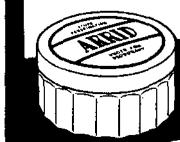

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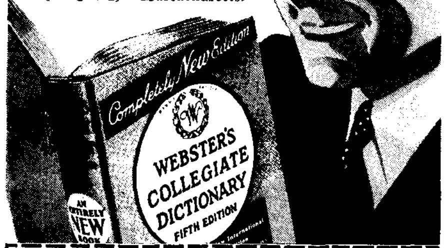

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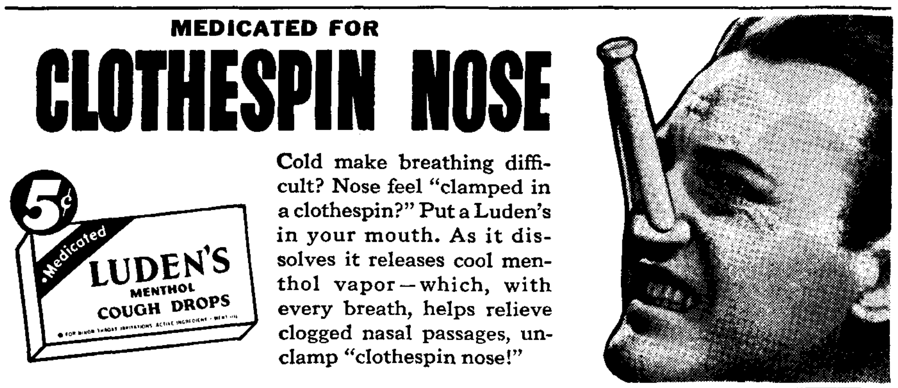

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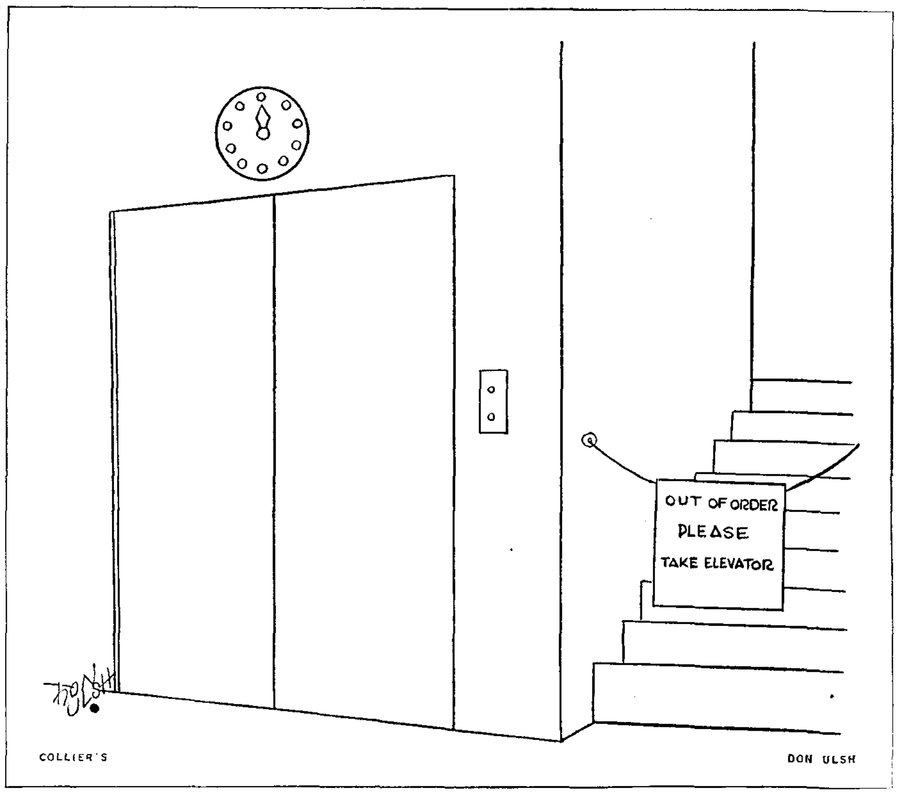


Marjorie's Horse Comes In

Continued from page 20

Reynolds went home to pray. Mr. Dare spoke feelingly about her talents, and Mr. Sandrich left the meeting long enough to request Mr. Moe Sackin, who turned out to be Miss Reynolds' agent, to produce one of her horse-opera successes. Mr. Sackin paled, but thought rapidly. "Well, it's after quitting time and we couldn't get a reel now," he said.

"How about tomorrow?" persisted Sandrich.

"Tomorrow is Saturday," said Mr. Sackin, brightening up at the memory, and adding helpfully: "We couldn't possibly get it till late Monday."

Mr. Sackin then went to the Reynolds home to warn her to burn any loose horse-opera pictures that might be around the house. He also patted her hand and said briskly. "Yi, yi, yi, yi," four times and adjured her to sleep with the windows closed and to stay out of drafts.

There was no horse-opera record of Miss Reynolds around Monday morning and there was also no time to monkey much more with the casting of the leading lady. Danny Dare had pried her into a blond wig, and she was making a test with Crosby. The test was all right. The test with Astaire was all right. Mr. Sackin was there at quitting time with his pen in hand, asking anybody in sight would they please sign this paper.

Up to that point everything seemed haphazard but eventually Holiday Inn appeared and Marjorie was acclaimed by the multitudes and rushed into other pictures by Paramount, which now considers her a valuable property. She did well in the picture, dancing pleasingly with Mr. Astaire, saying her lines with confidence and looking alluring. Lovers of horse operas were particularly elated at the triumph because they have long maintained that such pictures afford the finest training for the cinema. Miss Reynolds belongs to this school.

"Oh, you *learn*," she says, in a way that seems to mean that if you act at all in the horse flickers you act fast. A director who does fewer than a hundred camera setups in a day is tapped significantly by the front office and conjures up immediate visions of Devil's Island.

In truth, Marjorie made a sacrifice for art because she worked herself up to a $600-a-week basis in the chase epics and is now getting an estimated $250 per from Paramount. The difference is in attention; the spectators who attend Westerns look first at the horses. Everything is done on the lope and at a distance. The hero and heroine get only one close-up in the picture.

"That's to let them know who we are," explains Marjorie.

Western sets consist of a ranch house, a corral and the villain's den—all built around a small circle. The camera is placed at an advantageous spot and swivels back and forth between the sets, the actors trekking breathlessly from one to the other. Most companies operate on a schedule of six reels in six days. Marjorie got up at three in the morning, reached the studio at five and got on location at six, awaiting the first peep of dawn.

"Sometimes we did two at once," says Miss Reynolds. "Same characters. Different shirts."

The Quick-Change Artists

The director of a Western must have the ingenuity of a weasel and the luck of an Indian medicine man. On one occasion, when Miss Reynolds and the company arrived on location to do a desert picture they found that a foot of snow had fallen overnight.

"We'll rewrite it!" howled the director. "It'll be the Northwest Mounted Police!"

"But you have no uniforms," pointed out his retinue.

"We don't need uniforms," the director bellowed. "These'll be Northwest Mounted Police in plain clothes. Acting as *spies*."

When Marjorie started in Westerns she had never ridden a horse, and the first one she was hoisted on immediately ran away with her. She was rescued by a cowboy who, irate at the trouble she was putting him to, grabbed the bridle of her horse and said, "Damn!" and then added hastily, "Pardon me, Ma'am."

"Cowboys are all very moral," says Marjorie in explanation.

The actors have to furnish their own

costumes in the pictures and Miss Reynolds used one buckskin suit in dozens of them. Whenever crowds were needed the pictures were done in small towns where the natives were allowed to act, free. If the front of a house was required for a hasty shot, the director went around to the back and engaged the lady of the establishment in animated conversation while the crew and cast galloped through the scene.

"One take and you might as well do it good because they're never going to do it over again," explains Marjorie, in proving how valuable such training is for an actress.

All this has happened to a girl who comes of the family Goodspeed from Maine. Father Goodspeed, a retired physician, now lives with her in Hollywood, tinkering about the house, admiring his daughter and still retaining his Down East accent.

"Be careful when you paak the caah, Maajorie," he says to his daughter and indulges in other quaint Mainiacisms. He is a great favorite with her friends and had his big moment in New York last summer, when Holiday Inn was opened with a fanfare. She was feted, photographed and harassed. Mr. Goodspeed enjoyed it all.

Training the Hard Way

Her acting comes from her mother, who had the ambition but never the chance. After they moved to Los Angeles, mother had Marjorie out to M-G-M when she was three years old and snagged a part for her in Revelation, a triumph of the silent pictures. That paid ten dollars a day and was a great help while Dr. Goodspeed got his new practice started. There was no Central Casting in those days, and mother and child used to get up at three in the morning in order to get out to Universal pictures in time to apply for work.

She kept that up until the truant officer caught her at the age of nine and dragged her off to school. She finished high school in due course and then went back to pictures, ending with the aforementioned chorus job at Paramount. Since the days she was what she calls a "punk kid" she was taking two hours of dancing lessons a day, and ended up in the well-known Belcher School which got her the chance at the studio.

Her name had been changed to Marjorie Moore and was later changed to Reynolds when she married her husband, Jack Reynolds, who was then with Samuel Goldwyn and is now with Uncle Sam. Between cowboy pictures, she tried out for other parts, and one of the ironic things was that her husband, casting at Goldwyn, used to ask her advice about players.

"I'm helping cast somebody else," says Miss Reynolds, "and I'm not getting cast."

She was tested five times for roles in fairly good pictures in those days and flunked every time. She was too dark or too thin or too tall or too awful. Even when she got the Holiday Inn chance it wasn't a certainty that she would ever get through the picture. Astaire, the perfectionist, rehearsed eight hours a day.

"I got a cold and I thought I was through," says she. "The arch of one of my feet fell and I thought I was through. I lost so much weight I thought I was going to die."

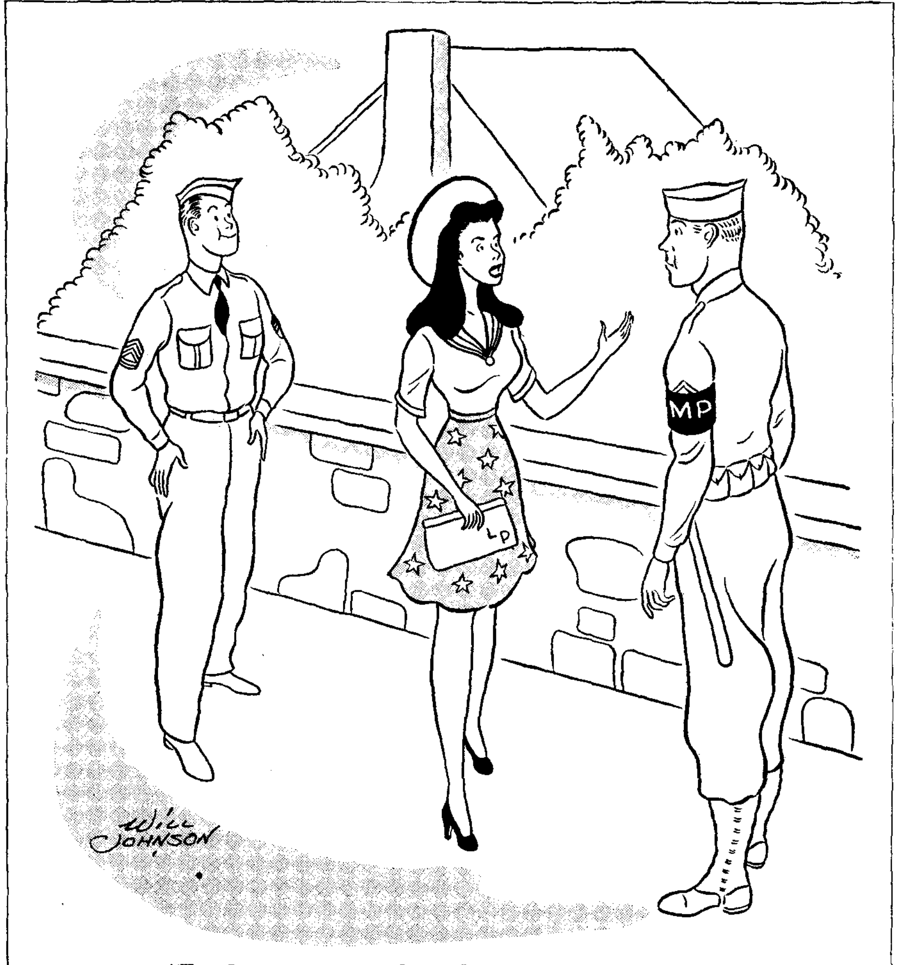
According to Miss Reynolds, what kept her going was her concern for Moe Sackin. For years he had been her faithful agent, working for weeks to get a job that would pay her a total of $100 for one week's work. His cut of that would be $10.

"I used to try to pay him more and he'd never take it," she says.

The strain on Mr. Sackin was terrible during the filming of Holiday Inn. This was her big chance and his big chance, and she was showing signs of deterioration.

"We were taking one hell of a chance," says Mr. Sackin worriedly. Paramount was merely risking a million bucks.

THE END



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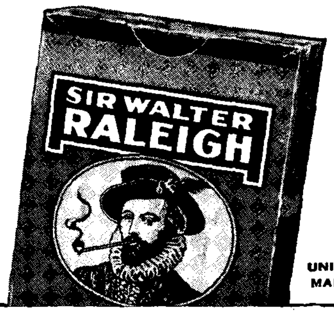

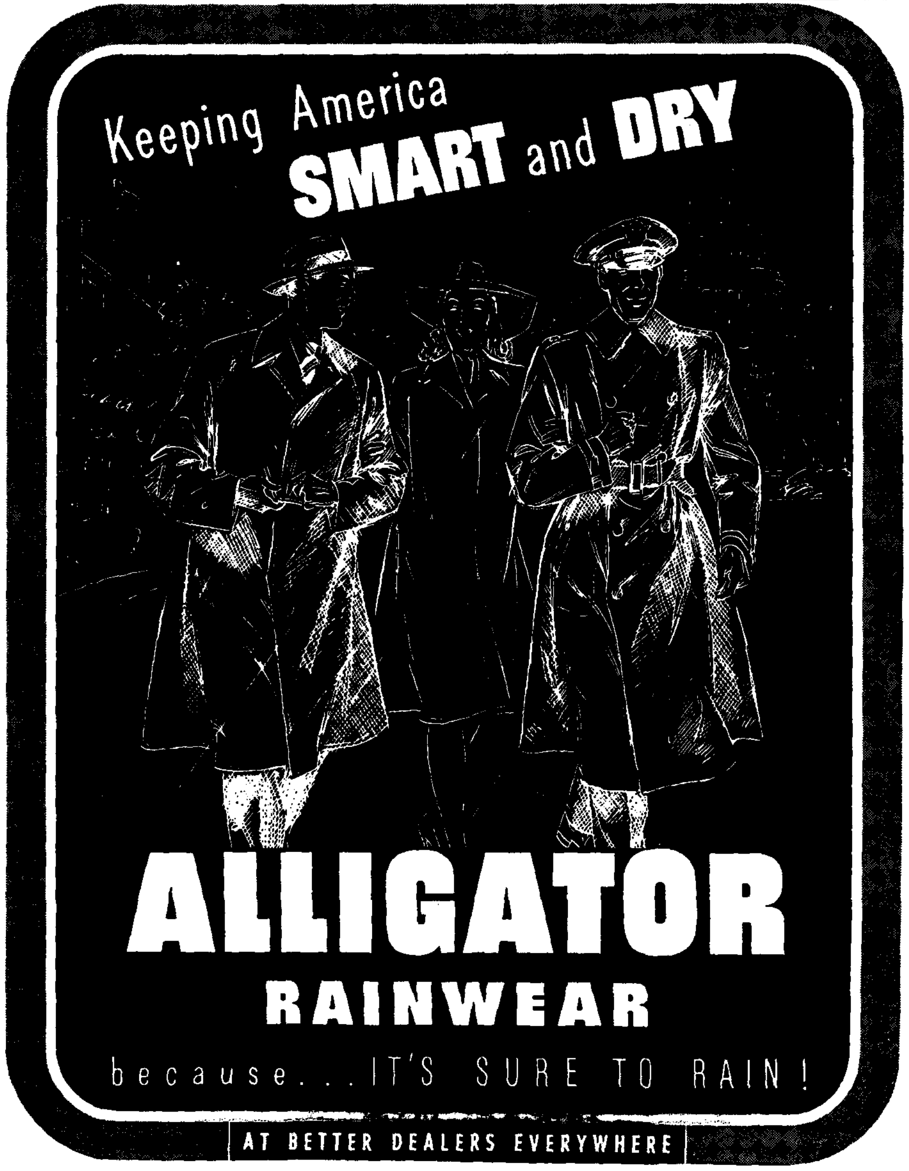
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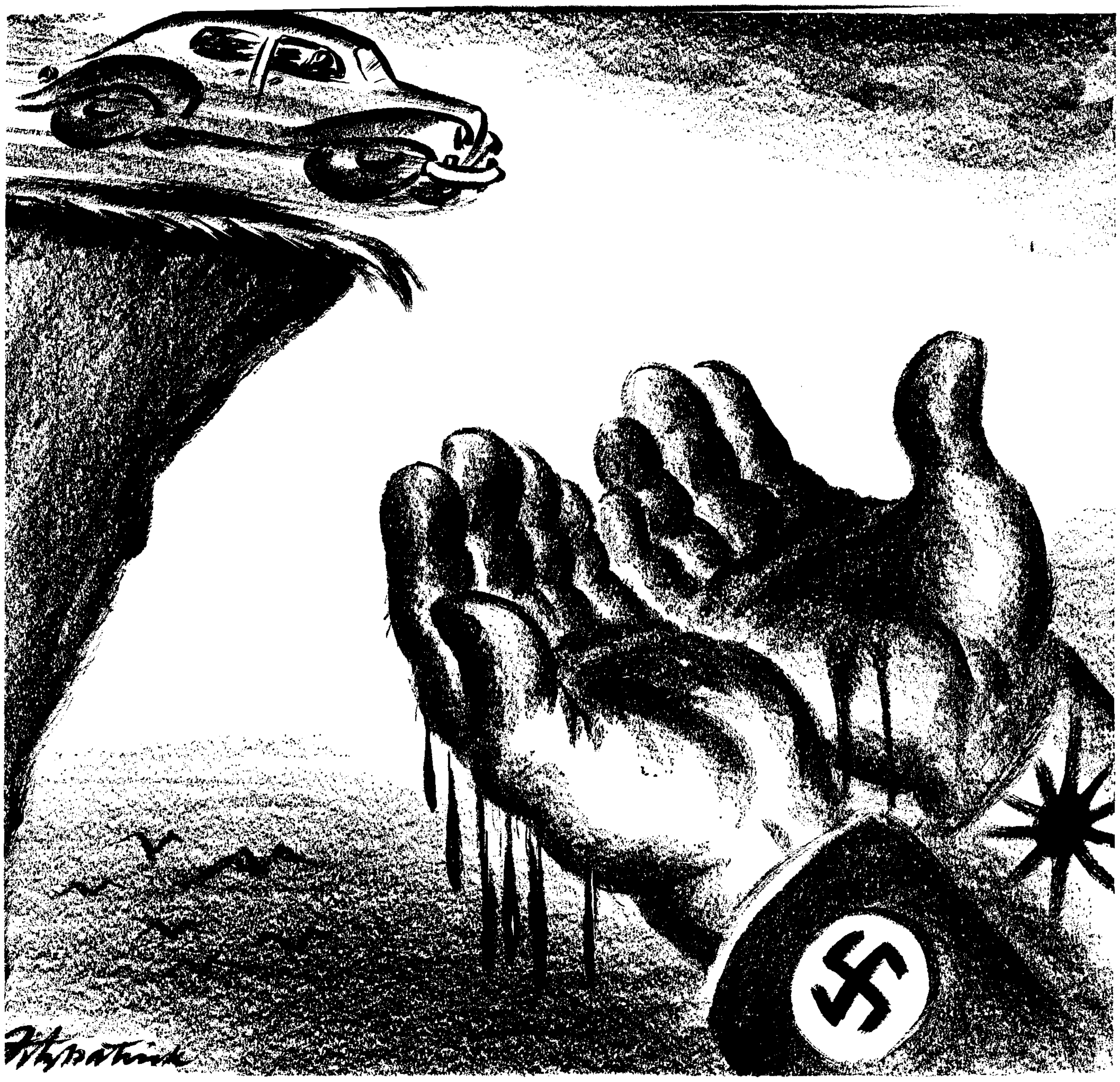

Collier's

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ABIDE BY THE RULES

WE HAPPEN to live in the part of the country which has been subject to gasoline rationing for several months. If you live in the much larger part which has yet to be rationed on gasoline, we can assure you from experience that you needn't lie awake nights dreading it.

When you get used to gasoline rationing, it isn't unbearable by any means—though it's bad enough—and we hope Americans will go on resenting it and the reasons for it until we get back unlimited gasoline and rubber. If we resign ourselves to gas rationing, like too, too angelic children, various bureaucrats will be only too glad to burden us with it forever.

For the time being, it is absolutely necessary. It was recommended by the Baruch rubber committee as the temporary hardship we've got to submit to if we are to survive the body blow the Japs dealt us when they cut us off from our Far East natural rubber sources.

For the same reason, the nation-wide speed limit of 35 m.p.h. is essential until our synthetic rubber output is rolling. Modern tires, built for high mileages at high speeds, will give phenomenal mileages at consistently low speeds. We've got to wring the highest possible mileages out of the tires we now have, because 1942 and most of 1943 promise to be the leanest years for tires that American motorists ever saw.

You can probably cheat this 35-mile speed limit frequently, if you want to, without being nailed by some traffic officer. But if you do, you will be cheating both yourself and your country. You will simply wear more rubber off your tires than you have to, and the national rubber stock pile will shrink by that much.

We ought to pass the worst of the rubber crisis along toward the end of next year, 1943, according to the calculations of the Baruch committee. We can pass the crisis, however, only if all of us abide strictly by the rules. Any serious amount of fudging can cripple our home front. If that happens, the men on our fighting fronts will be exposed to slaughter, capture, and the loss of the war, and all through the fault of the people back home.

FIGHTERS AND THEIR DEBTS

ABOUT the time the Battle of Bataan was nearing its crescendo of tragedy and of glory, there came a report that General Douglas MacArthur, by way of a special pat on the back, had been granted a six-month extension of time to pay his income taxes.

Some efforts have been made to liberalize the laws regarding our fighting men and their debts hanging over from civil life. But as we understand the present state of these laws, they need to be loosened up a good deal more if such grim and sickening ironies as the MacArthur story are not to keep cropping up throughout the war.

For example, the distinction between service men sent overseas and those kept on duty in the United States seems baseless to us. The overseas men get automatic income-tax deferments until after the war. Those who remain on duty in the United States have to pay, under existing legislation, as if they were still civilians earning their former incomes, unless they can prove to the Treasury Department's satisfaction that payment would work a hardship on them.

The term "hardship" has not been legally defined at this writing. Uncle Henry Morgenthau's conception of "hardship," judging from his demands for taxes and more taxes, is a pretty hard-boiled conception. If a service man in this country does not pay up, the Treasury can sue to grab his property, and his wife can conceivably be tossed out on the parish.

Many people believe that the nonforeclosure law of 1940 absolutely protects a drafted mortgagor from being unjustly foreclosed after he goes into service. The fact is that this law operates in his favor only if it would be a real "hardship" to him to keep up the mortgage payments. The banks up to now are reported being very lenient about these things as a general rule. But what if these cases mount into the tens or hundreds of thousands, as they may do if the draft digs deep into the higher age brackets? How much of this paper can the banks hold without some sort of help; presumably government help?

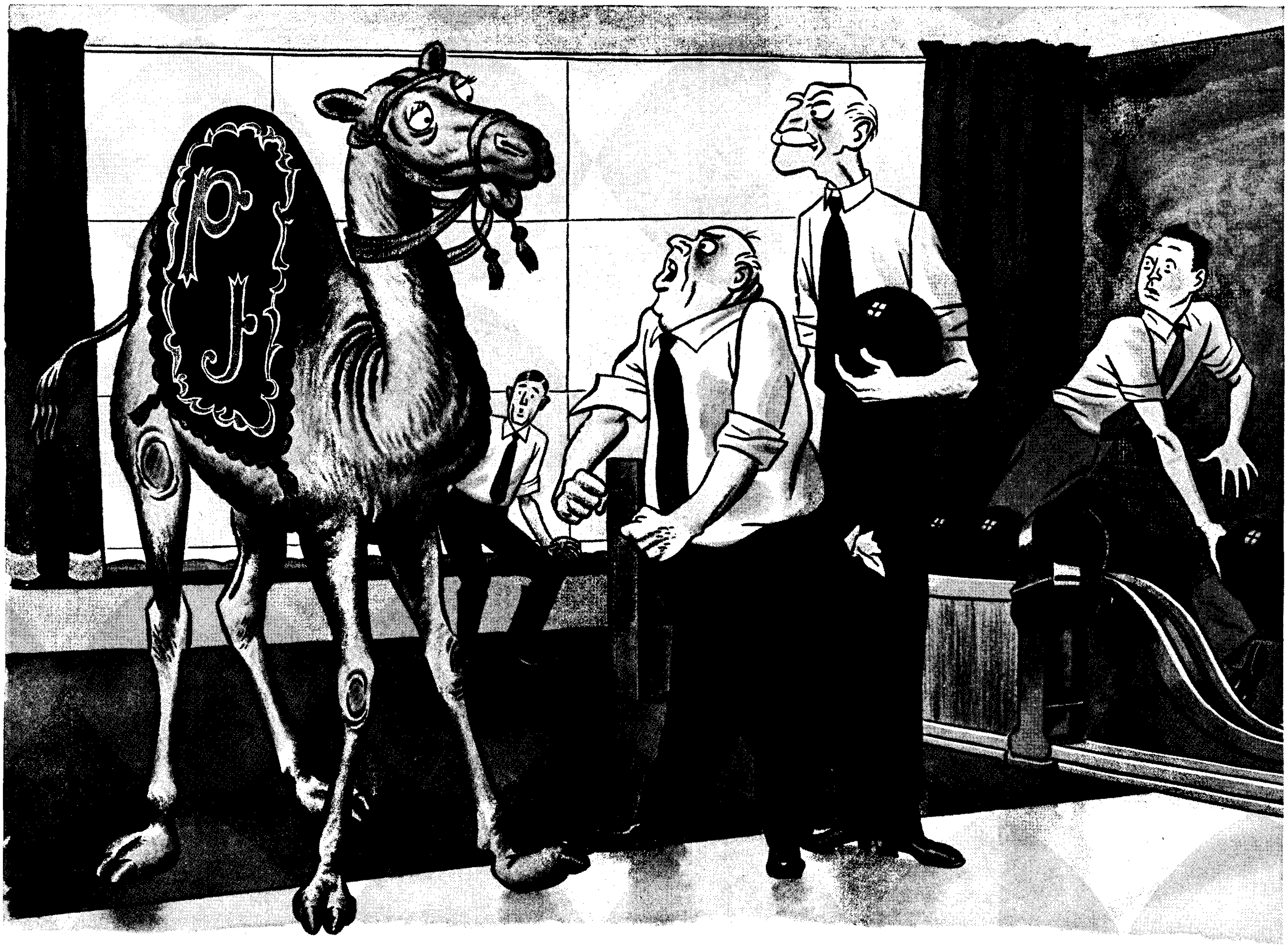
We move that Congress look more thoroughly than it has yet done into this whole subject of fighters and their debts. After all, does it seem quite fair to expose a lot of these men to the loss of their and their families' cash, savings and homes as the price of the privilege of fighting for their country?

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

WE SUPPOSE everybody drifts occasionally into mental doldrums where he distrusts his own judgment. When you're in such a mood and have to make some important decision, you're in a bad way.

Here's a trick that ought to help: Just pause for a moment and ask yourself what the wisest man you ever knew would think and how he would act in the crisis facing you. Strive to reconstruct in your mind all that you can remember of his mental processes as you knew them, his way of looking at things, his behavior patterns—everything about him that made you aware that he was a wise man. Try to look at yourself through his eyes. Then see if this forced concentration on somebody outside yourself (and a wise and admirable somebody, at that) doesn't help you to solve your problem in the wisest possible way.

This trick is a valuable one to try once in a while, even when you're not facing some decision. It tends to broaden the vision, sharpen the mind and hone the sense of humor—all of which are good for practically anybody.



"How would you like a punch on the nose?"

MAN: Listen, my intrusive Oriental: Once there was a man. He was like you, my friend. He stood up and talked when he should have sat down and listened. Now his nose is broken. Do I make myself clear, Camel?

CAMEL: Pardon, Prince. But were you not talking about whiskey?

MAN: Well, my Libyan Limousine, and what if we were? What's it to you, Camel?

CAMEL: Sahib, I am the Paul Jones Camel. I am considered an authority on whiskey. Indeed, I am the living symbol of that quality in whiskey which connoisseurs admire—the quality of *dryness*, Effendi!

MAN: *Dryness*, Camel? In *whiskey?*

CAMEL: Assuredly, Pride of the Alleys. For in the peerless Paul Jones it is this *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, which brings out the *full* flavor of this superb whiskey. The *full* smoothness and richness! The *full* mellowness!

MAN: Sure. Okay, Knuckle-knees. But we're not interested in any expensive whiskies around here.

CAMEL: Ah, but Master, this *dry* Paul Jones is *not* expensive! Indeed, it is most modestly priced.

MAN: Fuzzy . . . Fuzzy, my fiddle-footed friend, listen: Once there was a man. He stood up and talked when he should have sat down and listened to a camel. Well, he apologizes to you, Fuzzy. Profusely. And right now he'll be off to enjoy the wonders of a *dry* whiskey—Paul Jones!

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Dwane Wallace
President

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